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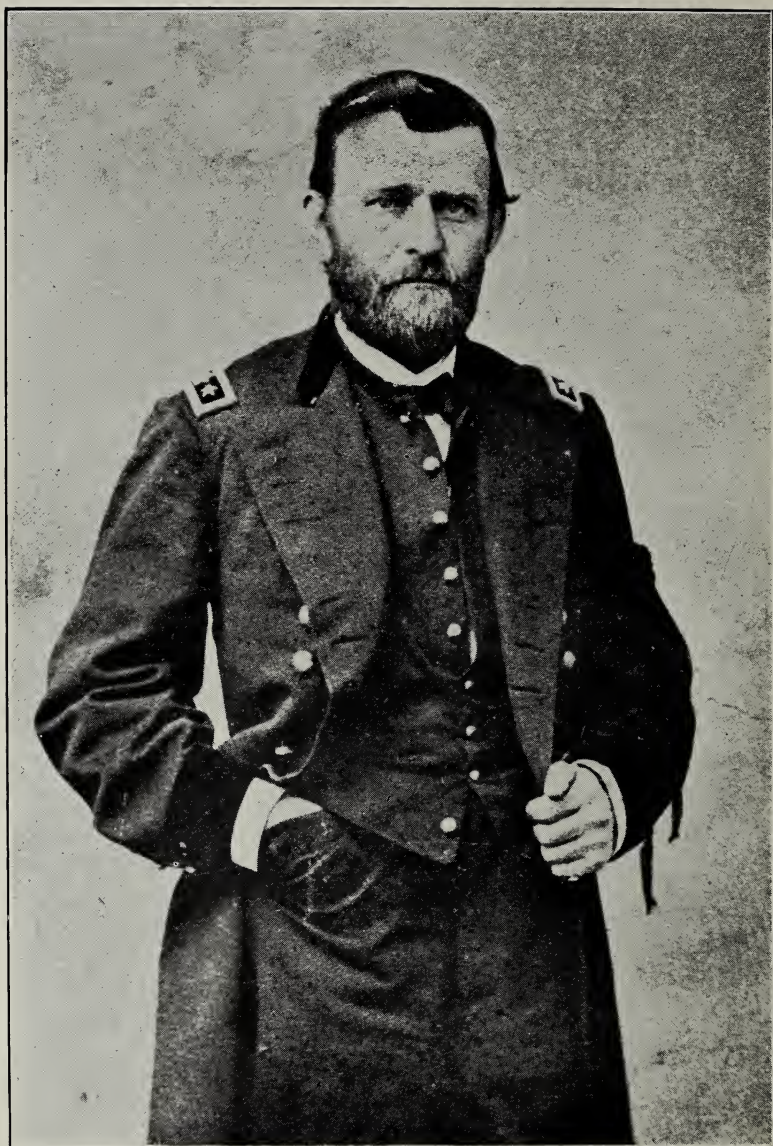


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U. S. GRANT

## CIVIL WAR PUBLIC OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT.

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### I. INTRODUCTION.

Public opinion is in any period of crisis a very vital factor in the formulation of administrative policies and in shaping the outcome. This was particularly true of the four years in America, when Civil war was testing whether these United States would endure.

This war was the culmination of a long and bitter sectional conflict. Its outbreak found no unified public sentiment in the North which would insure support for the policies of the administration leaders. The consequence was, that failures on the battlefield, and the first year brought many of these, found a divided opinion. Every act of those in control resulted in criticism.

It may well be that one of the prime factors in the formation of public sentiment is the power of the press; it may be that this press is but a reflection of sentiment which has developed through other channels. In any case, the newspaper is a force with which one must reckon.

In the period under consideration it was not the editorial writer alone who was powerful in his influence, but also the correspondent in the field with his letters, in which, many times, rumor was intermixed with fact. His stories were colored of course by his own views, or those of the individuals who were the source of his information. When there was inactivity in his sector he must needs fill his space with what he could get, for he must have news.

In 1861 neither propaganda as such, nor organized governmental war censorship, as we know it today, had been developed. Nor was the value of these institutions entirely realized. The failure of the United States government to regulate the war correspondents, left their control a matter for indi-

vidual generals to deal with, in so far as it concerned their own departments. This existing condition of an untrammelled press was to result in the development of a feeling of antagonism between the newspaper men and those commanders who, like General Grant, made strict press regulations.

Happily the newspaper was not the only influential factor in the formation of opinion in the North. One factor which doubtless bore more weight, and one which in great measure counteracted the first wild rumors of the press, was the home letters of the soldier himself. These letters were sometimes written for publication in the home paper, in which case they did their bit in the molding of sentiment. More often the letter was not intended for such publication, but to be read by the home folks. In this latter case the sentiments expressed and the events and conditions described were frank and sober statements.

In the first year of the war military results were most disheartening to the people of the North. The need for military leaders of ability was recognized. The press, and behind it, the people, clamored for results. In the West, inaction and failure to take advantage of opportunities was the dominant complaint. Friction and lack of co-operation among leaders; lack of co-ordination of forces, and definite plan of campaign; as well as failure to seize opportunities presented, had, by 1863, made apparent the vital need was a real leader and a unified control.

Prior to the battle of Fort Henry no outstanding military leader had appeared. This battle, the first real victory, gave the West a hero in the person of General Grant. Thereafter he was to remain in the public eye, to be praised or censured as his policies met with success or failure or, as they pleased or displeased an always fickle public.

Every man in a position of power and authority will have enemies and may expect to be adversely criticised at times. If he has any weaknesses, those are played up to the utmost. General Grant was no exception to this rule.

Expressed opinion of General Grant may, for purpose of convenience, be roughly classified as those which deal with



his personal characteristics; his military policies and their outcome; or, his connection, or lack of connection with things political.

It is the purpose of this study to show, by means of frequent illustrations from sources, the trend of public opinion of General Grant during the war years, and how that opinion fluctuated.

Newspapers and magazines, diaries, journals, and official papers of the period have been drawn upon for these illustrations, as well as memoirs and autobiographies of his contemporaries. These latter it may well be are colored by later events but still have much value in such a study.

## II. MILITARY POLICIES—BEFORE SHILOH.

On the outbreak of the Civil war, April, 1861, U. S. Grant was a modest, rather obscure figure, living in Galena, Illinois, as a clerk in the leather store of his brothers.

He had been educated at West Point, served for about eleven years in the regular army and had taken an active part in the Mexican war. In 1854 he resigned his commission, thereafter going from one occupation to another. This seeming failure in life was no doubt due in part, at least, to the character of this early training, which in its very nature would tend to unfit a man for a farming or business career. It may also have been due in part, to the fact that the military life was a congenial one, whereas the business life was not.

As Captain Grant had lived but a short time in Galena, and was of a retiring disposition he was little known there.

Soon after the fall of Fort Sumter the men of the town began the organization of a company of volunteers. The services of this group were to be offered to the Governor, when it should be fully recruited. Captain Grant, as a former West Point man took an active part in the recruiting and organization of this company. He was offered the command but refused this honor, although he accompanied the men when they went to Springfield.<sup>1</sup>

Gustave Koerner writes: "My friend E. B. Washburne

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<sup>1</sup> Grant, U. S., *Personal Memoirs*, I, 215; Livermore, T. L., *Days and Events*, 4.

came down from Galena in company with a gentleman whom he introduced to me as Captain Grant of Galena." Washburne felt that as a man with army experience, some of it as regimental quartermaster, the Captain might be very useful at Springfield.<sup>2</sup> The Captain and Mr. Washburne were taken in to see Governor Yates but there was no appointment available at that time, possibly later. Mr. Koerner continued: "I, on my part thought that Captain Grant would make a valuable acquisition, \* \* \* and expressed myself to that effect." Later, after Mr. Koerner had talked with Governor Yates, the appointment of assistant quartermaster was offered to the Captain and was accepted.<sup>3</sup>

The work to which Captain Grant was first assigned was purely clerical; later he became drill master at Camp Yates and finally mustering officer. When this latter work was completed, Captain Grant returned to Galena.<sup>4</sup>

An application was then made to Washington for reappointment in the regular army, preferably as a regimental commander. No reply was ever received to this letter.<sup>5</sup>

Failing in this attempt, Captain Grant went to St. Louis, in the hope that Fremont might aid him. No results were obtained here, either. General McClellan was stationed at Cincinnati. Here the Captain went on the chance that a commission might be offered. McClellan was away.<sup>6</sup> While in Cincinnati an appointment as colonel in an Illinois regiment was granted by Governor Yates.<sup>7</sup>

Captain Grant's lack of political influence, his unmilitary appearance and lack of assurance, together with rumors as to the cause of his resignation from the army, doubtless were important factors in delaying the commission from Governor Yates; for the Governor was besieged with applications for political appointments, and a man who can pull no wires for himself nor has friends to do it for him, is necessarily handi-

<sup>2</sup> Koerner, G., *Memoirs*, II, 126.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 127.

<sup>4</sup> Garland, H., *Life of Grant*, 167.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> McClellan, G. B., *McClellan's Own Story*, 47.

<sup>7</sup> Edmonds, F. S., *Ulysses S. Grant*, 102.

capped in such a situation, especially if he cannot impress one with his ability.

Among the Illinois regiments mustered in by Captain Grant was one whose commander had proved inefficient. This was the one to which he was assigned, upon the request of its members.<sup>8</sup> In July Colonel Grant marched his regiment to its station in Missouri.

Little more is heard of Grant until, on August 7th, he was commissioned by Lincoln, Brigadier-general of volunteers. This was on the recommendation of E. B. Washburne and other Illinois Congressmen.<sup>9</sup>

It must have been galling indeed, to the West Point trained man with eleven years of military service to his credit, to see men with whom he had served occupying high rank, while he was a mere brigade commander; and more galling still to have high grade appointments granted to men without military experience of any sort. When appointed Brigadier-general he was the only regimental commander in his brigade with military training.<sup>10</sup>

General Grant was first assigned to St. Louis, then Jefferson City, Missouri, and soon after transferred to the command of forces in South Eastern Missouri. Friction arose between Generals Prentiss and Grant. This resulted, on September 2d., in the replacement of the former by the latter. General Grant now established headquarters at Cairo. Here the simplicity of his movements at first attracted no attention.

On the 19th of September, General Grant and his command took possession of Paducah, Kentucky. Panic among the inhabitants was the result, then depopulation. The *Crisis*, reported, that of a population of 15,000 but 3,000 it was estimated remained.<sup>11</sup> The manner in which this situation was handled by the commander won much favorable comment.

General Grant's skill in organization had been well demonstrated from the beginning, by the manner in which he handled the troops of his command. An expression at this

<sup>8</sup> Garland, H., U. S. Grant, 170.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid*, 177.

<sup>10</sup> King, C., "True Ulysses S. Grant," 151.

<sup>11</sup> The *Crisis*, Columbus, O., 19 Sept. '61, 8, 5.

time, showing shrewd judgment of his real ability and integrity is to be found in a letter written by E. B. Washburne to Salmon P. Chase in which he said: "General Grant who is in command of this whole section, is one of the best officers in the army, and is doing wonders in bringing order out of chaos. He is as incorruptible as he is brave."<sup>12</sup>

It was here that Major Rawlins first joined Grant's staff.

In November came the first test of General Grant's forces in the battle of Belmont. The military results to this date had been most discouraging to the people of the North. In the East there had been largely failure and delay. In the West also, inaction was the order of the day. It could now be clearly seen that the control of the Mississippi was a vital necessity for the winning of the war. Therefore eyes were turned to that sector. People were clamoring for action—for results—for news of any sort.

The battle of Belmont gave this opportunity and Western papers, especially, seized upon it. *The Crisis*, commented editorially: "The expedition from Cairo under Generals Grant and McClernand, to Belmont, on the Missouri bank of the Mississippi river opposite Columbus, Kentucky, is not made very clear and understandable. There is a conflict of statements by the traveling letter writers, and not a very full and comprehensible statement from any other quarter."<sup>13</sup> And again: "At first the Telegraph as usual, reported the expedition to Belmont a great victory. Since then the newspapers have tried to represent it as a failure \* \* \*. That it was bloody on both sides is very evident \* \* \*. The ridiculous and absurd engineering of this war by newspaper editors, who know less about 'matters and things' connected with the machinery of such a war as we have got on our hands, than Japanese Tommy knew about writing love letters to the ladies, should be stopped."<sup>14</sup> This battle, in the news reports, was credited largely to McClernand, through efforts of his supporters in Illinois.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Chase, S. P., Correspondence (In American Historical Ass'n. Rept. 1902, II, 507-8.)

<sup>13</sup> *The Crisis*, 14 Nov., '61, 4, 1.

<sup>14</sup> *The Crisis*, 21 Nov., '61, 1, 3.

<sup>15</sup> King, C., True Ulysses S. Grant, 159.



General Halleck then came to St. Louis and assumed the command left by Fremont. Halleck had been in the army in the far west when General Grant resigned in 1854, and therefore knew of him and of the tales of that period. His methods were diametrically opposed to those of Grant. His policy was that of "watchful waiting," while Grant was eager for attack. One is curious to know if Halleck were distrustful of the ability of Grant, or, if he really felt that the time to strike had not yet come.

General Grant had plans for an offensive campaign but he was for a long time unable to secure permission to carry them out. However, in February of 1862, Commodore Foote and General Grant through combined efforts, secured a reluctant permission for an attack on Fort Henry. On February 6th, they were able to report its capture. Seemingly now, the name of General Grant would be featured in the news reports. That was not the case, however. Reports in general made little mention of him, Foote being credited with the capture.

From the Western press the same impression would be gained. *The Crisis* carried headlines in its issue of February 12th and an article sent as a special to the *Cincinnati Gazette* by its correspondent. These headlines ran after this fashion: "Ft. Henry captured by our gunboats. Land forces not employed—A sharply contested battle—etc."<sup>16</sup> The dispatch said: "The land forces, under General Grant, did not arrive at the fort till after the rebels had surrendered and their army escaped."<sup>17</sup> On the 26th, the same paper commented on the battle, quoting from Flag-Officer Foote's report: "As I turned the Fort and its effects over to Gen. Grant, commanding the Army, on his arrival an hour after we had made the capture, he will be enabled to give the Government a more correct statement of them than I am enabled to communicate from the short time I had possession of the Fort."<sup>17</sup> Flag-Officer Foote's report corroborates this statement. The cause to which was attributed the failure of the land forces to participate in the first assault was muddy roads and high water.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *Crisis*, 12 Feb., '62, 21, 1-2.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid*, 26 Feb., '62, 34, 5.

<sup>18</sup> O. R., VII, 123.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* felt that General Grant, the commander, was untiring and had the full confidence of his men, "which is more than half the battle."<sup>19</sup>

And then came Donelson. General Grant's plan was an immediate attack, aided as at Fort Henry, by the gunboats. On February 14th, Flag-Officer Foote made attack but his boats became disabled and he himself wounded so that he was obliged to retire. The next morning while General Grant was on board the flag ship, in conference with Foote, the tide of battle ran against the union forces, when they were attacked by the enemy.<sup>20</sup> General Grant hurried back, brought order out of chaos and success resulted for his army.

The country was wild with excitement. The West especially rejoiced. Was not this a great victory? And was it not won by Western soldiers? It was the first really important victory of the war. General Grant, as the man who had made possible that victory, was acclaimed by all. It was a great success from a military standpoint for it clinched the hold of the Union upon the more or less doubtful border states. It was a great victory, too, because of its psychological effect. It gave a feeling to the people of the North that there was hope the war might result successfully and that before long.

In the first press accounts of the battle some of the sheets persisted in ignoring General Grant. In the February 16th issue of the Chicago *Tribune* chief mention was made of the gunboat forces; a Cairo paper mentioned land losses but said little of Grant; in the St. Louis *Democrat*, there was no mention of him.<sup>21</sup> The Cincinnati *Commercial*, however, took a different attitude. In comment, its correspondent wrote: "When I was introduced to General Grant, as corresponding for the *Commercial*, don't you think the General was so ungracious as to say: 'The *Commercial* never did say a good thing about me, I believe.' Now will you oblige me by saying, without advice, that General Grant stands high with officers

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<sup>19</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 17 Feb., '82, 3, 7.

<sup>20</sup> O. R., VII, 237.

<sup>21</sup> Crisis, 19 Feb., '62, 285-291.

and men in these quarters. It is the first time I have visited his division of the army, and have spoken to him only on two occasions. I find him every inch a gentleman, and in the management of this expedition, which has so far been the great event of the war he has displayed generalship that some of his superior officers might covet. His name is now engraven in the nation's history, and base indeed would be he who should endeavor to tarnish a name which has brought such glory to our arms."<sup>22</sup> On the 26th of February this paper reprinted a derogatory statement from the *Pittsburgh Post*, that in the details of the battle at Fort Donelson, "It now appears that General Grant, who has been suddenly lifted to a Major-General, was inexcusably absent from the field when McClelland's brigade was cut up, and the men needlessly slaughtered. The gallant Eighteenth of Illinois \* \* \* refused to retire \* \* \* whilst the amiable General Grant could not be found upon the field. General Smith relieved him from disgrace by charging upon the enemy Saturday evening, and holding his position, and his brave column had the honor of marching into the fort first on Sunday morning."<sup>23</sup> Commenting upon the above the *Commercial* continued: "The *Post* has no good authority for saying that Gen. Grant was 'inexcusably absent from the field' at a critical time. His only absence was when he held an important conversation with Com. Foote, and learned what he might depend upon from the flotilla \* \* \* there is nothing in the history of the operations at Fort Donelson that justifies the disparagement of any Federal officer or body of troops engaged. All, we believe, performed their duty, and it is the height of folly and ignorance, or the lowest depth of meanness and perversity to single out the Commanding General for abusive assaults."<sup>24</sup>

From the quotation preceding, one can easily see that some forces were at work to nullify the effect General Grant's victory would tend to have upon his reputation. What was the precise nature of these forces is conjecture. The attitude

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<sup>22</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 22 Feb., '62, 3, 7.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, 2, 2.

<sup>24</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 26 Feb., '62, 2, 2.



of Generals Halleck and McClellan may readily be seen by the telegraphic correspondence which was exchanged soon after the battle.<sup>25</sup>

General Halleck became very impatient with Grant because of an alleged failure to make adequate reports of his movements, for leaving his command without the authority of the department Commander, and for a reputed demoralization of his command after the Donelson campaign. On March 3d, he complained to General McClellan, "I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory he sits down and enjoys it without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired with the neglect and inefficiency. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency."<sup>26</sup> General McClellan's reply shows that he considered the complaint a serious one. He said: "Your dispatch of last evening received. The future success of our cause demands that proceedings such as Grant's should at once be checked. Generals must observe discipline as well as private soldiers. Do not hesitate to arrest him at once if the good of the service requires it and place C. F. Smith in command. You are at liberty to regard this as a positive order if it will smooth your way."<sup>27</sup> This dispatch was signed with the approval of Secretary of War Stanton. The next day General Halleck telegraphed General Grant to place General Smith in command and to remain himself at Fort Henry.<sup>28</sup> He also asked him why he had failed to obey orders and report strength and positions of his command.

On March 6th, General Halleck wrote to Grant enclosing

<sup>25</sup> O. R., I, 7, 679-80.

<sup>26</sup> O. R., I, 7, 679-80.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 680.

<sup>28</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Memoirs*, I, 225.

a copy of a letter received by Judge Davis, President of the Western Investigation Commission. General Halleck said that "The want of order and discipline and the numerous irregularities in your command since the capture of Fort Donelson are matters of general notoriety, and have attracted the serious attention of the authorities at Washington. Unless these things are immediately corrected I am directed to relieve you of the command."<sup>29</sup>

The complaint of General Halleck to the Washington authorities resulted in a further telegram, this time from Adjutant General Thomas who asked, at the request of the President and the Secretary of War, for an investigation and report as to the truth or falseness of the charges that "General Grant left his command at any time without proper authority, and, if so, for how long; whether he has made you proper reports and returns of his force, whether he has committed any acts which were unauthorized or not in accordance with military subordination or propriety, and, if so, what."<sup>30</sup>

General Halleck's reply of March 15th to this war department order was most conciliatory in tone, as if he regretted his haste in complaining to General McClellan. He said: "In accordance with your instructions of the 10th instant, I report that General Grant and several officers of high rank in his command, immediately after the battle of Fort Donelson went to Nashville without my authority or knowledge. I am satisfied, however, from investigation, that General Grant did this from good and sufficient intentions and from a desire to subserve the public interests \* \* \* There never has been any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant, and his failure to make returns of his forces has been explained as resulting partly from the failure of colonels of regiments to report to him on their arrival and partly from an interruption of telegraphic communication. All these irregularities have now been remedied."<sup>31</sup>

One cannot but wonder how much of this attitude of General

<sup>29</sup> O. R., I, 10 pt. 2, 13.

<sup>30</sup> O. R., I, 7, 683.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, 683-4.

Halleck was due to a feeling of jealousy, for General Grant had succeeded when he himself had accomplished nothing.

It was not long before this state of affairs was spread broadcast by the press. This is evidenced by such notices as this which appeared in the Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial* in its issue of March 14th. "The War Department has authorized General Halleck to supersede Gen. Grant unless the latter should ask to be relieved, on account of bad conduct at Fort Donelson and elsewhere."<sup>32</sup>

Following soon after Donelson came General Grant's commission as a Major-General. This was a "quick and well deserved acknowledgment of his valiant services at Ft. Donelson." said the New York *Times*. "Certainly a more gallant and determined officer never led an invincible soldiery to victory, and his *prestige* is second now to that of no general in our army. It is true, he fought with large odds in his favor, but he fought skillfully, persistently, humanely and successfully. *The plan was Buell's*; it was a part of Gen. McClellan's circle of assault; the hearty co-operation was Halleck's, and the imperishable, blood-bought glory of battle is Grant's."<sup>33</sup> This expression of sentiment that the plan was Buell's was not confined to this dispatch. In the same issue appeared a letter signed "Tennessean" in which he expresses himself thus: "While, therefore, Gen. Grant and Flag-Officer Foote are entitled to their honors, and other officers to theirs, let Gen. Buell receive the credit which is due a great master of strategy for the plan of the campaign."<sup>34</sup>

Gurowski, a Polish refugee of prominence was actively interested in the war. Though a very bitter critic of the administration from the President down, he was rather surprisingly favorable to General Grant. Upon the point of the strategy of the Donelson campaign he said: "Now they dispute to Grant his deserved laurels. If he had failed at Donelson, the *strategians* would have washed their hands, and thrown Grant the disaster. So did Scott after Bull Run."<sup>35</sup>

<sup>32</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 14 Mar., '62, 3, 3.

<sup>33</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 25 Feb., '62, 1, 2, 3.

<sup>34</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 25 Feb., '62, 1, 2-3.

<sup>35</sup> Gurowski, A., *Diary*, 1861-2, I, 164.

This adverse judgment of the hero of Ft. Donelson seems to have been quite contrary to the feeling of those close to him, those who knew him, and were aware of the facts in the case. An article appeared in the *Crisis* on March 19th, during the height of this controversy which stated that General C. F. Smith had been placed in command in the field and that General Grant was remaining at the departmental headquarters at Ft. Henry. The article then went on to describe the presentation to General Grant, by his officers, of a sword "as a token of their appreciation of his masterly military services, together with his noble and praiseworthy qualities as a soldier and a gentleman, which have won for him the respect and admiration of all serving under him \* \* \* There was but little merriment evinced upon the occasion. General Grant has applied to General Halleck to be relieved from the department."<sup>36</sup> This presentation, on the face of it, would seem to indicate rather conclusively the sentiment of his officers.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* at this time, acknowledged the situation, and condemned it as well, in an article in which was quoted the Washington correspondent's story of the order to supersede General Grant. The article then continued: "We distrust the correctness of this statement, and shall give our reasons for doing so. The day after the battle of Fort Donelson, General Grant was nominated and confirmed Major-General; at the same time General Halleck complimented him in the highest terms for his management in the field and the success that crowned his operations. What has since occurred to militate against his generalship in that battle?—Nothing whatever. A few malicious newspaper correspondents,—one of whom, at least, \* \* \* took offense because he was refused admission to Grant's headquarters, \* \* \*<sup>37</sup>—carefully suppressed Grant's name in connection with their accounts of the siege, and put forward that of Gen. Smith as the hero of the occasion \* \* \* These attempts to excite rivalries and jealousies between commanding officers are exceedingly repre-

<sup>36</sup> The *Crisis*, 19 Mar., '62, 59, 4.

<sup>37</sup> The article stated that the General assigned as a reason for his exclusion order that this correspondent had disobeyed instructions and published intelligence of military operations calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy.



hensible \* \* \* Gen. Grant, though hardly forty years of age, has been in seventeen battles, in three of which he commanded, and we have yet to hear that he disgraced himself in any capacity as a military man, or failed to meet the expectations of those who believe him competent to command an army and lead it to victory.'<sup>38</sup>

This article served as a challenge to a rival paper of the same city, for the *Cincinnati Gazette* on the following day replied thus: "General Grant's difficulties grew out of matters officially communicated to the Commander-in-Chief. They were purely military affairs. Newspaper men were surprised to hear that there were difficulties and ignorant of what they were, have refrained from comment, while their sympathies were almost entirely in favor of Gen. Grant \* \* \* The *Commercial* more forcibly attempts to make out that it was newspaper hostility, that raised the difficulty. This is strange, when newspapers have almost let it alone, and have almost unanimously been friendly to Grant; but our neighbor's zeal is not always according to knowledge.'<sup>39</sup> The *New York Times* maintained that the situation was due to dissatisfaction with Grant's strategy. His personal bravery was not questioned.<sup>40</sup>

It seems rather strange that so much adverse criticism was directed against a victorious leader. Be that as it may, public jubilation over the success of the General and the recognition of that success by the appointment as Major-General, served to counteract the influences which were working against him.

### III. MILITARY POLICIES—SHILOH

After the victory of Donelson, General Grant was for a time in virtual disgrace; deprived of his command while the controversy raged. The situation in the East was far from satisfactory and Halleck, in the West, was continuing his policy of inaction. The need for some change was great. On

<sup>38</sup> *Cincinnati Commercial*, 18 Mar., '62, 1, 1.

<sup>39</sup> *Cincinnati Daily Gazette*, 19 Mar., '62, 2, 2.

<sup>40</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 10 Apr., '62, 1, 5.

March 11th, this came in the appointment of General Halleck to the Supreme Command in the West. Two days later General Grant was restored to his command.<sup>1</sup>

General Grant rejoined his forces almost at once. While awaiting Buell who was to join him, headquarters were maintained at Savannah, while the troops were encamped a few miles up the river at Pittsburg Landing. The Confederates were as eager for a battle and a victory as were those of the Union. The people were clamoring, both in the North and the South; for command of the Mississippi River was vital to both sections.

General Grant and his staff each night retired to the Savannah headquarters. Walter Gresham wrote from there, that "The grasp General Grant then exhibited in the teeth of the incompetency of Halleck and the inefficiency in the War Department stamped him, at least in the eyes of his subordinates, as a man of force and genius."<sup>2</sup>

The Confederates meanwhile were massing their forces at Corinth, for an attack on Grant's position at the Landing. The battle took place with terrific loss of life, due, the critics said, to the fact that the attack was a complete surprise so far as General Grant and his officers were concerned, and that adequate precautions against attack had not been taken. It was also alleged that General Grant did not reach the scene until too late to prevent a virtual defeat the first day, and that the battle of the second day resulted in a victory only because of General Buell's arrival with his forces.

The adverse criticism of General Grant probably reached its highest peak in the controversy that raged over this battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh as the Confederates called it. Both General Grant and General Sherman denied that there was surprise and maintained that even without Buell success must have come the second day.<sup>3</sup> There is however the evidence, in a telegram from General Grant to Halleck, that he was not expecting attack.<sup>4</sup> General Grant at Savannah, heard

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<sup>1</sup> Grant, U. S., *Personal Memoirs*, I, 327.

<sup>2</sup> Gresham, M., *Life of Walter Q. Gresham*, I, 175.

<sup>3</sup> Edmonds, F. S., *Ulysses S. Grant*, 146-7.

<sup>4</sup> O. R., X. Pt. 1, 89; *Ibid.*, 331.

the guns and went directly to Pittsburg Landing, however arriving too late to save the battle that day. The first newspaper accounts of the engagement aroused sentiment against General Grant and the heavy loss of life doubtless added to the feeling of bitterness.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* of April 9th, commented thus: "Major-General Grant had indeed said there was great probability of a rebel attack but there was no appearance of his making any preparation for such an unlooked for event, and so the matter was dismissed. Yet on Saturday there was more skirmishing along our advanced lines."<sup>5</sup> The *Commercial* of Cincinnati, carried a similar statement.<sup>6</sup> James A. Garfield seemingly corroborates the idea of surprise. He wrote: "Grant was surprised by an overwhelming force of the enemy" and "by some criminal neglect, not yet explained,—their approach was not discovered till fifteen minutes before the attack."<sup>7</sup> Rutherford B. Hayes was, at this time, at Camp Hayes at Raleigh, Virginia. As he was so far away the accuracy of his statement on this point may well be questioned. The fact remains, however, that this version was freely circulated. He commented in his *Diary*, under date of April 11th: "Further news shows that on Sunday our men near Pittsburg were surprised by the Rebel army in great force from Corinth, Mississippi. They were driven from their camps with heavy loss, took shelter near the river under protection of the gunboats. Early next day Buell came up and attacked the enemy, routing him \* \* \* We barely escaped an awful defeat, if these first accounts are true."<sup>8</sup> On the following day appeared another entry: "Further news confirms victory at Pittsburg or Corinth. The first day, last Sunday, our men [were] surprised and badly whipped, the second day, the fresh troops redeemed the day and gained a great victory."<sup>9</sup>

In a letter to his uncle S. Birchard, written on April 22d,

<sup>5</sup> Moore, *Rebellion Record*, 4, 3862; N. Y. Herald, 16 Apr., '62, 3, 1.

<sup>6</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 14 Apr., '62, 1, 4.

<sup>7</sup> Smith, T. C., *Life and Letters of James A. Garfield*, I, 208.

<sup>8</sup> Hayes, R. B., *Diary and Letters*, II, 227.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 227-8.



Hayes having heard more about the battle said: "There is shocking neglect there. I should guess. Generals, not the regiments ought to be disgraced. A sudden surprise by a great army with cavalry and artillery can't be had without gross negligence. The regiments surprised ought not [to] be held up to scorn if they are stricken with panic in such a case. A few thousand men can slip up unperceived, but for an army of fifty or sixty thousand men to do it—pshaw! it's absurd." And a postscript on "April 23. Since writing the foregoing I have received *Commercials* of 17th and 18th containing the doings of Buckland and the Seventy-second. They did well. It is absurd to find fault with men for breaking away under such circumstances. The guilty officers ought to be punished—probably Grant or Prentiss or both."<sup>10</sup>

The newspaper reports and comments on the battle were no more favorable to General Grant as time brought the more complete reports of the engagement. About the only thing for which praise was given was his personal courage. White-law Reid, Cincinnati newspaper correspondent, said later that he was near General Grant and that late in the day's battle, when progress was far from favorable, some one asked the General if the prospect did not begin to look gloomy. Grant quietly replied: "Not at all. They can't force our lines around these batteries tonight—it is too late." The next day his forces could attack with fresh troops. Mr. Reid said that from that he dated the beginning of his belief in Grant.<sup>11</sup>

The newspapers of the West were especially critical. This was no doubt due to the fact that here was felt most keenly the heavy loss of life. The Cincinnati *Commercial* stated that headquarters of the commanding general were nine miles away, at Savannah; that the General arrived at Pittsburg about noon, Buell having, it was reported, arrived first. General Wallace was five miles off but want of orders prevented his entering the fight on Sunday. "Such amazing blundering and gross negligence as this illustrates, was probably never before heard of in the history of war. But nobody

<sup>10</sup> Hayes, R. B., *Diary and Letters*, II, 234.

<sup>11</sup> Reid, W., *Ohio in the War*, I, 375.

blamed Gen. Wallace. He was ready at daylight. What delayed Grant those awful hours of surprise and disaster, tinkering at nothing so far as the results show, at Savannah, is inconceivable. If ever there is to be an investigation into any of the hideous blunders of the war, here is a case that calls loudly, peremptorily, for a court martial."<sup>12</sup> Another Cincinnati paper said after the publication of General Grant's report on Shiloh: "This Major-General, made so for a victory which his incompetency could not prevent, was called from his luxurious quarters ten miles from his army by the thunder of battle, and arrived on the ground to find the fine army which had been entrusted to his care, driven at every point \* \* \*. The case was too far gone for his generalship. He had already done all he could for that army."<sup>13</sup>

From Columbus, Ohio, the *Crisis* contributed this: "It has been known for some days past, that proper attention had not been paid to the placing of pickets at sufficient distance from our front lines to insure against surprise, and in some cases it had been neglected altogether. No pickets, it is said have ever been placed in front of Gen. Prentiss' division, although it was known the secesh spies and scouting parties were continually hovering ever nearer to the outside row of tents of his regiment."<sup>14</sup> A few days later, however, the *Crisis* changed its attitude somewhat. Whether this was due to authentic reports which tended to counteract their first judgment, or to other sources is problematic. The issue of April 23d contained this warning: "We would caution our readers against putting too willing belief in all the reports which come from the recent deplorable battle ground at Pittsburg Landing by newspaper correspondents. Private letters written home by soldiers themselves do not give the same accounts of transactions there as these hired letter writers. That there were many misfortunes there is clear enough, but it is not so clear on whose heads the blame may eventually fall."<sup>15</sup> On the 30th this same paper, through a dispatch from the spe-

<sup>12</sup> Cincinnati Commercial, 15 Apr., '62, 1, 3.

<sup>13</sup> Cincinnati Gazette, 19 Apr., '62, 2, 1.

<sup>14</sup> Crisis, 16 Apr., '62, 1, 1.

<sup>15</sup> Crisis, 23 Apr., '62, 100, 1.

cial correspondent of the *Ohio State Journal*, also of Columbus, denied a report that General Grant had been arrested. This dispatch read as follows: "You probably have heard of Grant's arrest. *It is false.* He is in the field \* \* \* Some condemn, and others praise Gens. Grant and Sherman. It is difficult to know where the blame rests for our defeat on Sunday \* \* \* Gen. Halleck is to take command in person." <sup>16</sup>

The indignation of the editor of the New York *Herald* was so great that he wrote: "Whether justifiable or not, there is no mistaking the universality of the sentiment that General Grant was accountable for the reverse of Sunday. Probably, sixty officers, brigade and regimental, have expressed themselves to that effect, while a word in his defense is scarcely to be heard in any quarter. What the General's defense may be is therefore not public; but, if he is not amenable to the charges so freely promulgated and dismissed, he is the best abused man in the country." <sup>17</sup>

The New York *Tribune* contributed the following editorial comment: "Western journals are criticising our generalship in the late battles—especially General Grant's—with merciless severity. Their summing up is that the field was lost on Sunday by the incapacity and criminal negligence of the Generals and regained on Monday by the unequalled pluck and splendid fighting of the soldiers." <sup>18</sup> The following day appeared another editorial, reprinting one in the St. Louis *Evening News* regarding the surprise to General Grant's army, with the comment that *The Tribune* published this editorial without vouching for its authenticity, hoping to call the attention of the government to the need of an investigation. A chaplain of an Illinois regiment at Paducah went to Pittsburg on the 4th, because he had heard of an impending attack. His interview with General Grant was most unsatisfactory. <sup>19</sup> On May 10th, the *Weekly Tribune* printed a piece of unsigned correspondence running as follows: "In regard to the battle itself there was but one voice—that the preservation of our

<sup>16</sup> *Crisis*, 30 Apr., '62, 110, 3.

<sup>17</sup> N. Y. *Herald*, 22 Apr., '62, 4, 3.

<sup>18</sup> N. Y. *Daily Tribune*, 22 Apr., '62, 6, 2.

<sup>19</sup> N. Y. *Daily Tribune*, 23 Apr., '62, 4, 3.



glorious army from total annihilation was purely Providential. There was no more preparation by Gen. Grant for an attack than if he had been on a Fourth of July frolic.”<sup>20</sup>

*Harper's Weekly*, in its account of this very controversial battle said of General Grant: “From the accounts of the correspondents it does not seem that he showed much generalship, although his gallantry on the Monday undoubtedly contributed to the success of the day, and will preserve his fame among the people.”<sup>21</sup>

From these comments one can see that, as the *Crisis* suggested, newspaper opinion does not always form public opinion as a whole. For, in the final analysis this public lauded General Grant and proclaimed him a hero.

James H. Wilson, a member of General Grant's military staff, complained that “Grant was again charged with being drunk, with having arrived late on the battlefield, with being incompetent and with having neglected the ordinary precautions for the protection of his encampment and base of supplies. The country and Halleck believed, although Grant was entirely guiltless of anything to his discredit, except perhaps over confidence and failure to see that his troops were properly posted and entrenched.”<sup>22</sup>

General Sherman was, in this crisis, a loyal friend to his commander. He seemed quite as much disturbed by the criticism of his chief as by that of his own part in the battle. In one of his letters to his wife he wrote: “The hue and cry against Grant about surprise is wrong \* \* \* It is outrageous for the cowardly newsmongers thus to defame men whose lives are exposed.”<sup>23</sup> And again: “No sooner does an officer rise from the common level, but a rival uses the press to pull him back. Thus it was with me, and now they have nearly succeeded with Grant. He is as brave as any man should be, he has won several victories which ought to entitle him to universal praise, but his rivals have almost suc-

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<sup>20</sup> N. Y. Weekly Tribune, 10 May, '62, 3, 3.

<sup>21</sup> Harper's Weekly, VI, 283, 3 May, '62.

<sup>22</sup> Wilson, J. H., Life of John A. Rawlins, 91-2.

<sup>23</sup> Sherman, W. T., Home Letters, 224.



ceeded.”<sup>24</sup> On April 19th, a newspaper in Bellefontaine, Ohio, printed a letter attacking General Grant and his conduct at Shiloh. General Sherman found the author of this attack to be former Lieutenant Governor Stanton. This letter so aroused the ire of the general that he answered it through the columns of the *Crisis*. The point of Sherman’s reply was that Stanton, though at the Shiloh battlefield soon after the engagement and therefore in a position to secure the truth had preferred to accept camp stories at their face value. The statement made by Stanton was: “There is an intense feeling of indignation against Generals Grant and Prentiss, and the general feeling amongst the most intelligent men with whom I converse, is that they ought to be courtmartialed and shot.” This statement General Sherman branded as false in every particular. He also accused the writer of knowing it to be false when he published it.<sup>25</sup>

In December of 1864 General Sherman gave the facts of the battle, in a letter written to Henry Coppeé and published in the *United States Service Magazine*. He said: “Gen. Grant visited my division in person about 10 A. M. when the battle raged fiercest \* \* \* About 5 P. M. Gen. Grant came again to me \* \* \* He then ordered me to get all things ready, and at daylight the next day to assume the offensive. That was before Gen. Buell had arrived, but he was known to be near at hand \* \* \* Grant’s army \* \* \* had successfully withstood and repelled the first day’s terrific burst of a superior enemy, well commanded and well handled \* \* \* I will also avail myself of this occasion to correct another very common mistake in attributing to Gen. Grant the selection of that battlefield. It was chosen by that veteran soldier, Maj. Gen. Charles F. Smith \* \* \* and it was well chosen \* \* \* both Lick and Snake Creeks forced the enemy to confine his movements to a direct front attack.”<sup>26</sup> This letter from General Sherman would seem to be in its essential statements, directly opposed to much of the other evi-

<sup>24</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Home Letters*, 227.

<sup>25</sup> *The Crisis*, 25 June, '62, 169, 4.

<sup>26</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 27 Dec., '64, 5, 3. Reprinted from the U. S. Service Magazine.

dence which has been presented. This statement, one must note, is dated more than two years after the event described. However, General Sherman was certainly in a position to know the actual facts in the case.

The violent character of the newspaper comment and the generally adverse tone of the criticism of the general in command naturally caused worry in official circles in Washington. Secretary of War Stanton, at a loss to understand the failure of the Departmental commander Halleck to make report on the facts of the case, telegraphed for information. General Halleck was now in active charge at Pittsburg Landing. Secretary Stanton said: "The President desires to know why you have made no official report to this department respecting the late battle at Pittsburg Landing, and whether any neglect or misconduct of General Grant or any other officer contributed to the sad casualties that befell our forces on Sunday."<sup>27</sup> In view of the nature of the newspaper reports and the complaints which General Halleck had himself made after Donelson, the uneasiness exhibited is not at all surprising.

By May we find the current sentiment of condemnation of General Grant reflected in Congress. John Sherman,<sup>28</sup> brother of the General, was, aside from E. B. Washburne and Orville H. Browning, practically his only defender.

In the Senate, John Sherman had, on the 6th of May, introduced a resolution asking that reports of the battle be presented to clear the Ohio troops of the charges against them. In the course of the discussion Senator Harlan of Iowa said: "From all I can learn on the subject I do not think General Grant is fit to command a great army in the field." He continued with the statement that of the eleven regiments which Iowa had in the battle of Shiloh not one man could be made to believe that General Grant was fit to command. He said that he had conversed with many of them, both officers and privates and they all believed our army was surprised.<sup>29</sup> Senator

<sup>27</sup> Lincoln, A., *Complete works*, ed. by Nicolay and Hay, II, 146.

<sup>28</sup> Sherman, J., and Sherman, W. T., *Sherman Letters*, 147.

<sup>29</sup> *Cong. Globe*, 37th Cong., 2d Sess., pt. 3, 2036, 2-3.

Harlan then read a letter from a district judge of Iowa who claimed that until Grant took command, General Sherman kept his pickets out, but after the arrival of General Grant this was neglected, and, though scouts, deserters and citizens reported the enemy approaching, the idea of an attack was scorned by the commanding general. "The criminal carelessness or something worse, on the part of General Grant, where so many brave soldiers were slaughtered admits of no palliation or excuse. Newspaper correspondents may write as they please, but the united voice of every soldier in Grant's army condemns him, and it is now the time that the government should do likewise \* \* \* Iowa troops have been in battle repeatedly under command of General Grant; they have no confidence in his capacity and fitness for the high position he now holds." The speaker then said that he spoke thus not because of public or private grievance for he had none but because he believed the heavy loss of life was useless and was due to carelessness or inability of General Grant and he should not be continued in command. "There was nothing," Senator Harlan said, "in his previous career to justify further trial of him. At Belmont he committed an egregious and unpardonable military blunder, which resulted in almost annihilating an Iowa regiment. At Fort Donelson the right wing \* \* \* was defeated \* \* \* And so on the battlefield of Shiloh, his army was completely surprised \* \* \* the battle was afterward restored and conducted by General Buell and other generals \* \* \* Now, Sir, with such a record, those who continue General Grant in active command will, in my opinion, carry on their skirts the blood of thousands of their slaughtered country men \* \* \* 30"

This very violent attack on General Grant was, it seems, entirely out of place on the floor of the Upper house of Congress. The Senator was quite deservedly rebuked by Senator Browning when he arose and said that he was sorry that the Senator from Iowa had assaulted Grant at this time, publicly. He did not feel well enough informed to vindicate the General,

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<sup>30</sup> Cong. Globe, 37th Cong., 2d Sess., pt. 3, 2036, 2-3.



but felt it was due Grant to say that he had seen no evidence sufficient "to justify me or any other man in imputing to him misconduct that led to any disaster on the battlefield of Pittsburg Landing. That battle I regard as a great and glorious victory \* \* \* In regard to General Grant, I desire only to say that I am sorry I am not in possession of the facts that would enable me to enter upon a vindication of that officer for assaults which are unjust, if, for no other reason, because they are made at a very inappropriate and unfortunate period, \* \* \* giving to the newspaper slander of brave and gallant men who are fighting for our country, the dignity of sensational endorsement. General Grant may be subject to censure; but we certainly ought, in justice to him, to wait before we pronounce that censure until we are in possession of all of the facts which surrounded him on that occasion, and of all his conduct on that occasion \* \* \* 31

This was a period of clamor for the dismissal of General Grant. Attempts were made to secure this result through newspaper comment, personal interviews with the President and Secretary of War, and upon the floor of Congress, as we have just noted.

Colonel A. K. McClure told of a visit he made to President Lincoln with the special object of urging this course upon him. He said that though he neither knew General Grant at this time nor had any favorite general, he felt that because of the popular sentiment for removal, President Lincoln must in his own interests do so. So filled was he with the need of prompt action that he "called on Lincoln at eleven o'clock at night and sat with him until after one o'clock in the morning \* \* \* I pressed upon him with all the earnestness I could command the immediate removal of Grant as an imperious necessity to sustain himself \* \* \* He knew that I had no ends to serve in urging Grant's removal, beyond the single desire to make him be just to himself, and he listened patiently \* \* \* When I had said everything that could be said from my standpoint, we lapsed into silence. Lincoln remained

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<sup>31</sup> Cong. Globe, 37th Cong., 2d Sess., pt. 3, 2036, 2-3.

silent for what seemed a very long time. He then gathered himself up in his chair and said in a tone of earnestness that I shall never forget: '*I can't spare this man, he fights.*' '<sup>32</sup> Colonel McClure also made the statement that President Lincoln maintained his faith in Grant through this crisis, biding his time to make public expression of that faith, and so save Grant. This opportunity came on July 11th, 1862, when General Halleck was made General-in-Chief. Then General Grant was assigned to the command. On April 11th he had been made second in command under Halleck, this when Halleck came to Pittsburg, and took personal charge in the field.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>32</sup> McClure, A. K., *Lincoln and Men of War Times*, 178.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 182.

#### IV. MILITARY POLICIES—FROM CORINTH TO CHATTANOOGA

After the battle of Shiloh, General Grant was virtually without actual command, because General Halleck took personal charge of the army at that time.<sup>1</sup> A strongly reinforced army was ready for action, however, slowness and delay continued and General Halleck, though forcing the evacuation of Corinth, lost his chance for capture of the Confederate forces there. General Halleck's treatment of General Grant at this time was such that he resolved to resign.<sup>2</sup> He was, however, persuaded by General Sherman that it was his duty to remain in the army, and did so, though for a time in virtual disgrace.<sup>3</sup>

The failure of General McClellan's eastern campaign, and the resultant complaints and dissatisfaction, produced changes in the east and west as well. General Halleck, most prominent leader, because of the fact that to him was credited the success in the West, received the post of General-in-Command. This was the opportunity for the elevation of General Grant and he was given command of the troops in the West.

The Shiloh controversy still endured. A feeling of uneasiness over the increase in rank and responsibility for Grant

<sup>1</sup> Grant, U. S., *Personal Memoirs*, I, 370.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Memoirs*, I, 255.

was quite evident from newspaper comment. One illustration of this attitude was found in the New York *Daily Tribune*: "Upon the arrival of Gen. Grant from Memphis the belief was general that he would succeed Gen. Halleck at the head of the Western Department. This presumption gave rise to much apprehension and dissatisfaction among those that, with the sorry reminiscences of Shiloh before their eyes, have no faith in the ability of Gen. Grant to command large armies upon his own responsibilities."<sup>4</sup> A similar article appeared in the *Commercial* of Cincinnati.<sup>5</sup> The New York *Times* made comment that "it can not be said that the elevation of General Grant has met with general approbation by those concerned. A feeling of distrust toward him is still rankling in all the grades of the army, who have not forgotten the doubtful record he made at Shiloh."<sup>6</sup>

Although President Lincoln knew of this sentiment against General Grant he very wisely made no change in the plans for the Western army. By the middle of October, Iuka and Corinth had been added to the victories to the credit of Grant. Soon afterward he was given special charge of the Vicksburg campaign.

Admiral Porter told of a talk which he had with the President. In the course of the conversation the plans for the capture of Vicksburg were discussed. President Lincoln thought this the backbone of the rebellion. The Admiral felt that what was needed for its capture was "the best general, a large army and naval force—and patience." When asked what General he thought the one to join with the navy in this enterprise he replied: "General Grant, Sir, Vicksburg is within his department, but I presume he will send Sherman there, who is equal to the occasion." "Well! Well! Admiral," said the president, "I have in my mind a better general than either of them: that is McClellan, an old and intimate friend of mine." "I don't know him, Mr. President," I said. "What!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "don't know McClellan? Why, he

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<sup>4</sup> N. Y. *Daily Tribune*, 28 July, '62, 1, 5.

<sup>5</sup> *Cincinnati Commercial*, 25 July, '62, 1, 4.

<sup>6</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 30 July, '62.

saved the battle of Shiloh, when the case seemed hopeless!' (I suppose McClernand told him so.) 'Why, Mr. President,' I replied, 'The general impression is that Grant won the battle of Shiloh, as he commanded the army, he would seem entitled to the credit.' 'No,' said the President, 'McClernand did it, he is a natural born general.' '"

This extract gives an entirely different version from that found in the *Diary* of Gideon Welles, a member of President Lincoln's official family. Secretary Welles spoke of Admiral Porter's idea for a citizen soldier in command at Vicksburg, which gave opportunity for the President to bring forward his friend McClernand. Secretary Welles then added: "Stanton and Halleck entered into his views, for Grant was not a special favorite with either."<sup>8</sup> This item was written on July 31st, 1863, after the capture of Vicksburg, while that of Admiral Porter, was doubtless much earlier as he states in the volume from which it was taken, that he made it a rule to write down each night, what had taken place that day.<sup>9</sup>

Early in November of 1863 Lieutenant James H. Wilson joined General Grant's staff as engineering officer. On his arrival at headquarters he first met Major Rawlins, Adjutant. This officer told him much of the conditions. He told him also, of the perils by which the General had been surrounded since Ft. Henry. Wilson said he "dwelt upon his thorough knowledge of military administration and the customs of service, his familiarity with tactics and organization, and especially with his perfect knowledge of the supply, subsistence and transportation departments \* \* \*"<sup>10</sup>

When General Grant returned to the La Grange headquarters the two officers met for the first time. Wilson said afterward that although he was "somewhat disappointed at his simple and unmilitary bearing, his friendly welcome won my heart at once \* \* \* While he showed but little of that smartness of carriage and dress and none of the hauteur or affectation of rank and superior knowledge which were so no-

<sup>7</sup> Porter, D. D., *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, 172-3.

<sup>8</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, I, 337.

<sup>9</sup> Porter, D. D., *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, 313.

<sup>10</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 138-9.



ticeable in McClellan as well as in many other regular army men, he seemed self contained, simple minded and direct in all his thoughts and ways \* \* \*'' As his orders were to join McClernand rather than to organize his department, Wilson said he got the impression that Grant was neither a great organizer nor much of a theorist in military matters. "This opinion grew gradually into a settled conviction, and in spite of his great achievements, which were won mainly by attention to broad general principles rather than to technical details, I have never had occasion to materially change these earlier impressions."<sup>11</sup>

Orville H. Browning, Senator from Illinois at this time told in his "*Diary*" of calling on General and Mrs. Buford who were also in Washington. The General was a veteran army man, a West Pointer. Senator Browning was naturally interested in getting his reaction on the leading Generals and asking his opinion, received a very frank reply. Of General Grant he said: "Grant has personal bravery but no capacity—was a very small man. Take the least and the feeblest of the Circuit Judges of Illinois, and Grant was less than he. We had suffered immensely from the want of capacity in our officers."<sup>12</sup>

By November General Grant was ready for an attack on Vicksburg. The long delay had been made necessary by the scattering of the large army concentrated after Shiloh, and the need to reassemble a sufficient body of troops to insure a successful campaign against the strong point. The delay had also enabled the Confederates to strengthen their position, so intensifying the problem of its attack.

In December General Grant, having left Jackson, was cut off from his base of supplies at Columbus and forced to retreat to Holly Springs, which also had been attacked and the supplies there destroyed. This move of the General's in cutting himself off from his base was heartily criticised. The *New York Times* commented thus: "The presence of Jeff Davis and Jo Johnston is not without purpose. We trust Gen.

<sup>11</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 138-9.

<sup>12</sup> Browning, O. H., *Diary*, I, 591.



Grant may be able to cope with them; but already he is isolated by his blundering or bad luck, and cannot send an order twenty miles from his own camp in any direction over his grand Department."<sup>13</sup> On the 30th, the same paper reported: "We are not surprised to hear of the ill luck that has befallen Gen. Grant. We have insisted from the commencement of his campaign that it was a blunder, and could only end as it has ended in the destruction of his line of communications with Columbus and Cairo, and the enforced change of his base to the Mississippi at Memphis. He has lost several weeks of valuable time, a very large amount of government stores and not a few men, by not conforming his movements at first to the plain dictates of military prudence \* \* \*,"<sup>14</sup>

The Cincinnati *Commercial* writer "Mack" felt that the facts of the Holly Springs surrender were not yet public, the statements which he had seen being far from the truth. Statements of cotton-buyers and others had been taken at par. The truth was, "that the responsibility, or culpability, rests with General Grant alone, and all attempts to put it upon other shoulders must fail on investigation \* \* \* Gen. Grant had left his depot of supplies and ammunition without a garrison, almost, and the enemy easily acquired a rich prize."<sup>15</sup> On the 17th of January this paper, however, reversed its decision and in an editorial of that date claimed that not General Grant but Colonel Murphy was solely responsible for the Holly Springs disaster. It also stated that General Grant shared the confidence of the government and of his army to an uncommon degree. General Grant had been placed in a false position before the public because of his absolute indifference to what was said concerning himself.<sup>16</sup> By the 23d of this same month of January the *Commercial* had come to the conclusion that there was want of competent generalship in the armies in the Southwest, nothing having been gained since Iuka and Corinth: the Vicksburg campaign was badly managed. "We want a general who can perfect the organization of forces,

<sup>13</sup> N. Y. Times, 26 Dec., '62, 1, 4-5.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid., 30 Dec., '62, 4, 5.

<sup>15</sup> Cincinnati Commercial, 5 Jan., '63, 1, 6.

<sup>16</sup> Cincinnati Commercial, 17 Jan., '63, 1, 6.

improve their discipline, strengthen their confidence in themselves \* \* \* We want a general equal to the task of conducting siege operations of more magnitude than have occurred during the war."<sup>17</sup>

All the comment on General Grant at this period was not so critical. *Harper's Weekly* in January, spoke of good qualities he had, such as personal gallantry and determination but felt that he was "lucky" at Donelson and that there was yet opportunity to vindicate the confidence Halleck had shown in him then."<sup>18</sup>

An incident of military discipline affecting a portion of the civilian population in the department under General Grant's control, was as productive of criticism as any military event.

General Grant had, since assuming command, been greatly annoyed by the illegal trafficking in contraband which took place in that area. He was also disturbed by the actions of certain Jewish peddlers who were defiant of restrictions imposed. This situation resulted in the issuance on December 17th, of an order to all post commanders for the expulsion from their districts of all Jews. These persons were given twenty-four hours within which to leave the department. Panic and consternation reigned among the Jewish population of the area affected. Indignation was general. On the 29th, a protest was lodged with the President stating that the signers were good and loyal citizens who "felt insulted and outraged by this inhuman order \* \* \*" that, the order was both unjust and unconstitutional and would place them as outlaws. They asked his immediate attention and interposition.<sup>19</sup>

The New York *Times* of January 3d commented on the enforcement of this order in Paducah and the indignation it caused among Jewish merchants.<sup>20</sup> On the 5th, the same paper reported General Halleck, at the instance of the President, had revoked the order; that the Jews of the West were

<sup>17</sup> Cincinnati *Commercial*, 23 Jan., '63, 2, 3.

<sup>18</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, VII, 34, 2; 17 Jan., '63.

<sup>19</sup> O. R., I, 17 pt. 2, 506.

<sup>20</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 3 Jan., '63, 4, 2.

greatly excited by the order and were organizing delegations to go to Washington \* \* \*<sup>21</sup> Again, on the 18th, an editorial called this incident "One of the deepest sensations of the war \* \* \* The order, to be sure, was promptly set aside by the President, but the affront to the Israelites, conveyed by its issue, was not so easily effaced. It continues to rankle and is leading to sharp controversies and bitter feuds in the ranks of the faithful. It seems that \* \* \* grounds for deep and just complaint against the Government, that Gen. Grant has not been dismissed from the service on account of his unrighteous act \* \* \* It must be admitted that this order is open to severe criticism, in more respects than one \* \* \*"<sup>22</sup>

On January 21st, General Halleck sent to General Grant an explanation of his revocation of the order. He said: "The President has no objection to your expelling traitors and Jew peddlers, which, I suppose, was the object of your order; but, as it is in terms proscribing an entire religious class some of whom are fighting in our ranks, the President deemed it necessary to revoke it."<sup>23</sup>

With the year 1863 came the crucial time of war in the West. It was imperative that Vicksburg be captured. Criticism of Grant was severe because of his loss of Holly Springs and its supplies. Dissatisfaction with conditions in general was marked. It was during the early months of this year that there were renewed attempts to secure the removal of General Grant from command.

An editorial in the *New York Times* of January 7th read as follows: "The programme was grand, but the performance has been lamentably puny. Grant let the lines behind him be cut, he retreated, changed his base, and remains stuck in the mud of northern Mississippi, his army for weeks of no use to him or to anybody else. Sherman, left alone to do the work marked out for others led his gallant troops against the intrenched enemy \* \* \* We do not put the blame of the repulse at Vicksburg on Gen. Sherman. He was not responsible

<sup>21</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 5 Jan., '63, 5, 3.

<sup>22</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 18 Jan., '63, 4, 4-5.

<sup>23</sup> *O. R.*, I, 24, 1, 9; *Lincoln, A., Complete Works*, Nicolay and Hay, ed., II, 304.



for the failure of Grant's part in the campaign \* \* \*<sup>24</sup>  
 The Cincinnati *Commercial* too, was impatient with Grant. It said: "The situation of General Grant's army at present, is neither encouraging to the loyal people of the North, nor creditable to the skill and efficiency of its commander \* \* \* A campaign, brilliantly commenced, and vigorously pushed forward, till a triumphant goal was almost reached, has been brought to an inglorious close, through negligence, imbecility, or whatever other title the public may be pleased to bestow upon the conduct of the authorities, in leaving a long line of communication open to attack by a marauding band of the enemy."<sup>25</sup>

The winter of 1863 was a very trying one. The rivers were very high as a result of incessant rains. Much of the country all about Vicksburg was flooded making it difficult to find suitable camping places and also interfering with the transportation of both troops and supplies.<sup>26</sup> Added to this situation was the resultant one of much illness among the soldiers. The consequence of this combination of factors was much unfavorable comment of the commander.

Benjamin Butler told of a conversation he had with President Lincoln in which, when Butler objected to his replacement in the New Orleans command, by Banks, Lincoln replied that he might "take Grant's command down there." This the General would not do for, he said, "I had watched Grant's movements with care and I can see no reason why he should be recalled. He seems to have done well enough, and I do not want to be a party to such another injustice as I suffer."<sup>27</sup>

Finally pressure became so great that President Lincoln yielded to Secretary Stanton's wish and allowed him to send Charles A. Dana to join General Grant that he might keep watch of conditions and report. Dana, in his "*Recollections*" told of his assignment in these words: "He wanted some one to go to Grant's army, he said, to report daily to him the military proceedings, and to give such information as would en-

<sup>24</sup> N. Y. Times, 7 Jan., '63, 4, 3.

<sup>25</sup> Cincinnati Commercial, 5 Jan., '63, 1, 6.

<sup>26</sup> Grant, U. S., Personal Memoirs, I, 458.

<sup>27</sup> Butler, B. F., Butler's Book, 550.



able Mr. Lincoln and himself to settle their minds as to Grant, about whom at that time there were many doubts and against whom there were some complaints.'<sup>28</sup>

Admiral Porter had said that the three requirements for successful capture of Vicksburg were "the best general, a large army and naval force—and patience," remarked also: "Yet on no occasion during the war did the government and people of the North display so much impatience as they did about this siege. While General Grant was working with that imperturbable determination which distinguished him \* \* \* some implacable foe, with a corps of reporters at his beck and call, was inundating the country with false accounts of Grant's actions which had no foundation whatever. They were the creation of a malignant brain, and were circulated from personal motives. The worst of it was, the Government was partially influenced by the same spirit, and, had it not been that President Lincoln was governed by feelings of justice, disaster might have befallen the Union. No ordinary general could have taken Vicksburg at all \* \* \* Fortunately newspaper writers are not always exponents of public opinion, and the sensational articles, written on the scene of action to please the morbid taste of the public, did not have the anticipated effect, any more than the implacable misrepresentations made by a vindictive foe of all prominent officers had upon the President, when made to him personally."<sup>29</sup>

General Sherman told in his "*Memoirs*" of talking with General Grant at his headquarters near Vicksburg, and continued by remarking that all knew that McClelland was intriguing against Grant. "Even Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck seemed to be shaken; but at no instant of time did we (his personal friends) slacken in our loyalty to him."<sup>30</sup>

In May the New York *Tribune* published a letter from its New Orleans correspondent "Junius," who reported that "The impression had been entertained hereabout for some time, and I suspect that Grant has had apprehensions, that his

<sup>28</sup> Dana, C. A., *Recollections of the Civil War*, 20-21.

<sup>29</sup> Porter, D. D., *Incidents and Anecdotes*, 173-4.

<sup>30</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Memoirs*, I, 315.

Commander-in-Chief's caput lay within the baleful shadows of the guillotine; and this uncertainty of his position may render him more energetic than he has been during the past three months. No doubt Grant's retention at this army depends upon his early success before Vicksburg. If it does not fall before Summer, or if he fail, he is officially doomed to the block.'<sup>31</sup>

By the 3d of May a measure of success was secured in the occupation of Grand Gulf by the Union forces, and the capture of Port Gibson. The active assault of Vicksburg could now be begun.

While the headquarters were at Grand Gulf a party of three visitors came from Washington. They were reported to comprise an investigation committee on the conduct of military affairs in General Grant's department. The group consisted of Governor Yates of Illinois, Adjutant General Thomas, and Elihu Washburne. General Thomas told Admiral Porter that complaints had come from someone at Vicksburg, of General Grant's method of operations, and so to inform himself as to the true state he had sent them with full powers. Thomas said that he carried full authority to remove Grant and place anyone he chose in command. When Porter asked whom he would so place he replied that McClernand was prominent.<sup>32</sup> Admiral Porter then replied that if it were known to the army and navy that that was what they came for "they would tar and feather you." The Adjutant General then assured him that he didn't intend to do anything as they were satisfied with what they had seen.<sup>32</sup>

After the taking of Port Gibson a change may be noted in the tone of the press reports. The sharpest edge is, so to speak, worn off. On May 26th the *New York Times* thinks that "Take him all in all, Gen. Grant is the most serviceable and therefore the most valuable officer in the national army. Why has Gen. Grant thus at last distanced every other commander? In natural brilliancy he is probably surpassed

<sup>31</sup> *N. Y. Daily Tribune*, 6 May, '63, 812.

<sup>32</sup> Porter, D. D., *Incidents and Anecdotes*, 173-4.

by many of them; in science he certainly is. It all lies simply in the fact that he is *a man of success*. Gen. Grant, though perhaps possessed of no great military genius, yet combines qualities which, in such a war as this, are even better calculated to insure success, and which scarcely any of his brother Generals have exhibited in similar complete combinations.’<sup>33</sup>

From the *Tribune* of about a month later came this: “Late successes have caused the soldiery to look upon Grant as invincible and as matchless for strategy and vigilance; and this confidence of the men appears to be reciprocated by the commander.”<sup>34</sup>

At a cabinet meeting in June, Secretary Welles said there “was some discussion of affairs at Vicksburg. The importance of capturing that stronghold and opening the navigation of the river is appreciated by all, and confidence is expressed in Grant, but it seems that not enough was doing.”<sup>35</sup>

General Sherman in a letter to his wife, written on June 2d remarked upon the effect which the situation before Vicksburg had upon the tone of press dispatches. He wrote: “Grant is now deservedly the hero \* \* \* He is now belabored with praise by those who a month ago accused him of all the sins in the calendar, and who next week will turn against him if so blows the popular breeze.”<sup>36</sup>

Throughout the Vicksburg campaign General Grant had been hampered and annoyed by McClernand. By the last of June this friction between the two had reached the point where the removal of General McClernand was necessary. Rather naturally McClernand resented that and complained to Secretary Stanton, claiming that the real motive behind it was personal hostility growing out of the Mississippi River expedition and asking for an investigation.

On July 4th, Vicksburg surrendered. The country was wild with joy. This victory meant so much. Especially was this realized in the West for navigation of the Mississippi was now possible. Then too, this was the strongest position

<sup>33</sup> N. Y. Times, 26 May, '63, 4, 2-3.

<sup>34</sup> N. Y. Daily Tribune, 29 June, '63, 3, 1.

<sup>35</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, I, 320.

<sup>36</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Home Letters*, 265.



in that section, one of the three points believed to be necessary to win the war. The *Crisis*, said: "We had all faith in General Grant's soldierly qualities, coolness, judgment and enduring perseverance, and if it could be done at all *he* would succeed."<sup>37</sup>

In Washington, a crowd was gathered before the War Department, celebrating the victories of July 4th. E. B. Washburne addressed this assemblage and said that he appreciated the support the Administration had given General Grant. "They had never yielded to the torrent of obloquy that had at one time been heaped upon the pure and noble man, who, under a modest and unpretending exterior, wore the golden heart of a true soldier."<sup>38</sup>

President Lincoln wrote to General Grant on the 13th of July congratulating him on his victory. He said: "I do not remember that you and I ever met. I write now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."<sup>39</sup>

After the first excitement over the capture of Vicksburg, came intimations of the claims of others for the victory. Gurowski said: "Halleck claims for himself Grant's success, because Grant obeyed orders, and Rosecrans did the same. How astonishing, therefore, that their campaign ended in victories and not in such shame as Halleck at Corinth, in 1862  
\* \* \* the indomitable Grant received by telegraph the

<sup>37</sup> *Crisis*, 15 July, '63, 193, 2.

<sup>38</sup> *N. Y. Tribune*, 8 July, '63, 5, 3-4.

<sup>39</sup> Lincoln, A., *Complete Works*, Nicolay and Hay, ed., II, 368.



fertility of resources shown by him at Vicksburg. Oh! Halleck! You cannot succeed in belittling the two heroes and you may tell your little story to the marines."<sup>40</sup> In a speech at St. Louis, General Blair took up the cudgels for General Grant. He said: "To Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant is due the great and chief honor of those great achievements which have been performed by his army, and when any ambitious and vainglorious chieftain claims for himself the great deeds which have immortalized Gen. Grant, the whole army of Grant \* \* \* will repel that idea."<sup>41</sup>

General Grant's report of the Vicksburg campaign was first published in a small Washington newspaper. This was the signal for comment. The *Crisis* questioned the motives for so publishing it, calling it an attempt "to squelch the report." "First Gen. Halleck and next, Mr. Secretary Stanton, had claimed, each for himself, the credit of Grant's brilliant campaign \* \* \* The report would have been buried in the recesses of the War Office if there had been no wholesome fear, in that tomb of numerous other men's reputations, of public opinion. As the next best thing to burial of it, it was placed *as an advertisement* in the least known and smallest circulated local hebdomadal in Washington. The independent press of the country was not long in rescuing it from this dark obscurity, and the great popular voice still rings in applause of Gen. Grant and in contempt of the miserable charlatans at Washington who have sought to rob him of his hard earned fame.—*The Times*."<sup>42</sup>

Soon after the capitulation of Vicksburg General Grant's army was in great measure scattered by General Halleck. General Grant visited Cairo and Memphis. From there he also visited New Orleans. Directly upon General Grant's return from New Orleans he was given command of the United Western armies. This union was the result of the realization that a United Western army was advisable. In Tennessee, the Chickamauga disaster and the serious supply situation

<sup>40</sup> Gurowski, A., *Diary*, 1862-3, II, 292.

<sup>41</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 9 Aug., '63, 2, 3.

<sup>42</sup> *The Crisis*, 2 Sept., '63, 255, 2.

there made it imperative that Chattanooga be taken. General Grant then took charge in person. By November 23rd, his force would, he felt, warrant an attack.

Officers in Grant's army at this time showed their estimate of his qualities in such statements as these. John Rawlins wrote: "\* \* \* \* Whether it be called luck or military ability to which is attributed General Grant's successes, I have but little care, so that the same success \* \* \* desert him not in this, his new field of operations." <sup>43</sup> Rusling says of him: "My last commander, and clearly greatest of them all—one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived \* \* \*" <sup>44</sup> A Kentucky cavalryman commented thus: "\* \* \* the rebel leaders should begin to see by this time, that when General Grant takes command of any grand division of our army in any section, it is sure to win. His presence on the field inspires the troops with confidence of victory." <sup>45</sup> In Lyman Trumbull's correspondence is a letter from Col. Fred Hecker reminding Trumbull of what he told him of Grant at a time when he was being maligned. "The battle of Chattanooga \* \* \* was a masterpiece of planning and manoeuvring \* \* \*" <sup>46</sup> Horace Porter felt that he could not dwell too much on the rare military qualities of General Grant. <sup>47</sup>

During the winter of 1863-4 there was much discussion in Washington, and indeed throughout the country, of a change in the Commander-in-General and General Grant was mentioned for the new office which might be created, that of Lieutenant General. There was much discussion in Congress over the bill to create a lieutenant generalship but after a time it was passed and General Grant was immediately appointed.

General Wilson said that in Washington "Notwithstanding his tremendous success, Grant was but little known \* \* \* and there was among the leading members of the cabinet and of the Senate a lingering doubt as to his entire trustworthiness \* \* \* I was consulted by such senators and repre-

<sup>43</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of John Rawlins*, 171.

<sup>44</sup> Rusling, *Men and Things I Knew*, 135.

<sup>45</sup> Britton, W., *Memoirs of the Rebellion on the Border*.

<sup>46</sup> White, *Life of Lyman Trumbull*, 215.

<sup>47</sup> Porter, H., *Campaigning with Grant*, 8.

sentatives as I knew or chanced to meet in regard to his fitness for the promotion and the great powers which it would place in his hands. Washburne was most aggressive in movement to give grade."<sup>48</sup> On the 3d of March, 1864, Rawlins wrote to Wilson "The Lieutenant-generalcy bill has I suppose become a law ere this. That General Grant will be appointed to that grade if anyone, I suppose there is no doubt. With his honest patriotism, good common sense, great military ability and experience, and the unexampled success that has thus far attended him—we may hope high for the future of our country."<sup>49</sup>

Mr. Washburne in his speech in Congress for the appointment of General Grant to the grade of Lieutenant General said: "What would have been the position of affairs in the present rebellion had it not been for the services of Gen. Grant? A man who could not be surpassed in history for the brilliancy of the achievements in the field."<sup>50</sup> In March John Sherman writing to his brother, the General, remarked that Grant was all the rage, was being lionized and might be spoiled.<sup>51</sup>

In March of 1864 an echo of the old Vicksburg controversy in an astonishing statement carried in an article in the Cincinnati *Commercial* that a periodical had been started in New York calling itself the "*New Nation*"; that its chief function seemed to be to abuse; and that this paper charged General Grant with falsifying the figures in his report of prisoners captured at Vicksburg, there being only 14,000 prisoners and not 31,000 as reported. The reason given by this paper for the falsehood was "to mitigate in the eyes of the public, the disgrace of having expended so much time, men, and money, against so weak an enemy." The *Commercial* commented that it was easier to believe this paper lied than that General Grant had.<sup>52</sup>

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<sup>48</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 345.

<sup>49</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of John A. Rawlins*, 186-7.

<sup>50</sup> N. Y. Times, 2 Feb., '64, 5, 2.

<sup>51</sup> Sherman, J. & Sherman, W. T., *Sherman Letters*, 224.

<sup>52</sup> Cincinnati Commercial, 25 Mar., '64, 2.



## V. MILITARY POLICIES—WITH THE ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND

The scene of General Grant's operations now shifts to the East. With General Grant assuming personal control in the East and with the Eastern and Western armies at last under unified command in the person of the General, all promised well. General Meade was retained as second in command before Richmond with General Halleck retained in charge of army headquarters in Washington.

The Northern public was jubilant when it was learned General Grant was to take the field himself. Now, the people felt the war was all but over. Throughout May and June of 1864 the drive on Richmond continued, without, however, any decisive victory. Losses in the Northern forces were tremendous. The army was worn and in need of rest. Then General Grant changed his tactics and prepared for a siege.<sup>1</sup>

The type of comment to be found in the press when General Grant first assumed command in the field is indicated by the following from the *New York Times* of April 8th: Gen. Grant has already won the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact here—not by any apparent effort on his part, but by his evident honesty of purpose, and a cool calm determination, manifested in every act to retain the confidence of the American people, by striking a fatal blow at the rebellion, by crushing the formidable army now in hostile array before him. That he will be successful in this effort is the firm conviction, I believe, of every man in the army today.”<sup>2</sup> *Harper's Weekly* said: “An eye-witness tells us that the Army of the Potomac began with faith in General Grant, but that the first week's fighting so endeared him to them that the faith has become a kind of worship, and the army moves and fights under the inspiration as one hero.”<sup>3</sup>

The situation of the Army of the Potomac in May was far from encouraging. The public which, at the opening of the campaign had been confident of early victory was now discouraged and inclined to pessimism. With no decisive victory

<sup>1</sup> Edmonds, F. S., *U. S. Grant*, 235.

<sup>2</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 11 Apr., '64, 9, 4.

<sup>3</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, VIII, 354, col. 3, 4 June '64.



the feeling of depression increased. General Grant, his subordinates, his hammering tactics all came in for a share of the criticism. Early in May the *Crisis* printed in its "War news of the week" the following: "Friday's fighting \* \* \* appears to have been most bloody, \* \* \* one thing, we think may be conceded, that Gen. Grant has managed his part of the terrible conflict with much more skill than his predecessors. In this we are not disappointed, as our readers are well aware of our opinion of Gen. Grant as a soldier, and we are not often mistaken in our judgment of such things

\* \* \* 4

In June came the battle of Cold Harbor, one of the unsuccessful engagements of this unsuccessful campaign. General Gordon of the Confederate forces at this point told in his *Reminiscences* that there was a report "that gained circulation and was generally credited, that General Grant's troops refused to obey the orders of their officers and advance in another assault."<sup>5</sup> Horace Porter, a member of Grant's staff mentioned a similar report but stated that it was false; but that he saw an incident which proved the courage of the men. The men of one regiment which he passed the evening before the battle were sewing their names and addresses in their coats. This also illustrates the fact that these men realized the danger and the small chance that they might survive the battle, but that they had no idea of avoiding the issue.<sup>6</sup>

After Cold Harbor, General Grant established headquarters at City Point. The policy for a time was altered and plans were made for a siege of Richmond with the capture of Petersburg as the first objective. This attempt again resulted in a failure to take Petersburg.

Gloom now settled heavily upon the North. Secretary Welles evidently had very little faith in Grant, for in writing of the Petersburg assault and explosion he said that there were reports that lots were cast to see who should lead the assault. "I fear there may be truth in the report, but if so,

<sup>4</sup> The *Crisis*, 11 May, '64, 124, 3.

<sup>5</sup> Gordon, J. B., *Reminiscences of the Civil War*.

<sup>6</sup> Porter, H., *Campaigning with Grant*, 174-5.

and Grant was in it or cognizant of it, my confidence in him—never very great—would be impaired \* \* \* I should \* \* \* be \* \* \* reluctant to believe this of Grant, who is reticent, and, I fear less able than he is credited \* \* \* If Grant is confiding in Meade,—relying on him, as he did on Sherman,—Grant will make a failure, I fear, for Meade is not Sherman, nor the equal of Sherman. I feel very unhappy over this Petersburg matter,—less, however, from the result, bad as it is, than from an awakening apprehension that Grant is not equal to the position assigned him. God grant that I may be mistaken, for the slaughtered thousands of my countrymen who have poured out their rich blood for three months on the soil of Virginia, from the Wilderness to Petersburg under his generalship, can never be atoned in this or the next if he without Sherman prove a failure. A blight and sadness comes over me like a dark shadow when I dwell on the subject, a melancholy feeling of the past, a foreboding of the future. A nation's destiny almost, has been committed to this man, and if it is an improper committal, where are we?"<sup>7</sup> Three days later, Secretary Welles talked with Secretary Blair, confiding to him his feeling of depression over Petersburg. Blair tried to reassure him and was partially successful.<sup>8</sup>

Some of those close to General Grant, men who had been with him in the West especially, felt that this policy of "hammering" was due to "evil influence" of one Colonel Comstock who "was now leading him and his army to ruin by senselessly advocating the direct attack and driving it home by the deadly reiteration of 'Smash 'em up! Smash 'em up!'"<sup>9</sup>

Throughout the general depression of the summer and fall of 1864, President Lincoln's confidence in General Grant was, to all appearances, unwavering. This is indicated by his letter to a New York committee which very early in June invited him to be present at a Grant mass-meeting. He said: "My previous estimate of General Grant has been maintained and heightened by what has occurred in the remarkable cam-

<sup>7</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, II, 91-2.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 94.

<sup>9</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 445.

paign he is now conducting, while the magnitude and difficulty of the task before him do not prove less than I expected.”<sup>10</sup> Gideon Welles said in an entry in his “*Diary*”: “The President tells me that the movement was well planned and well executed up to the closing struggle when our men failed to do their duty. There must, I apprehend, have been fault in the officers also,—not Grant, who originates nothing, is dull and heavy, but persistent.”<sup>11</sup>

That the feeling of gloom and depression current in the North, was not felt in the army itself may be concluded from the following extract from a letter of C. A. Page, New York *Tribune* correspondent. He said: “The fortunate few in the army who obtained glimpses of Northern papers are astonished at the nervousness of the people \* \* \* Either there was no adequate comprehension of the magnitude of Grant’s undertaking, or there is misconception as to the means he is pursuing and the amount he has already accomplished. This much at all events is certain: if he has not kept pace with their great expectations, he has with his own more moderate ones, and while they may despond he only now suffers himself to be fully, altogether, assuredly confident, and he may be supposed to be in possession of the more correct data upon which to predicate an opinion.”<sup>12</sup>

General Meade, second in command under Grant, wrote to his wife in June of 1864 showing something of his feeling about General Grant. Of course Meade was sensitive and inclined to be critical of the man who superseded him. He said: “Even Coppeé, in the June number of his magazine, shows he, too, is demoralized, he having a flaming editorial notice of the wonderful genius of Grant. Now, to tell the truth, the latter has greatly disappointed me, and since this campaign I really begin to think I am something of a general.”<sup>13</sup> Later General Meade wrote a confidential letter to Mrs. Meade’s brother in which he said: “Take him all in all he is, in my judgment the best man the war has yet produced \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> Lincoln, A., *Complete Works*, ed. Nicolay and Hay, II, 527.

<sup>11</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, II, 90.

<sup>12</sup> Page, C. A., *Letters of a War Correspondent*, 182.

<sup>13</sup> Meade, G. G., *Life and Letters*, II, 202.



He has been greatly overrated; but I should be really sorry to see him through a reaction, under-estimated.”<sup>14</sup> From a member of General Meade’s staff in the person of T. Lyman came the comment in a letter to his wife, that what she had said of Gen. Meade’s want of success was true but what he could not understand was, that the failures were Meade’s but the successes were Grant’s. For really, both were Grant’s as he directed all.<sup>15</sup>

In July the depth of the discouragement and depression was reached when rebel raids into Maryland threatened Washington. Excitement was intense. Gideon Welles had thought this possible but supposed Gen. Grant was prepared, “yet he displays little strategy or invention.”<sup>16</sup> Three days later he wrote, after the raid had taken place: “It is a scheme of Lee’s strategy but where is Grant’s?”<sup>17</sup> And the next day this entry: “The rebels are making a show of fight \* \* \* They might easily have captured Washington. Stanton, Halleck and Grant are asleep or dumb.”<sup>18</sup>

Military affairs began to take on a more encouraging aspect in sectors other than before Richmond. To counteract the raids of Early into Maryland, General Grant sent Sheridan and a force into the Shenandoah Valley. After six weeks campaign there a decisive victory was gained and the region was almost completely devastated. In August came news of Farragut’s capture of Mobile. Sherman in July defeated Hood’s forces before Atlanta. These successes were a proof to the North that the administrative policies were right. Hopes were again high and General Grant was acknowledged a real leader. Directly after the November elections Sherman began his March to the sea and all eyes were turned to the South.

The press at once reflected the more buoyant tone of the North. *Harper’s Weekly* on July 16th, commented upon General Sherman’s success and upon General Grant’s masterly

<sup>14</sup> Meade, G. G., *Life and Letters*, 246.

<sup>15</sup> Lyman, T., *Meade’s Headquarters*, 1863-5, 224.

<sup>16</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, II, 68.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 70.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 73.



skill and tenacity and added: "Our armies were never so well led, were never so united and enthusiastic, never fought so persistently and bravely as they do now."<sup>19</sup>

Late in July James Russell Lowell wrote to J. S. Motley: "Just now everything looks well. The real campaign is clearly in Georgia, and Grant has skillfully turned all eyes to Virginia by taking the command there in person."<sup>20</sup>

The manner in which the administration supported General Grant throughout the 1864 campaign was evidenced by Theodore Lyman when he wrote: "General Grant was on a flying visit to Washington today. I like to have him down here: first he gives a general balance and steadiness; then, what is most important, he can order—just order what groceries he pleases, and no questions asked behind the counter!"<sup>21</sup>

When in November there was a lull in activities in Virginia, the feeling of uneasiness seems to have subsided. General Grant went to New York City where he received an ovation.<sup>22</sup> In December with General Grant back again at City Point headquarters, but his army idle, murmurs of complaint were again heard.

With the spring, Grant's forces began to draw in about Richmond. The North was confident that peace was soon to be secured. General Grant's star was again in the ascendancy. C. A. Page expressed the opinion to the *Tribune* that "Grant alone is able to cope with all the combined armies in the Confederacy."<sup>23</sup> Rutherford B. Hayes wrote on the 8th of April "the glorious news is coming so fast that I hardly know how to think and feel about it. It is so just that Grant, who is by all odds our man of greatest merit should get this victory."<sup>24</sup> On the 12th, he wrote: "The close of the war \* \* \* and the manner of it too! Our best general vindicated by having the greatest victory."<sup>25</sup>

By April the resistance of the Confederates was indeed

<sup>19</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, VIII, 450 col. 2, 16 July, '64.

<sup>20</sup> Lowell, J. R., *Letters*, I, 336.

<sup>21</sup> Lyman, T., *Meade's Headquarters*, 1863-5, 243.

<sup>22</sup> *N. Y. Times*, 22 Nov., '64, 5, 1.

<sup>23</sup> Page, C. A., *Letters of a War Correspondent*, 344.

<sup>24</sup> Hayes, R. B., *Diary and Letters*, II, 572.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 575.

broken and by the 9th, the news of Lee's surrender had been received in the North. The country went wild at the news. General Grant was acclaimed a great hero. This was the virtual end of the war for, with the capture of Richmond and of Lee's army; the surrender of Johnston was a natural corollary.

Gideon Welles in his *Diary* accepts in a measure the popular verdict on General Grant when he wrote: "In the closing up of this Rebellion, General Grant has proved himself a man of military talent. Those who have doubted and hesitated must concede him some capacity as a general. Though slow and utterly destitute of genius, his final demonstrations and movements have been masterly. The persistency which he has exhibited is as much to be admired as any quality in his character. He is, however, too regardless of the lives of his men."<sup>26</sup> This was an acknowledgment, if a grudging one, that General Grant had military ability.

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<sup>26</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, II, 276.

## VI. PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Public and private opinion of General Grant wavered as regards his military policy, fluctuating as a fickle public opinion always fluctuates when a people labors under war psychosis. Intermingled with criticism of military policy were those which were more personal in character. This is doubtless no more than natural under the circumstances. His appearance, his personal qualities, his habits of life, all came in for their share of this.

Ulysses S. Grant, retired army captain, and business man, as he was at the beginning of the war, was anything but military in his appearance, or bearing if one can judge from the contemporary opinion. First impressions of a man are often passed on to others and, in the transit, have their weight in forming the opinion of the recipient upon the subject of the impression. Often this is most unfortunate, for not everyone can put the best foot foremost, so to speak, but later knowledge will alter the first snap judgment. General Grant was one

of those men who cared little for his personal appearance. He was quiet and retiring, preferring to listen rather than to talk. He therefore did not readily make friends. Again, he had been unsuccessful in several of his business attempts, so possibly had lost confidence in himself, in a measure.

When the war broke out and Capt. Grant accompanied the Galena company to Springfield, he met Elihu Washburne, then Gustave Koerner. The latter told of this meeting and of his first impression of Grant. He said: "I must confess that Grant at that time did not look very prepossessing. Hardly of medium height, broad shouldered and rather short necked, his features did not indicate any very high grade of intellectuality. He was very indifferently dressed, and did not at all look like a military man."<sup>1</sup>

James H. Wilson, of General Grant's staff did not meet his chief until late in 1862, when headquarters were at La-Grange. Of his first impression he later wrote that he was "somewhat disappointed at his simple and unmilitary bearing, his friendly welcome won my heart at once \* \* \* While he showed little \* \* \* smartness of carriage and dress \* \* \* Putting on no airs whatever \* \* \*"<sup>2</sup>

General Schofield felt that the greatest traits of Grant's character were "moral and intellectual sincerity, veracity and justice. He was incapable of any attempts to deceive anybody \* \* \* He possessed that rarest of all human faculties, the power of a perfectly accurate estimate of himself, uninfluenced by pride, ambition, flattery, or self-interest. Grant was very far from being a modest man, as the word modest is generally understood. His just self-esteem was as far above modesty as it was above flattery \* \* \* Matchless courage and composure in the trying events of battle, magnanimity in the hour of victory, and moral courage compel all others to respect his plighted faith toward those who had surrendered to him, were the crowning glories of Grant's noble character."<sup>3</sup>

The field correspondent in New Orleans of the New York

<sup>1</sup> Koerner, G., *Memoirs*, II, 126.

<sup>2</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 138-9.

<sup>3</sup> Schofield, J. M., *Forty-six Years in the Army*, 544-7.



*Times*, on September 4th of 1864, wrote "Never was there a man on whom greatness sits more lightly than on Gen. Grant. He is not a man of commanding stature or presence, and his free and easy manner, open, good-hearted face, and unpretentious bearing make him the last person that one would, in a promiscuous crowd, fix upon as a hero \* \* \*"<sup>4</sup> In this year also, Rusling, at Nashville, describing his last commander, General Grant, said: "General Grant \* \* \* about forty years and looked it," a general indifference but not slouchiness of figure, anything but soldierly, as eastern officers understand things." His uniform was rusty and seedy, hat battered and worn. He went about with his hands in his pockets.<sup>5</sup>

Theodore Lyman, of General Meade's staff, in his description of the commanding general said: "He was neatly dressed in the regulation uniform, with a handsome sash and sword, and the three stars of a lieutenant general on his shoulder. He is a man of natural, severe simplicity, in all things—The very way he wears his high-crowned felt shows this; he neither puts it on behind his ears, nor draws it over his eyes; much less does he cock it on one side, but sets it straight and hard on his head \* \* \* General Meade says he is a very amiable man, although his eye is stern and almost fierce looking."<sup>6</sup> Again, on the 24th of April, he wrote: "After church I drove Cram and Cadwalader to Culpeper where he paid a visit to General Grant. After coming away, I plainly saw Cram was disappointed. Grant is not a striking man, is very reticent, has never mixed with the world, and has but little manner, indeed is somewhat ill at ease in the presence of strangers; hence a first impression is never favorable."<sup>7</sup>

Mary Livermore was a nurse through the war period. In June of 1864 she visited General Grant's headquarters. When she wrote of the incident, at a somewhat later date she lamented that the newspaper correspondents said what they did of the General for it was untrue. Of his personal appearance she said: "Nor have the stories of his disgusting style of

<sup>4</sup> N. Y. Times, 13 Sept., '64, 5, 2.

<sup>5</sup> Rusling, J. F., *Men and Things I Knew*, 135.

<sup>6</sup> Lyman, T., *Meade's Headquarters*, 1863-5, 83-4.

<sup>7</sup> Lyman, T., *Meade's Headquarters*, 1863-5, 191.



dress a word of truth in them. I have never seen more style at the headquarters of the army than now, and General Grant himself, when I last saw him, was in splendid attire \* \* \*<sup>9</sup>

Of General Grant's courage and coolness there seems to be unanimity of opinion. Modesty and reticence were also generally attributed.

In October of 1864, Charles Francis Adams while at headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, came in contact with General Grant and the members of his staff. General Meade, he said, was a gentleman and a man of high character but did not give the idea of calm reserve force, whereas General Grant did, "But," he said, "Grant was a man of coarse fibre, and did not impress with a sense of character."<sup>10</sup>

One tribute to General Grant which, since its source was Alexander H. Stephens, is especially interesting. In February of 1865 Stephens was one of a party of three Southerners who visited General Grant's headquarters at City Point, where they conferred with the President on peace terms. Here Stephens met General Grant and said of him: "I consider him one of the most remarkable men I ever saw. He is modest, unassuming and possesses a wonderful degree of common sense, a thing uncommon in his day amongst men of position and station. I was never more surprised in any person than in General Grant when I saw him at City Point last February. Very soon after being in his company, I was deeply impressed with his genius and character \* \* \* In manners he is simple and unaffected; in intercourse frank and explicit; in thought, perception and action quick; in purpose fixed, decided and resolute \* \* \* He is the Great Man of the continent; great not in learning, acquirements, or accomplishments, but in conception, thought and action \* \* \*"<sup>10</sup>

Gideon Welles, never inclined to fully accept faith in General Grant, expressed the opinion as late as April 14, 1865, that the General was of jealous disposition. He said: "Gen. Grant said Stone River was no victory \* \* \* This was the

<sup>9</sup> Livermore, M., *My Story of the War*, 678.

<sup>9</sup> Adams, C. F., *Autobiography*, 157.

<sup>10</sup> Stephens, A., *Recollections*, ed. Avery, 401-2.

first occasion I had to notice Grant's jealous nature. In turning it over in my mind at a later period, I remembered that Rawlins had been sent to Washington to procure action against General McClelland at Vicksburg. Later there was jealousy manifested toward General Thomas and others who were not satellites."<sup>11</sup> Another instance where Secretary Welles is harsh in his judgment of General Grant may be found in his expression of the opinion that "Grant relies on others, but does not know men,—can't discriminate."<sup>12</sup> This point of Grant's reliance upon his associate generals and the question as to his ability to properly judge men were issues over which opinion was divided. Mr. Welles, however, had not as late as January of 1865, altered his ideas upon the question for he wrote in his "*Diary*" on the 6th: "I am apprehensive that General Grant has not discriminating powers as regards men and fails in measuring their true character and adaptability to particular service. He has some weak and improper surroundings: does not appreciate the strong and particular points of character, but thinks what one man can do another can achieve."<sup>13</sup>

Mr. Welles was not alone in this opinion of poor subordinates for Grant. Lyman felt that Grant's subordinates were mediocre, but that their choice was deliberate. He said: "With two or three exceptions, Grant is surrounded by the most ordinary set of plebeians you ever saw. I think he has them on purpose (to avoid advice), for he is a man who does everything with a specific reason; he is eminently a wise man."<sup>14</sup>

On the opposite side of this question may be found many persons. Coppeé wrote: "He is an admirable judge of men \* \* \* Grant's generals have been judiciously chosen, each for his specific work."<sup>15</sup> General Hunter, on his return from an inspection tour of Grant's command at Chattanooga made report. Of General Grant's subordinates he said: "He is

<sup>11</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, II, 283, note.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, 92.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 222.

<sup>14</sup> Lyman, T., *Meade's Headquarters*, 359.

<sup>15</sup> Coppeé, H., *Grant and his Campaigns*, 453.

certainly a good judge of men, and has called around him valuable counsellors."<sup>16</sup> Finally, as an illustration of opinion on this point, is submitted an extract from an editorial in the *New York Times* of March 25, 1865. "There have been few instances in the history of war—we can ourselves only think of one—of such discrimination and perspicuity in the choice of subordinates as Gen. Grant has displayed \* \* \* such men as Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson \* \* \*"<sup>17</sup>

The members of General Grant's personal staff, men who should know his good and bad qualities alike, had chiefly praise for him. Charles A. Dana, representative of Secretary Stanton, first met the General at Memphis and reported in his *Recollections* that he distinctly remembered the pleasant impression made on him by the General, "A man of simple manners, straight-forward, cordial, and unpretending."<sup>18</sup> After living close to Grant during the Vicksburg campaign he felt that "Grant was an uncommon fellow—the most modest, the most disinterested, and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb, and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally; not an original or brilliant man, but sincere, thoughtful, deep and gifted with courage that never faltered \* \* \*"<sup>18</sup> Major General Palmer wrote to Lyman Trumbull, in January, 1864: "He is honest, brave, frank, and modest \* \* \* Nobody is jealous of Grant and he is jealous of no one \* \* \*"<sup>19</sup>

Horace Porter, of Grant's staff in the West, was a great admirer of his superior. He felt that the loyalty of the staff was due to his complacent manner, even temper and justice to all. He said: "He was calm amid excitement, and patient under trials \* \* \* He could not only discipline others, but he could discipline himself."<sup>20</sup> At another time he wrote: "He was possessed of a moral and physical courage which was equal to every emergency in which he was placed. He

<sup>16</sup> O. R., I, 31, pt. 3, 402; Cox, J. D., *Military Reminiscences*, II, 43.

<sup>17</sup> N. Y. Times, 25 Mar., '64, 4, 3.

<sup>18</sup> Dana, C. A., *Recollections*, 61.

<sup>19</sup> White, H., *Lyman Trumbull*, 216.

<sup>20</sup> Porter, H., *Campaigning With Grant*, 248-9.



was calm amid excitement, patient under trials, sure in judgment, clear in foresight, never depressed by reverses or unduly elated by success."<sup>21</sup> James Wilson, also of Grant's staff, found him "Cheerful, kindhearted and solicitous for the comfort of those about him, he was a most agreeable companion both on the march and in camp. \* \* \* Plain and simple in his manners, kind and considerate to the officers and men of his staff, and most gentle and sympathetic with the poor people of the country \* \* \*."<sup>22</sup>

Gen. Sherman wrote to his wife in June of 1862 that "He is sober, very industrious and as kind as a child."<sup>23</sup> In April of 1863, he was much disturbed by the insinuations of a correspondent to the *Cincinnati Gazette* as to trafficking in cotton, by Grant and Sherman. He said: "The \* \* \* insinuations \* \* \* are ridiculous, Grant is honest as old Jack Taylor, and I am a cotton-burner."<sup>24</sup> Major Rawlins, Chief of Staff, described General Grant as "cool, level-headed and sensible, of sound judgment, of singular modesty, loyalty and patriotism."<sup>25</sup>

General Grant's reserve and modesty gave to many the impression that he was taciturn. This was evidently the idea gained by Mrs. Livermore for she wrote that they had visited other officers who joked and chatted "But we would as soon have undertaken a tête-à-tête with the sphinx itself as with this quiet, repressed, reluctant, undemonstrative man; and we should have succeeded as well with the one as with the other. \* \* \*"<sup>26</sup> On the other hand Charles A. Dana knew the General much better and he characterized him as: "A social, friendly man, too, fond of a pleasant joke and also ready with one; but, liking above all a long chat of an evening, and ready to sit up with you all night, talking in the cool breeze in front of his tent. Not a man of sentimentality, not demonstrative in friendship, but always holding to his friends and just, even to the enemies he hated."<sup>27</sup> Washington Glad-

<sup>21</sup> Porter, H., *Campaigning with Grant*, 514.

<sup>22</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, II, 194-5.

<sup>23</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Home Letters*, 228.

<sup>24</sup> Sherman, W. T., *Home Letters*, 228.

<sup>25</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of John A. Rawlins*, 100.

<sup>26</sup> Livermore, M., *My Story of the War*, 310.

<sup>27</sup> Dana, C. A., *Recollections*, 61-2.



den, too, believed as did Mrs. Livermore for he said: "He was evidently a man who could be silent in several languages."<sup>28</sup>

It was probably inevitable that criticism of General Grant should include much that was extremely personal in character. The fact that he was reticent coupled with his policy that the war to be won must entail continuous hammering on the enemy lines, meant that he would be criticised for his apparent ruthlessness. The rumors as to the cause which had led to his resignation from the army in 1854 must necessarily crop up when he was in the public eye, and tales of his intemperance were circulated.

When General Grant was granted a commission as a brigadier-general one of his first duties was the choice of a suitable staff. As his adjutant he chose a Galena man, of no military experience, John A. Rawlins. Grant had worked with him when recruiting for the Galena militia company at the beginning of the war, and knew his good qualities.

When rumors as to General Grant's intemperance arose, late in 1861, Mr. Washburne wrote to Rawlins for the truth of the matter. On December 31st, he replied as follows: "When I came to Cairo, General Grant was as he is today, a strictly total abstinence man, and I have been informed by those who knew him well, that such has been his habit for the last five or six years." He continued that the General drank a little with guests "But no man can say that at any time since I have been with him he has drunk liquor enough to in the slightest unfit him for business, or make it manifest in his words or actions."<sup>29</sup>

On March 4th, 1862, General Halleck telegraphed to General McClellan in Washington, "A rumor has just reached me that since the taking of Fort Donelson, General Grant has resumed his former bad habits. If so, it will account for his neglect of my often repeated orders. I do not deem it advisable to arrest him at present, but have placed General

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<sup>28</sup> Gladden, W., *Recollections*, 143-4.

<sup>29</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of John A. Rawlins*, 68-9.

Smith in command of the expedition up the Tennessee. I think that Smith will restore order and discipline."<sup>30</sup>

The accusation from General Halleck would indicate that he credited these tales of the intemperance of General Grant. Though it may well have been that his tendency toward belief was strengthened by the fact that he had been in the army in California at the time when Grant resigned and knew of the reports then current in army circles as to the cause of that retirement.

These stories were again revived after the battles of Fort Henry and of Shiloh. After the latter battle it was charged that General Grant was at his Savannah headquarters, drunk, and so did not reach the battlefield until too late to prevent heavy losses the first day. The evidence submitted would, however, tend to refute these charges.<sup>31</sup> Colonel S. D. Webster of General Grant's staff denied this report in a letter to Col. J. S. Stewart. He said: "I breakfasted with General Grant. I went on board the boat, and rode with him to the field about half-past eight in the morning. I was with him all day. I lay down with him on a small parcel of hay which the quartermaster put down to keep us out of the mud, in the rear of the artillery line to the left. He was perfectly sober and self-possessed during the day and the entire battle. No one claimed that he was drunk."

Mrs. Walter Gresham in her *Life of Walter Q. Gresham* said: "As to the charge that General Grant had been drinking for ten days prior to April 5, my husband always maintained this was not true. Mornings and all hours of the night he reported to General Grant, from March 20 to the Sunday morning they were startled by the firing at Pittsburg Landing, and never during that time were there any traces of strong drink on or about General Grant \* \* \* 132"

From another source, rather vague as to origin it is true, comes refutation of this charge. John Murray Forbes received a letter from William Cullen Bryant under date of Oc-

<sup>30</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of John A. Rawlins*, 74.

<sup>31</sup> Garland, H., *U. S. Grant*, 209.

<sup>32</sup> Gresham, M., *Life of Walter Q. Gresham*, I, 182.

tober 16th, 1862, in which he said: "What your friend says of Grant may be the truth, so far as he is acquainted with his history. But I have friends who profess to be acquainted with him, and who declare that he is now a temperate man, and that it is a cruel wrong to speak of him as otherwise. I have in my drawer a batch of written testimonials to that effect. He reformed when he got out, or was put out of the army, and went into it again with a solemn promise of abstinence. One of my acquaintances had made it his special business to inquire concerning his habits, of the officers who have recently served with him or under him. None of them have seen him drink, or seen him drunk. Their general testimony is that he is a man remarkably insensible to danger, active and adventurous \* \* \* 133

One may judge that there was a basis of truth beneath these accusations, from the story of J. M. Wilson. He told that on his arrival at Grant's headquarters, Rawlins referred to the newspaper stories of Grant's habits. He declared that though they were "not so bad as either the newspapers or one of his ambitious generals had made them out, \* \* \* there was enough in them not only to make his true friends wish there were less, but to do all in their power 'to stay him from falling.'"<sup>33</sup> On meeting General Grant, Wilson decided he showed no signs of hard living or bad habits.<sup>35</sup> In June of 1863, said General Wilson, General Grant took a trip by boat to visit a detachment down the Yazoo, "but 'fell ill', which but for the timely action of Dana and the firmness and determination of Rawlins might have proved a great misfortune." It was at this time Rawlins wrote a letter to Grant appealing to his sense of duty and next morning wine and liquors were excluded from headquarters.<sup>36</sup>

General Grant and General Schofield were in St. Louis together and were, for several days and nights much in each others company. General Schofield told of a banquet given there to General Grant. He said: "I was seated at his right.

<sup>33</sup> Forbes, J. M., *Letters and Recollections*, I, 335-6.

<sup>34</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Under the Old Flag*, I, 136-7.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, 139.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, 210-11.

He did not even touch one of the many glasses of wine placed by the side of his plate. At length I ventured to remark that he had not tasted his wine. He replied, 'I dare not touch it. Sometimes I can drink freely without any unpleasant effect; at others I cannot take a single glass of light wine.' A strong man, indeed, who could thus know and govern himself."<sup>37</sup>

General Eaton was sent by President Lincoln to take charge of work with the freedmen in the West. At La Grange he met General Grant. As rumor charged Grant with intemperance he watched for signs but saw none.<sup>38</sup> While at Memphis General Eaton attended a banquet with General Grant and sat near enough to see that he touched no wine. General Eaton added that he had never seen wine at Grant's headquarters and Rawlins had all whiskey sent to the hospitals.<sup>39</sup>

General Eaton in his story of the war tells that when he was in Washington later, consulting with President Lincoln about his work, the President asked about officers and conditions in the West. The President told him during the course of the conversation: "A company of Congressmen came to me to protest that Grant ought not to be retained as a commander of American citizens. I asked what was the trouble. They said he was not fit to command such men. I asked why, and they said he sometimes drank too much and, was unfit for such a position. I then began to ask them if they knew what he drank, what brand of whiskey he used, telling most seriously that I wished they would find out. They conferred with each other and concluded they could not tell what brand he used. I urged them to ascertain and let me know, for if it made fighting generals like Grant, I should like to get some of it for distribution."<sup>40</sup>

After the surrender of Vicksburg, Admiral Porter said Grant came on his ship. "Wine was served but Grant took none, only a cigar, and let me say here that this was his habit during all the time he commanded before Vicksburg, though

<sup>37</sup> Schofield, H., *Forty-six Years in the Army*, 111.

<sup>38</sup> Eaton, J., *Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen*, 10.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, 97-98.

<sup>40</sup> Eaton, J., *Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen*, 10.



the same detractors who made false representations of him in military matters, misrepresented him also in the matter above alluded to."<sup>41</sup>

Secretary Welles in July of '63 wrote in his *Diary* of Grant: "He had also, like Hooker, the reputation of indulging too freely in whiskey to be always safe and reliable."<sup>42</sup> And again he alludes to the matter in an entry for December 29, 1864, "Fox says Grant occasionally gets drunk. I have never mentioned the fact to anyone, not even my wife, who can be trusted with a secret. There were such rumors of him when in the West."<sup>43</sup>

When General Grant received his new appointment as Lieutenant-General, he took Rawlins into the Eastern army with him. In July of 1864 General Rawlins was away and on his return he wrote to his wife: "I find the general in my absence digressed from his true path. The God of Heaven only knows how long I am to serve my country as the guardian of the habits of him whom it has honored. It shall not be always thus \* \* \*"<sup>44</sup>

At Youngs Point Mrs. Livermore formed impressions of General Grant and she wrote that the first interview convinced them he was not intemperate, "that was immediately apparent to us \* \* \* the clear eye, clean skin, firm flesh, and steady nerves of General Grant gave the lie to the universal calumnies then current \* \* \*"<sup>45</sup>

In July of 1864, General Grant found it necessary to remove General W. F. Smith from his command. Not ten days after this removal General Smith wrote to Senator Foote stating that Generals Grant and Butler called on him the last of June and that General Grant said: "That drink of whiskey I took has done me good," and then asked for some more. General Smith said he knew that Grant was pledged to drink nothing intoxicating, but he gave it to him when he asked. He soon showed the effects, and when he left Smith remarked

<sup>41</sup> Porter, D. D., *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, 200-01.

<sup>42</sup> Welles, G., *Diary*, I, 387.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 214.

<sup>44</sup> Wilson, J. H., *Life of J. A. Rawlins*, 249.

<sup>45</sup> Livermore, M., *My Story of the War*, 309-10.

to his aide "General Grant has gone away drunk: General Butler has seen it and will never fail to use the weapon \* \* \*"<sup>46</sup> General Butler denied this in its entirety, and furthermore stated that he never saw General Grant drink a glass of spirituous liquor, had only seen him drink a glass of wine at the dinner table.<sup>47</sup>

<sup>46</sup> Butler, B. F., *Butler's Book*, 696-7.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, 698.

## VII. POLITICS AND GENERAL GRANT

Politics seemingly entered little into General Grant's consideration. In several instances his actions were antagonistic to what would have constituted political expediency. As, for instance, his treatment of the speculators in his Western department, or, the policy which he maintained toward newspaper representatives. His retention of B. F. Butler in command in the summer of 1864, in the face of an obvious incompetency, would however indicate a decided tendency, in the face of the presidential election, to cater to factions which might, if Butler were antagonized, injure the chances of President Lincoln for re-election. This however was not personal political manipulation for his own gain, but rather to promote the interests of the country which would suffer were Lincoln defeated.

In the *Cincinnati Commercial* for May 2, 1862, appeared a letter from General Grant in which he stated he would continue to do his duty to the best of his ability, without praise. "I am not an aspirant for anything at the close of the war."<sup>1</sup> General Grant was however, throughout the war the object of attack as the result of political influences opposed to him. He was a trained military man and not a "political general." General Schofield said in August of 1862: "Even Grant was the object of grave charges and bitter attacks."

By July of 1863 there was already talk of the Presidential possibilities for the next year. J. K. Herbert, in a letter dated October 27, wrote Benjamin Butler that "Hon. E. B. Washburne is making a business already of committing men

<sup>1</sup> *Cincinnati Commercial*, 7 May, '62, 117, 2.

to Grant for the Presidency. He is shrewd, wealthy, in earnest, determined that Grant shall be the man. I hear good men say he will go into the nominating convention stronger than Lincoln went. They are trying to get Grant in command of Rosecrans' army and his own too, with perhaps additional reinforcements—send him across to the Atlantic and eastward on Richmond—hoping thereby to make him irresistible in a nominating convention. If the administration sees the joke, they will see to it that he does not get the opportunity. But if Grant and his Western friends can do this they will—I *am not misinformed*—they are bending every effort for the enterprise.”<sup>2</sup> And again he wrote: “I tell you Grant is going to be in the way in the West, and especially if he takes any more Vicksburgs—such for example as Mobile or Savannah, or Richmond, and because they are crowding *him*, other men ought to be at work.”<sup>2</sup>

The New York *Times* correspondent from New Orleans wrote in September: “It is a suggestive commentary on the action of other Generals, that General Grant, without any of the ordinary appliances of political influence and newspaper puffing, has secured the devoted love and confidence of the troops under his command.”<sup>3</sup>

In December, *The Crisis*, a Copperhead journal, became quite excited over the way in which the New York *Herald* had favored Grant for president, even as it had formerly backed McClellan.<sup>4</sup> On the 2nd it said: “Why are the Republican papers so chary about naming General Grant in their notices of the recent victories at Chattanooga? One paper speaks as though General Thomas was in command. ‘As Shakespeare said,’ does anybody smell a mice?” On the 23rd it said that “the policy of the administration evidently is to hold things level until spring and open a Presidential campaign with the army *in* the field and the officials *out* of the field. If Grant were permitted to gain fresh laurels as a General, this winter, it might blow the political calculations of the

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<sup>2</sup> Butler, B. F., *Private and Official Correspondence*, III, 99.

<sup>3</sup> N. Y. *Times*, 16 Sept., '63, 5, 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Crisis*, 2 Dec., '63, 356, 1.

President makers at Washington 'higher than a kite.' So that will be checked \* \* \*,"<sup>5</sup>

Powerful influences were at work to supersede General Grant in the command of the Army of West Tennessee and again before Vicksburg, as we have seen. General Rosecrans seemed to believe that political forces were also at work for him. In October he wrote to General Halleck, "I am sure the politicians will manage matters with the sole view of preventing Grant from being in the background of military operations."<sup>6</sup>

During the winter of 1863-4 there was great discussion over the creation of the grade of lieutenant-general and the fitness of General Grant for that appointment should it be created. On February 8th, the *Commercial* of Cincinnati ran an article in which it called attention to the vote of the Democrats in Congress on the bill, which vote showed that they were keeping Grant in their mind's eye. No doubt, however, that Grant was only second choice. Prominent Republicans claimed to have assurances from Grant that he would not be a candidate and favored Mr. Lincoln for re-election.<sup>7</sup> On the 10th, the same paper also said it was a waste of time to discuss Grant for he was not a candidate.<sup>8</sup>

### VIII. CONCLUSION

It is not the purpose of this study to establish the truthfulness or falseness of the individual criticisms and comments of General Grant during the years of the war nor to determine if the bases of these criticisms were laid in personal jealousies, antagonisms or allied causes.

We may however, after a consideration of the sources presented, reach the conclusion that criticism is a natural accompaniment of an administrative office of power; that such criticism was generally current regarding General Grant that it, like all criticism originating in hysteria of war, rose and fell as events in which he participated were favorable or un-

<sup>5</sup> *Crisis*, 23 Dec., '63 380, 3.

<sup>6</sup> *O. R.*, I, 22 pt. 2, 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Cincinnati Commercial*, 8 Feb., '64, 1, 2.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 10 Feb., '64, 2, 2.



favorable; that these peaks of adverse criticism were highest after Shiloh, before Vicksburg, and during the summer of 1864 before Richmond.

We may also conclude that much of this criticism was due to personal prejudices or temporary conditions. That the need of stern policies toward newspaper correspondents, toward war speculators, toward disloyal and incapable subordinates were influential factors.

We may finally conclude that the military policies and personal characteristics of General Grant drew forth more adverse criticism while he was in the Western army than after he became Lieutenant-General, although the earlier period contained more victories and would seem to show more effective strategy than the latter.

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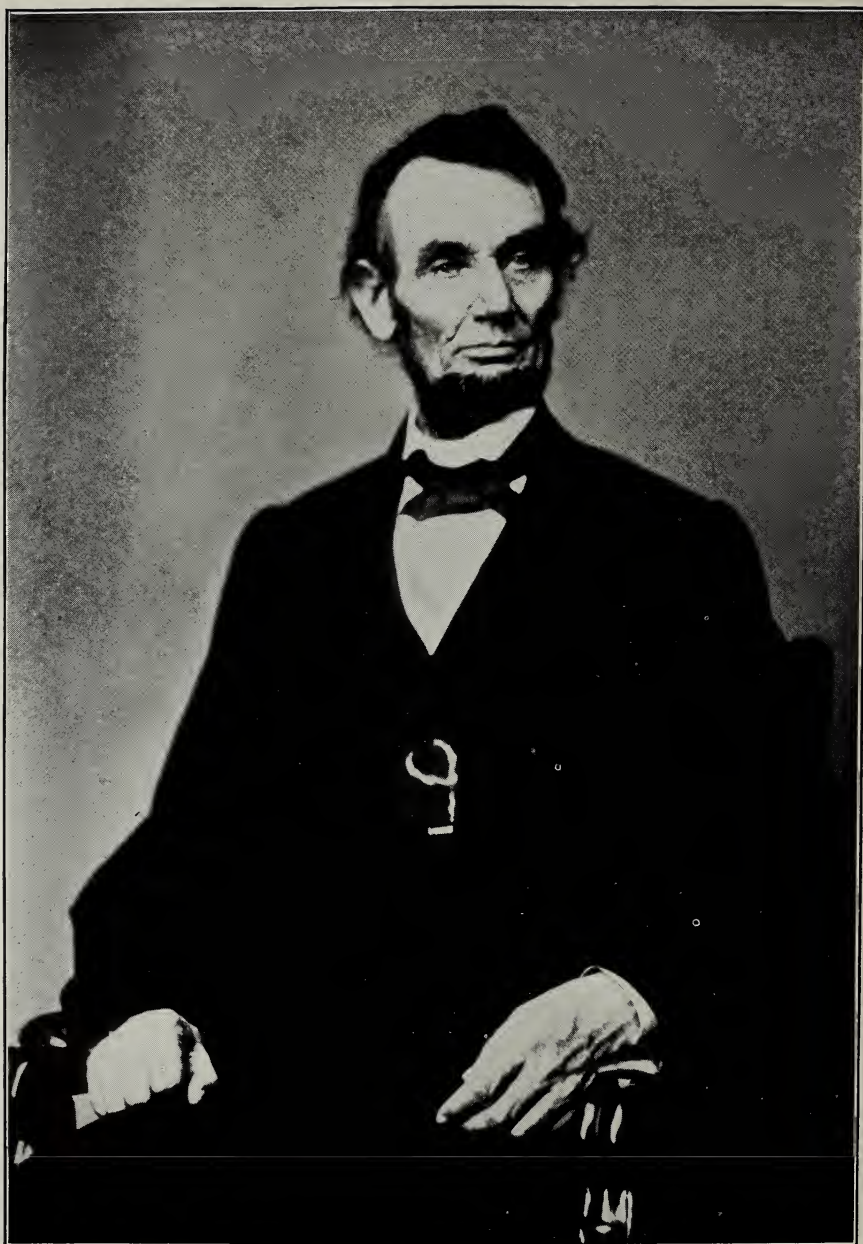
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## IS LINCOLN AMONG THE ARISTOCRATS?

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

The story of the selection and coronation of the first king of Israel contains two incidents so finely illustrating the incredulity of the people concerning the rise to prominence of a man they have known, that they recur to mind at innumerable points in history and experience. One is, that, although Saul was chosen king because the people demanded a king and not because a king was thrust upon them, and although he was chosen according to an approved method, and although he behaved with becoming modesty when he accepted the position; and although he was handsome and regal in stature, and no disqualification was proclaimed against him, the appearance of Saul, a mere man, contrasted so unfavorably with their imaginary picture of their ideal king, that "they despised him and brought him no presents." (I. Samuel 10:27) The other is that when they learned that Saul was religious, and sometimes broke forth in prophetic utterance, they hailed the tidings with ironic mirth, and inquired, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" (I. Samuel 10:11). That, too, is a story that has its parallel in every community from which a boy has gone forth from the farm to college and thence to some form of professional life. We need not anticipate that some debunking biographer will now go to work and uncover any considerable number of youthful pranks on the part of Saul unbecoming in a man destined to spiritual leadership; Saul has already been debunked, and the process has been overdone. We could call for extenuations on behalf of Saul if that were necessary. But our present concern is with the fact that the scornful question has come down through the ages, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" It would have seemed a good joke to Abraham Lincoln that we should now be inquiring, "Is Abraham Lincoln among the aristocrats?" He was amused as well as pained when some of those who had been his supporters in his campaigns for the Legislature whispered against

him when he aspired to Congress that his marriage to Mary Todd had allied him to the interests of the aristocracy. He wrote to his friend Morris in Menard County after his defeat, that this had been the case, and he thought it rather bitterly amusing.

I am ready, however, to ask this question quite seriously, and to answer that, in a way in which no writer on Abraham Lincoln has ever imagined possible, his ancestral lines ran back and merged with those of some of the oldest and proudest families of Virginia.

And because this discovery completes, in a way, one line of inquiry concerning which previous articles of mine have appeared in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, I think well to summarize here my work of investigation of Lincoln's lineage, the more so because I have now embodied the results in a volume which should appear before this article is likely to be printed, but which as I write is in the printer's hands.<sup>1</sup>

Let me preface, however, that while Lincoln frankly announced that he was descended from "undistinguished or second families" of Virginia, he was not without concern for his own ancestry. For that matter, very few people are unconcerned on this subject. Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning both spoke rather scornfully of pride in one's lineage, and both were flattered when told that remotely they were of noble birth. Robert Burns believed that "a man's a man for a' that," but at heart he was an aristocrat, and almost a snob. Thomas Carlyle, boastfully proud of his father's trade as a stonemason, was enormously pleased to think that he was descended from a possibly non-existent "Lord Carlile" and so from the brother of the murdered Duncan. Perhaps he was, but a recent biographer<sup>2</sup> says of him, and of this subject:

"By lineal descent, Carlyle meant descent through the males of each generation, the females being ignored. Such lineal descent from the brother of Duncan is, we may safely say, universal in Great Britain. For every man has two

<sup>1</sup> *The Lineage of Lincoln*. By William E. Barton. Bobbs Merrill Co., 1929.

<sup>2</sup> Carlyle, *His Rise and Fall*. By Norwood Young. William Morrow & Co., 1928.



grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, and so on, the number of ancestors doubling in each generation. If we continue the doubling back to the date of Duncan, we obtain a figure, of males only, far in excess of the present population of the whole world, which is many times more than it was then. Yet each man now living must have had that number of 'lineal' ancestors. The explanation is that in every pedigree there are a great many duplications. A duplicate in great-grandfathers would cut out one fourth of the 'lineal' ancestors, and one eighth of the total of all ancestors. The blood of Duncan must by this time have spread all over Great Britain. We are all descended from every person living in Scotland in the time of Duncan, whether royal or plebeian. The blood even of those who died without issue is, through their ancestors, in every one of us. Few men, in spite of their philosophy and their pose of laughter, are really indifferent to the belief in their noble birth. Carlyle was like the rest of mankind. His character, and his career, were influenced by the proud belief that he came of superior stock." (p. 12.)

Lincoln had no such belief. He thought well of his Lincoln blood and not very proudly of his Hanks connection. It might have made a vast difference in his manner of thinking, it might have gone far toward lifting him above his moods of dejection, if he had known that he had all the reason for pride which he thought he had on account of his Lincoln lineage, and very much more so on account of the family from which his mother sprung. Of his mother's line I have written at length in the book already referred to, and in a recent number of this *Journal*<sup>3</sup> to which I refer for more extended data; but even at the risk of some repetition I summarize here the results of my study of this problem.

I seek no fame as a genealogist. Whatever success I have achieved in this field has been thrust upon me. It was not until I learned to my sorrow that I could not trust the writers who had preceded me that I turned a little aside from my

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<sup>3</sup> *The Hankses*, by William E. Barton. *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*. (Vol 20, No. 4, January, 1928.) See also *The Ancestry of Lincoln*, in Publication No. 31, Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1924.

studies of Abraham Lincoln's own life and character into what became and to this hour has continued to be an arduous investigation of his ancestry. This article is my swan-song, as I now hope. A January magazine<sup>4</sup> has related a part of the story, and the sheets of my new book "The Lineage of Lincoln" are now in print and on their way to the bindery. I am glad to relate briefly the story of a search that has taken me thrice across the sea, and many times to Virginia and Kentucky in search of records that have been buried, some of them, for nearly three hundred years.

In the main, the paternal line of Abraham Lincoln has been well traced. His immigrant ancestor, Samuel Lincoln, came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1637, from Norfolk County, England, as an apprentice of Francis Lawes, weaver. Two ships, the John and Dorothy, commanded by William Andrews, sailing from Ipswich, and the Rose, sailing from Yarmouth and commanded by William Andrews Jr., loosed from those respective ports on April 8, 1637. In one of them, probably the Rose, Francis Lawes, his wife Lydia, his daughter Mary, a maid Anne Smith and an apprentice Samuel Lincoln, sailed, and for two months and twelve days were tossed on the Atlantic, arriving at Boston June 20. Samuel Lincoln gave his age as eighteen, and this agrees with the recorded age at the time of his death in 1790, when he was said to have been 71. There is a hopeless discrepancy between these records, which would place his birth in 1619, and the baptismal register at Hingham in Norfolk, England, which informs us that Edward Lincoln made his regular biennial appearance at the baptismal font on Sunday, August 24, 1622 with his infant son, Samuel.

According to this record, Samuel was not eighteen but fifteen when he reached these shores. An easy explanation at once suggests itself. He was an apprentice, we will suppose, but his master was not entitled to take him out of England. Samuel consented to cross on condition that he should come of age three

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<sup>4</sup> Lincoln Was a Lee. By William E. Barton. Good Housekeeping, January 1929.

years sooner than his papers declared, and so told a nearly innocent lie such as boys tell who want to enter the army and are under age, and his master let it go at that. Perhaps this was what happened, but it is only fair to say that this does not wholly account for the transaction. I have repeatedly examined these English registers. I have had the most expert assistance available, including that of Mr. Walter Rye, unrivaled as historian and antiquary in Norwich. We have caused search to be made in perhaps two-score parishes and have not found a Samuel Lincoln born in 1619 and disappearing in 1637 in any other parish than Hingham. And we have some positive testimony, including that of Daniel Cushing, who was born in Hingham in Old England and lived for many years until his death in Hingham in New England and knew Samuel Lincoln on both sides of the water and had no reason to deceive. He kept a chronicle of old settlers and of current events, and he tells us that Samuel Lincoln came from Hingham in England to "this Hingham" first spending some time in Salem; and on May 26, 1690, he records: "26 Monday. Old Sam Lincoln dyed of the smallpox." This quite certainly takes Samuel Lincoln back to Hingham, Norfolk. His ancestors had previously been at Swanton-Morley in the same county. They had long been resident in Norfolk county, which included both Hingham and Swanton-Morley, but originally the family is presumed to have resided in Lincoln, and to have taken its name from that fine old city.

The wife of Samuel Lincoln was Martha, who died April 10, 1693. They had eleven children of whom eight grew to manhood and womanhood. Their fourth son and child, Mordecai, was born June 14, 1657, and lived and died in Scituate, Mass. His son Mordecai removed with a brother to New Jersey, and engaged in the smelting of iron, which had been his father's business. He married Hannah Salter and had six children, and died in Pennsylvania. His son John was born May 3, 1720, and removed to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. He married Mrs. Rebecca (Flowers) Morris. They had nine children, the eldest of whom was Abraham Lincoln.



Abraham Lincoln married Bathsheba whose surname was probably Herring, and in 1782 removed to Kentucky. I have discovered that he lived first for two years on Green River<sup>5</sup> but about December, 1784, removed to Long Run of Floyd's Fork, where, in May, 1786, he was killed by Indians. His youngest son, Thomas Lincoln, was born in Virginia, January 6, 1778; married Nancy Hanks, June 12, 1806; after her death in 1818 married, December 2, 1819, Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston. By his second wife he had no children. By his first wife he had three children. His second child and first son was Abraham Lincoln, born February 12, 1809.

It will thus appear that, while my own investigation has been independent and not lacking in thoroughness and while I have discovered a number of items of interest and some importance that have escaped other investigators, the net results of my research in the male line of Lincoln's descent tend to confirm, and not to contradict, those of previous students. But this is precisely the reverse of what must appear if I am to give account of the distaff side of his line.

Since 1899, and that is thirty years, Lincoln students have believed with practical unanimity, that the Hanks family from which Abraham Lincoln was descended sprang from Benjamin Hanks, who came from the vicinity of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, England, in 1699, and settled near Plymouth, Massachusetts. His son William, so it was claimed, born February 11, 1704, removed to Virginia, married and had five sons, Abraham, Richard, James, John and Joseph. "All of his children, with the exception of John, moved to Amelia County, Va., where they bought large plantations near each other." Descriptions alleged to have been taken from their deeds seemed conclusive in proof that Amelia County was the fountain-head of Hanks marriage and migration. While the Hankses were resident in that county, as we were taught, Joseph Hanks married Nancy, daughter of Robert Shipley. Mr. Shipley was said to have had four other daughters, and they were all accounted for. Mary Shipley was alleged to

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<sup>5</sup> See *The Lineage of Lincoln*.



have married Captain Abraham Lincoln; Lucy to have married Richard Berry; Sarah to have married Robert Mitchell, and Elizabeth to have married Thomas Sparrow. All of which I fully believed, and no part of which, so far as I can learn, is true.

It was a day of bewilderment for me when, after two or three years of hard, honest work, I learned that while two Hanks families (neither of them sons of the William Hanks of Massachusetts) resided in Amelia County for a brief space of time prior to the Revolutionary war, they moved westward in Virginia, and that the time of these alleged marriages and migrations there was not a Hanks resident in Amelia County. And further, that so far as any scrap of a record has been produced, Robert Shipley had not one little daughter, let alone five. And still further, that Richard Berry's wife was not Lucy but Rachel; that Abraham Lincoln's wife was not Mary but Bathsheba; that Thomas Sparrow's wife was not a Shipley but a Hanks, and that Joseph Hank's wife was not Nancy Shipley. What her name was, I shall presently tell. In short, not only I but the whole world of Lincoln students had been the victims of a hoax. It has lasted thirty years, and it was a wicked thing. No one can condone it without partaking of the guilt of it. It does not deserve any words of extenuation, but severe and unqualified condemnation. That some of the people most concerned in broadcasting this error were honest does not excuse them. They ought to have investigated. And it is not certain that all of them were honest.

I think it true that the New England line of Hankses sprang from Benjamin and his wife Abigail, who came to Plymouth in 1699. I think that this branch of the family came from the vicinity of old Malmesbury, and that they were related in England to the Virginia family of the same name. On account of a certain land-tenure, the Hanks family had reason not to stray very far from Malmesbury, where they have resided for 900 years, and where two aged and unmarried women, gracious and intelligent, now constitute all who remain of the Hanks family there.

In the space of this article I cannot outline evidence. For this I must refer to my new book *The Lineage of Lincoln*. I can only summarize results.

In Malmesbury one encounters both in print and oral tradition the statement that at the time when the Civil War struck Wiltshire, in 1643, Thomas Hanks joined the army of Cromwell, distinguished himself as a soldier, disappeared and never returned. What became of him no one then pretends to know. But the three battles, in one of which his disappearance is said to have occurred, Malmesbury, Devizes, Cirencester, were all fought in 1643, in that immediate vicinity, and Charles I. rode out from Oxford with his two princes and smiled grimly at the pitiful condition of the prisoners. That both Charles and Cromwell were embarrassed by their prisoners, and cut the knot of their perplexity by deportation, is of record. Mainly Cromwell deported his prisoners to Barbadoes, and Charles sent his to Virginia. Thomas Hanks is of record as residing in Malmesbury in 1642. The parish registers do not record his death, but he disappeared in 1643, and rather late in the fall. Presumably he was deported in 1644, under the general seven years' sentence. In which case he should have been free in 1651; should have worked for wages in 1652, and might have been ready to buy a small tract of land, a hundred acres, perhaps, in 1653. Thus far we deal in probabilities. But they are cumulative, and a search for alternatives is wholly unfruitful.

Now we go by records which I have dug up. In 1653, Thomas Hanks receives patent to one hundred acres of land, and it is land on which he is already resident, with one of its boundaries a creek already known by his name. The next year he is among the "tithables" as "Mr. Hanks." In the next year he leases from an old and sick man, who dies a few months later, an improved plantation, with livestock and white indentured servants, and pays for the three years' lease in advance—eighteen thousand pounds of tobacco in cask—a large sum, when we compare it with the appraised value of recorded estates of the period. Then he begins buy-

ing land in larger tracts and for twenty-one years from his first purchase, he buys till he had seven tracts comprising a total of more than two thousand acres, along the Pianketank, and stretching toward the Rappahannock. And two of his patents show his land immediately adjoining that of the rich and proud old aristocrat, Colonel Richard Lee. We last hear from Thomas Hanks in 1674. The next year the Indians swept that part of Virginia, and the next year it was in the vortex of Bacon's Rebellion. When the smoke of those two conflicts clears, we find the Lees and Hankses and a good many of their neighbors moving across the Rappahannock. There, the Lees established Stratford, where famous Lees were born, including Robert E. Lee. There the Hankses lived on the site of an old Indian village. And the Lees and Hankses, near neighbors for a hundred years and more, intermarried. Abraham Lincoln's great-grandmother, wife of Joseph Hanks, was not Nancy Shipley. She was Ann Lee, of the famous Lee family. Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee were of the same stock.

How do I know? The evidence has been found deep down in the unindexed records of Richmond County, across whose line was Westmoreland where the Lees and Washingtons lived. The Hankses lived midway between the homes of George Washington's father and mother, and they were surrounded by Lees. In a branch of the Lee family descended from Colonel Richard, and with a Richard in every generation, William Lee (who had one brother Richard) had four sons, William, Richard, Charles and John, and the son of William had one son and three daughters, Richard, Betsy, Sarah and Ann. These four children of the second William Lee inherited legacies under the will of their great-grandmother, Elizabeth Taylor, who died in 1747. She gave to each of the girls a cow and a calf, a ewe and a lamb, and certain blankets and basins and other property. Presumably these cattle and sheep ran in the flock of William Lee, father of these girls, who were still single. But the second William Lee died in 1764, with unpaid balances, and by that time two of the Lee



girls had married, and the names of their respective husbands appear in the settlement. Both of those girls had married into the Hanks family! They married first cousins, whose fathers and mothers and sisters and cousins and aunts we know very well. Betty Lee married Thomas Hanks. Ann Lee married Joseph Hanks, and became the great-grandmother of President Abraham Lincoln.

I confess to some pride in this discovery. If any man notable in Southern history represents aristocratic birth and breeding, it is Robert E. Lee. If any American is accepted as standing for democratic and humble antecedents it is Abraham Lincoln. This is the first time any suggestion has been made that they were blood relations. And they were. From 1553 till 1782, is 129 years, during which time the ancestors of Lee and the ancestors of Lincoln were almost next door neighbors. It would have been strange, when one comes to think of it, if there had been no intermarriage. I was not looking for it, however, for I assumed that the Hankses stood on a much lower social level. In time perhaps their family came to be lower than it had been. But it was not so for several generations. The Lees and the Hankses attended church services conducted by the same minister, and their contacts week-day and Sunday must have been rather frequent.

Records in the counties forming the peninsula between the Rappahannock and the York have suffered disastrously. Gloucester County's records, and the records of the counties formed from it, went up in smoke in several courthouse fires, and suffered in all the wars from Bacon's Rebellion down to the Civil War. It is hard to find a record then earlier than 1865. But it was not so in Westmoreland, Richmond and Lancaster counties in the Northern Neck. There have been losses there, and they are irreparable; and the papers are not indexed. But they have suffered no complete obliteration as in Gloucester and King and Queen. And the Hanks family lived in Richmond County from some date before 1678 until the present day; Lincoln's Hanks ancestors were there for three full generations, 104 years or more. About May, 1678,



William Hanks, already of North Farnham Parish, but lately of Gloucester County, married Sarah Woodbridge, well landed and in possession of the site of the old Indian town. Their first son William was born February 7, and baptized February 14, 1679. This is less than five years after the last land purchase of Thomas Hanks in Gloucester County, but that county in the interval had been twice devastated, once by Indian warfare and once by Bacon's Rebellion. By moving out of what had come to appear dangerous territory to the other bank of the Rappahannock, William Hanks, carpenter, gained a home among the Woodbridges. Paul Woodbridge, Gent., in what was apparently an ante-mortem settlement, gave to William Hanks, carpenter, one hundred acres of land in Indian Town. Paul Woodbridge, Gent., died before the deed was acknowledged, but his son William Woodbridge, executor of the estate, confirmed the transfer, and later added a hundred acres adjoining this first tract, making the deed to William Hanks and Sarah Hanks, his wife, an unusual form in that day, and almost certainly indicative of a family settlement of the Woodbridge estate. The Woodbridges were wealthy and important people. To those two hundred acres William and Sarah Hanks added other land by purchase, and had a good domain among the Woodbridges and the Lees.

William and Sarah Hanks had three sons, William, Luke and John. We know the names of their wives and children. The youngest, John, married, about June 1714, and his wife's name was Katherine. They had nine children, of whom Joseph, born December 20, 1725, was the President's great-grandfather. He it was who married Ann Lee.

William Hanks, Sr., died rather early in manhood, and his wife, with that promptness characteristic of the time, married Richard White, who filed his claim to a share in the Hanks estate in right of the interest of his wife. This was in February, 1704-5. The personal estate, which included two indentured white servants, amounted to 35,817 pounds of tobacco, which was a large estate. John Hanks also died in young middle life. His widow Katherine refused to permit

the churchwardens to care for any of her children, but through a long widowhood looked after their interests. We do not know her maiden name, but she was a capable woman, and left a good deal of property. The estate was settled in 1782, which was the time the family of Joseph Hanks moved up the Potomac to a new home. Joseph Hanks was then 57 years of age and had lived all his life where his father and his grandfather had lived on the Indian Town plantation. At the time of his removal he had five sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Thomas Hanks (there was always a Thomas, just as among the Lees there was always a Richard) had preceded the family to Mike's Run of Patterson's Creek and begun a home there. Thomas Hanks was then 23, and he saw two brief terms of service in guarding the frontier against the Indians in the Revolutionary war, which is the way we know his age. He was born, according to his oath, in 1759. This helps us to a date for the marriage of Thomas Hanks and Ann Lee, which was presumably not later than 1758.

The first census enrollment in Virginia took place in that part of the state in 1782, and was incorporated in the First U. S. Census in 1790. Joseph Hanks and family were in Hampshire County, in what is now West Virginia, and in that part of Hampshire which is now Mineral County, on Mike's Run of Patterson's Creek in 1782. The family had eleven members, all white. There was no classification in that census; but the family consisted of Joseph and Ann (Lee) Hanks, their five sons, Thomas, Joshua, William, Charles and Joseph, and their four daughters, Lucy, Elizabeth, Polly or Mary, and Nancy. This Nancy was emphatically not the President's mother, but his mother's aunt. The President's mother was born on Mike's Run in 1783. On March 9, 1784, the Hanks family, except Thomas, left Virginia for Kentucky, mortgaging their farm for a pittance. The mortgage was foreclosed in precisely six months. The records give no reason for this precipitate removal from a place so carefully selected and occupied for so brief a time. Perhaps the birth of Nancy Hanks, daughter of Lucy, had something to do with it. Any-

way, it was just after her birth that the family moved to Kentucky, where 23 years afterwards, Nancy Hanks was married to Thomas Lincoln, June 12, 1806, and Abraham Lincoln born, February 12, 1809.

If it be asked, How came it that the Hankses, who began well in Virginia, sank to the level of "second" or "undistinguished" families, as Lincoln said? I can not give a positive answer. I will indulge in one or two conjectures.

First, I think the Hanks family may from the beginning have suffered something of a handicap on account of the politics of Thomas Hanks. He was, presumably, a Puritan, a deported Cromwellian prisoner of war, and when he had earned his liberty, he made his home probably in the county where he had served his indenture—for his headright certificate was filed in that county. Gloucester was the most prosperous and the most loyalistic of the Virginia counties, and old Colonel Richard Lee was the most emphatic of them all in his adherence to the English crown. He gave the minimum of recognition to the Commonwealth, and it is declared that he went to London to pay his respects to Charles II. He may be presumed to have been just and courteous to his Puritan neighbor, who was slowly rising to prosperity and influence till he was called "Mr. Hanks," but the Colonel may not have been very enthusiastic about it. This did not, however, prevent the Hanks family from intermarriage with excellent families, including that of the Lees.

Another reason may be inferred from the fact that for two generations Lincoln's male ancestor in the Hanks line died rather early in manhood, leaving children under age to be brought up by widowed mothers.

Another is that Virginia had few schools in that day, and a very large proportion even of her land-owning population could not write their names.

Even so, the Hanks family is astonishingly difficult to trace, and the ordinary sources fail. Few readers can imagine the toil that has been involved in my quest of a truthful account of Lincoln's maternal line.

But while it was an undistinguished family, it was not a bad family. It had utterly no criminal record. There were very few cases of illegitimacy, though of these few, two thrust themselves into the President's immediate family; for both Lucy and Nancy, daughters of Joseph and Ann Hanks, became mothers before they were married. They did not go to the bad, however. They married and lived virtuous lives, as I have elsewhere related.

I have never been tempted to provide for Abraham Lincoln a celestial or royal ancestry. I have been content with the lineage which God gave him. He had no Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French or Pennsylvania German blood in him, so far as I have been able to discover; he was unmingled Anglo-Saxon. His families on both sides were in England before the Conquest. I do not find any Norman blood in him. But he had more reason to be proud of his ancestry than he himself ever suspected, or than any one hitherto has known.

And now, having been compelled against my inclination to pursue this inquiry to the full limit of apparent usefulness, and with a degree of success which I could not have hoped for when I first realized the difficulties involved, I regard my task in Lincoln genealogy as complete. I shall not refuse any new truth in this field, but my investigations into the life and character of Abraham Lincoln I expect henceforth will follow more nearly the lines of my original and never-forgotten intent. I have yet many things to say about Abraham Lincoln, but not in the field of genealogy.



## THE LINCOLN STATUE IN ROSEMOND GROVE CEMETERY, ROSEMOND, ILLINOIS

BY LORENE MARTIN

A few years ago a number of newspapers published the statement that in a little, neglected country cemetery in Christian County, Illinois, near the city of Pana, there stood a heroic statue of Abraham Lincoln, surrounded by tall weeds, and practically unknown even in the adjacent community. This statement aroused the interest and concern of certain Lincoln lovers and students in Springfield, who straightway paid a visit of investigation to the designated cemetery.

The results of this visit were beautifully told by a member of the party, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, then secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society, in an article which appeared shortly afterward in the Illinois State Register. The heroic, bronze statue of the Great Emancipator was indeed there; but it stood, dignified and impressive, in the center of a cemetery which, though small, was so artistically arranged and carefully cared for, that any metropolitan community might well have envied its park-like beauty.

Attracted by this account of a work of art to be found in so rural a setting, another party, interested both in sculpture and in all things pertaining to Lincoln, recently visited the place, and having set out "for to see and for to admire," found in their pilgrimage an abundant measure of inspiration and pleasure.

Rosemond Grove Cemetery, in which the statue stands, is one and three-fourths miles southeast of the village of Rosemond, and is reached therefrom by a brick-paved road in excellent condition. A favorable impression is thereby created at once, for truly it is not every village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants, nor of twice that number, that has provided a paved roadway to its place of burial.

In fact, probing a bit into the history of this little community of Rosemond—or Rosamond, as the name now appears—

one finds that its citizens have been unusually enterprising and imbued with civic pride. An illustrated booklet, ROSEMOND GROVE CEMETERY, published in 1905 by the Rosemond Grove Cemetery Association, contains the information that the original settlers of Rosemond came from Massachusetts, and immediately upon their arrival, in 1856, founded a church and a school. In 1863, a cemetery association was formed, and a beautiful elevation in what was known as "Bell's Grove" was purchased "to provide a suitable resting place for the dead."

The purchase price of forty dollars an acre, and the cost of fencing, were met by platting the ground and offering burial lots for sale at ten dollars each. Then, as no further funds were available, the formidable task of clearing the ground of its dense growth of underbrush was undertaken and accomplished by the officers of the Association, together with a few faithful friends, all working without compensation, and without whose energetic efforts the attempt would have ended in failure.

As the years passed, the grounds were greatly improved. The Association held annual meetings, and a number of its members gave untiring service over long periods of time. Among the names which appear in the record of those early years are L. Parsons (first president), M. D. Seward, A. C. Vandewater, W. A. Schermerhorn, B. Smith, O. M. Hawks, Robert Little, and C. G. Richards.

In 1903, the Association was re-organized and incorporated under the laws of the State. Many of the clauses included in the by-laws adopted at this time are indicative of the pride which the citizens of Rosemond and vicinity felt in their little City of the Dead: "The beauty of the entire Cemetery and ground shall be considered, rather than the decoration of individual lots \* \* \*. A uniform grade will be required, and terracing will not be permitted. No dirt except black loam shall be used for filling on surface \* \* \*. No portion of said Cemetery ground shall be used for the purpose of ad-

vertisements, and all inscriptions on monuments for such purposes are strictly forbidden."

It was also in 1903 that there was presented to the Association that gift which has made Rosemond Grove Cemetery notable for all time—a Soldiers' Monument in the form of a heroic bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, mounted upon a pedestal made from a single block of granite. This Monument, bearing the inscription, "In Memory of the Union Soldiers and Sailors and of their Beloved Commander-in-Chief and Noblest Friend, Abraham Lincoln," was the gift of Captain John W. Kitchell and his wife, Mary F. Kitchell.

In the same year, Captain and Mrs. Kitchell deeded to the Association about fifty acres of land adjoining the original ten acres on the west and south, to be used in case of need for additional burial lots, and to provide, meanwhile, an income from the rent of the land as pasture lots, to be used in the upkeep of the cemetery grounds. Thus the Cemetery Association now owns sixty acres, "beautiful for situation," and ideal in every way for the purpose to which they are dedicated. The paved road, already mentioned, was also largely the gift of the Kitchells, and the beautiful metallic gateway which stands at the cemetery entrance, was presented by Mrs. Kitchell as a memorial to her father, Robert Little.

Except for the name, ROSEMOND GROVE CEMETERY, appearing in delicately wrought letters across the graceful arch of this gateway, no hint of a graveyard greets the passer-by. A grove of native walnut trees, about a quarter of a mile back from the road, and approached by a broad and well-kept lane, conceals almost until the moment of arrival this quiet little cemetery which, in itself a lovely spot, is further beautified by a statue of the Martyr President, somehow little known, yet interesting and valuable in many ways as the celebrated Lincolns of Saint Gaudens, Borglum, or Daniel Chester French. This seclusion, with its sense of removal from all the world, gives to the place a great sense of peace, and prepares the visitor for the harmonious bit of landscaping which greets the eye—for the presence of the great,



bronze figure which stands, silent and alone, on the cleared space in the center of the grove.

Seldom does one see a monument so perfectly suited to its surroundings. The statue is about eleven feet high, the pedestal on which it is mounted measuring seven feet from the ground. Standing on the highest point of the gently sloping mound which the cemetery covers, it is encircled at a radius of perhaps a hundred feet, by a drive. Within this drive, not too regularly placed to spoil the beautifully natural effect, stand several successive circles of magnificent trees; and beyond the drive, still down the gentle slope, like a wide, circular border lie the burial lots. Thus in size and contour, monument and setting bear to each other a pleasing relation. In color, also, the monument seems to "belong" to its surroundings, for the gray of the granite and the blue-black of the weathered bronze against the deep green of the arching walnut boughs, make an unforgettable picture.

Those who visit the famous "Peace of God," by Saint Gaudens, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington—that immortal figure of a seated woman gazing with inscrutable calm into the depth of some mystery to us unfathomable—testify to the truth of the tradition that few persons stand before that strange figure save in reverent silence. There is likewise about this sculptured Lincoln—this inspired orator of the Gettysburg Address, with one hand uplifted for emphasis and the other gripping his manuscript with a tensivity which bespeaks his great earnestness—some silence-compelling quality, imparted by the semblance of living, breathing reality. As one looks up into the serious face—watching the expressive mouth, the strained eyebrows beneath the lined forehead, and the blue haze which here in sculptor's bronze, even as so often on the canvas of the painter, seems to fill the sorrowful eyes—the familiar words of the immortal address, the concluding sentence of which is carved on the granite base, seem almost literally to break the silence of the grove.

This impressive statue is the work of the late Charles J.



Mulligan—that young and hearty Irish sculptor upon whose untimely death, in 1916, Lorado Taft said:

“Henceforth will Daniel French’s group, ‘The Angel of Death and the Young Sculptor,’ have for me a new significance. We have all appreciated it as a triumphant work of art, but it has to-day gained a new and poignant meaning. The great winged figure, the Mysterious One, advances with outstretched arm. Never was compelling power more adequately expressed than in that quiet gesture. A touch—and his life work is ended. A moment’s look of inquiry from perplexed eyes and the chisel falls. Yes, we shall think of our friend and his frustrate dreams whenever we pass that group.”

But enduring accomplishment as well as frustrate dreams, was the portion of Charles J. Mulligan. The strength and sincerity of his rich personality are reflected in many works marked by originality and forcefulness, by delicately imaginative conception and masterly technique. Although his greatest enthusiasm probably centered in portraying the finest types of the American laborer, Mulligan was also a strong portrait sculptor, and among his best works are his two Lincolns, “The Rail Splitter,” in Garfield Park, Chicago, and his conception of Lincoln, the Orator, in Rosemond Grove Cemetery.

Among the beloved dead resting in this little cemetery, were a number who had been a part of the great army of the Union—that army which Lincoln had called into existence, and when the people of Rosemond sought to express in concrete form their patriotic love and pride, it was agreed, as Captain Kitchell related in his presentation address, “that inasmuch as nature had here prepared an eminence appropriate in the highest degree for such a work, what could be more in keeping with the surroundings or suitable as a memorial to the Soldier and the Sailor than the likeness of him who was above all others the Soldier’s friend \* \* \* the greatest, grandest, best beloved of all America’s sons, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.” It was not asked of the sculptor that he present Mr. Lincoln in the actual pose assumed by him in the de-

livery of the address, but that "preserving the features, form and accustomed garb, the attitude of the speaker should be such as to emphasize in the loftiest and most impressive manner the sublime thoughts which living he had uttered on that memorable occasion."

Thus it came about that Mulligan created this interesting figure, choosing to portray his subject not with bent head and brooding expression, as Lincoln is said sometimes to have stood before beginning a speech, (and how, indeed could that meditative pose be more majestically pictured than has been done by another great sculptor, Daniel Chester French, in his famous bronze before the capitol in Lincoln, Nebraska?), but portraying him, rather, "as the orator alive with enthusiasm,"—to quote again the words of Captain Kitchell—"intent, strenuous, pleading, appealing, yea, demanding that each and all do 'highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth.'"

And thus it came about, also, that Lincoln, who seldom used that gesture, is here represented with upraised arm. But the effect is so pleasing, so satisfying, and the idea so appropriate, that no objection can be made. A letter written by Captain Joseph C. Waters, of Topeka, Kansas, and read in part at the dedication exercises, deals eloquently with this point:

"\* \* \* I do not believe that Lincoln in all his life ever made such a gesture \* \* \* I think, nevertheless, there is one time when he ought to have done so, and that was at Gettysburg. If he did not lift it then, it is no crime for us to lift it for him at that memorable spot and time. It was the tenderest, sweetest and holiest moment in American history. The scene was a battlefield, the turf christened with the lordliest and costliest of sacrifices. A nation's graves were at his feet. From one ocean to another the tears were yet hot on women's cheeks. He stood encompassed by sacrifice. His heart lived to reach the ear of his God. He could do no less than lift his hand

as he winged his prayer. It may be that it will startle those who knew him to see it, but it impresses the occasion and emphasizes the very moment when he should have done so. The raised arm explains itself. The visitor will know without reading the inscription."

The unveiling and dedication took place on October 29, 1903, in the presence of about two thousand persons, a procession of sixty carriages, headed by a band, coming from Pana. Dedicatory services were conducted by Pope Post No. 411, of the G. A. R., and school children sang patriotic songs. General John C. Black, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., was scheduled to make the address of the day, but was unable, because of illness, to be present. His place on the program was filled by the Honorable Benson Wood, of Effingham, who in his speech declared that "anarchy, socialism and lawlessness would never be tolerated under the shadow of this magnificent statue."

The presentation address, already referred to, by Captain Kitchell, remains a model of beautiful English, a notably chaste expression of the spirit of generosity combined with the utmost modesty and absence of ostentation. After giving the history of the monument, he stated that to have been permitted to assume entire financial responsibility for the work—it having been decided that the community, "actuated by no want of liberality or proper interest," should limit itself to providing the foundation and otherwise contributing to the attractiveness of the grounds—was regarded by Mrs. Kitchell and himself as having all the delicacy of a compliment. It was their hope and prayer, he said, that all the citizens of Rosemond and vicinity claim and look upon the monument as their own, since "without their hearty sympathy and active co-operation and assistance in many ways, it could not and would not have been erected."

And so through all the years the little cemetery and its great statue have been cared for by the people of Rosemond in such a manner as to fulfill the wish of the Kitchells that "here may come youth to gather inspiration and fresh incitement to



noble deeds and purposes, and that here, too, may wander age to meditate on the achievements of the past."

Whether young or old, no thoughtful person can easily visit this statue and come away without feeling that he has somehow been drawn closer to the spirit of the great man in whose image it is made. In a letter to Captain Kitchell the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln wrote: "The statue of my father stands out splendidly in the surroundings and is manifestly full of life." Indeed, so life-like is the figure that the uplifted arm, drawing the coat upward toward the shoulder, seems to exert an actual strain on the fabric of that garment; the fingers of the sensitive hand, outlined against the blue, are almost seen to twitch as the fingers of the living hand might do; and one standing before the figure has an inescapable sense—noted when the statue was first erected—of waiting until the address shall be finished and the speaker step down and mingle with an imaginary concourse of people.

Yet how still is the place! Not a soul is about, and except for the spires of Pana, four miles to the east, there is no sign of the habitations of man! In the distance, far to the eastward, lies the peaceful valley of the Kaskaskia. For a quarter of a century Mulligan's Lincoln, standing on its forest knoll, has looked out over that far valley. One recalls the valley of the Sangamon, seen from the brow of old New Salem, and again the setting seems appropriate. One departs reluctantly as from a sacred spot—as from the presence of the living Lincoln; and for long afterward there lingers in the memory a vivid image of this admirable work, noble in conception and strong in workmanship—a Soldiers' Monument which is the just pride of all who share in its possession, and an inspiration to all who see it.

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#### "MARY LINCOLN"

Standing beside the Lincoln Statue in Rosemond Grove Cemetery is a small cannon, the "MARY LINCOLN," so christened by Mr. Lincoln himself on the occasion of its being fired during the Republican Rally of 1860.



The gun, which had been cast in that year by order of the Republican Club of Rosemond, was mounted in artillery style, and was taken to Springfield under charge of Captain B. R. Hawley, accompanied by nearly every man in Rosemond. Arriving in Springfield, the company halted before the Lincoln residence and fired a salute. Mr. William Hawley Smith, who was present, writes:

“As soon as the salute had been fired, the captain of the squad went up to Mr. Lincoln, and after shaking hands with him, and receiving thanks for the honor conferred, asked him if he would name the gun.

“Mr. Lincoln laughed most good-naturedly, and replied: ‘Oh, I never could name anything. Mary had to name all the children.’

“The captain was a quick-witted man (or was what he suggested an inspiration?) and he immediately came back with: ‘Why not call the gun “Mary Lincoln?” May we name it so?’ In reply Mr. Lincoln waved his long right arm, and with a hearty laugh said: ‘Yes. Let it go that way.’

“And so it was that our noisy little old gun was christened by the man in whose honor it had spoken its loudest and best that early morning now so long ago.”\*

The little cannon did service in various subsequent campaigns, and now, relieved from active duty, it is fitting that it should stand beside the statue of the man from whom it received its name.

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\* Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, April, 1920.

## BENJAMIN OGDEN—FIRST WESTERN CAVALIER

BY LOUIS A. WARREN\*

That unique and picturesque character, Peter Cartwright, has occupied such a conspicuous place in the annals of pioneer Methodism in the Western Country that many of his valiant predecessors have received little recognition. One of these heroes who should be rescued from the obscurity which has already claimed so many of his early contemporaries, is Benjamin Ogden. The glory of Abraham Lincoln has contributed much to the fame of his political rival—Cartwright. Possibly the memory of Ogden may be more securely conserved by associating him with the father of President Lincoln.

Benjamin Ogden, according to Redford, was "The first Western Cavalier. His name was the synonym of courage and suffering; he had alone traversed the wilds, swum its rivers and encountered difficulty and danger." He had come to the Kentucky country in 1786, the same year that the grandfather of President Lincoln had been massacred near Louisville by the Indians. Ogden had seen service in the Revolutionary War at Monmouth and Brandywine. At the age of 22 his name stood alone in the general minutes of the Methodist church as a preacher on the Kentucky circuit. In 1787 he was appointed to the Cumberland district comprising a portion of Tennessee which, if such a condition were possible, was more hazardous than his former field of activity.

On April 26, 1788, he married Miss Nancy Puckett in Mercer County. The marriage bond bears the name of Avery Dye, who became security for Benjamin as was then required by law. Ogden's health eventually became so impaired that he asked to be returned to Virginia to recuperate. Here he served on the Brunswick circuit; his strength continued to fail and he was finally obliged to retire temporarily during which period

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\*Director, Lincoln Historical Research Foundation of The Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.

his life hung in the balance for some time. He had recovered sufficiently by 1790 to resume his work and warrant his ordination as a Deacon. He served that year in Frederick County, Virginia.

In 1791 he returned to the Kentucky Country and on September 13 secured a permit to solemnize matrimony in Nelson County. Jessie Davis and William Hayes became his security "the court having been fully satisfied that he is in regular communion with the Methodist Society." Hayes later became a Methodist preacher and Captain Jessie Davis was a Revolutionary soldier on whose farm, according to Redford, Benjamin Ogden delivered the first Methodist sermon in Nelson county. Ogden made his record on the Nelson county Commissioners tax-book for October 3, 1791, and he listed—1 tithable, over 21 years of age, 3 horses, and 3 cattle.

It is not known just when some question arose as to Ogden's loyalty to the church. Redford says that he had some difficulty with his presiding Elder, Francis Poythress; Cartwright claims that Ogden went off with the O'Kelly faction which was led by his former presiding elder, James Haw. The two statements are in harmony rather than contradictory and undoubtedly the difficulty between Ogden and his superior was over the O'Kelly schism. The exact status of his relation to organized religion for the next several years we are unable to ascertain. We find that he still continues to speak and perform the rites of matrimony and was recognized as a minister in the different counties where he lived. He continued to reside in the same community and when Bullitt county was formed from Nelson county his home was evidently within the new boundary. We find him performing wedding ceremonies in Bullitt county during the years 1797, 1798, 1799. During this last year sixteen weddings were solemnized by him, far more than credited to any other preacher in the county.

His next destination was Breckenridge county, where he bought a tract of land in 1801. He only resided here for a short time and we find him disposing of his property in 1804.

The money received for this sale of land was used in buying a lot in Elizabethtown, Hardin county, from Samuel Haycraft. The Louisville and Nashville railroad depot at Elizabethtown now stands on the lot where his cabin stood. Samuel Haycraft, Junior, son of the Haycraft from whom Ogden bought his house lot, refers to the arrival of Ogden in his *History of Elizabethtown*, as follows—"Benjamin Ogden came to Elizabethtown in 1803 or 1804, and his first effort was to raise a school. He came to my father's house on two visits and I well remember that I was terribly frightened when I learned that I was to go to school to him. But, on better acquaintance, I learned to love and reverence him. He was a good man and a fair preacher." I am more inclined to accept this estimate of his character than the brief statement by Cartwright who says—"Ogden backslid, quit preaching, kept a groggery, and became wicked and raised his family to hate the Methodists." It is doubtful if any one of these accusations is true. In my own researches I have found nothing detrimental to his character. Redford's references to Ogden are always complimentary. In referring to the historian Hind's estimate of Ogden, which claims he "went to nothing," Redford says—"There is certainly nothing in history that justifies so hard a verdict."

After serving as teacher in the Elizabethtown Academy, Ogden engaged in business but still retained his interest in education. In 1806, he was appointed a trustee of the Academy and that year circulated the subscription list to make up money for the school. During this residence in Elizabethtown he was a member of the school board and was often appointed by the board to ascertain what progress the school was making. One report which he brought in was rather critical, showing him to be a man of progressive ideals for that day and time. This report was made on January 2, 1810, and was his last record in connection with the Academy.

Ogden held one political office while in Elizabethtown. Upon the completion of the new stone jail in 1806 he was elected jailer of Harding county and served in this office two



or three years. One order in the court records suggests that possibly he was given some opportunity in this position to get an occasional whack at the devil. "Ordered that Benjamin Ogden, keeper of the key to the court house, do not let any balls be held in the court house in the future." Subsequent orders show that not long after Ogden was relieved as jailer that this order relative to holding balls in the court house was rescinded. What influence Ogden had in the original passing of the order, we are not able to say.

It was while living in Elizabethtown that Ogden became very closely associated with Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President. Lincoln had come to Elizabethtown about the same time that Ogden bought property there and for five years they lived near each other in this pioneer town. According to Haycraft, Ogden was a chair-maker and a good worker in wood. Tradition has said that Thomas Lincoln learned his trade as a carpenter in the shop of Joseph Hanks. The impossibility of this assertion is evident to those who have studied the question. It is much more likely that Ogden's carpenter shop was the scene of Thomas Lincoln's apprenticeship, as their close association would suggest. Thomas Lincoln was a patroller, or policeman, during part of his early residence in Elizabethtown, and he often assisted the jailer in guarding prisoners. One court order reads as follows: "I do certify that Thomas Lincoln guarded William Bray, murderer, at our last June term, one night, given under my hand this 8th day of October, 1808. Signed, B. Ogden, J. H. C." Lincoln served on several juries while Ogden was jailer, and in other capacities which brought him in close contact with Ogden. There is good evidence of more than a casual acquaintance between them.

In the month of June, 1806, Thomas Lincoln returned to his old home in Washington county and there married Nancy Hanks a playmate of his childhood. He brought his bride back to Elizabethtown, bought two houselots, erected a cabin, and began to settle down as one of the town's carpenters. It was here in Elizabethtown that the first child of Thomas

and Nancy Lincoln was born, a girl, whom they named Sarah. Just a few weeks before Lincoln had married Nancy Hanks, Benjamin Ogden had performed a wedding ceremony for Daniel Johnston and Sarah Bush. Johnston was one of Ogden's successors as county jailer, and his wife, who later became a widow, married the father of Abraham Lincoln.

The Lincolns left Elizabethtown just before the birth of Abraham, and about two years later the Ogdens removed from the town. During the eight years Benjamin Ogden had lived in Hardin County he had solemnized over one hundred weddings. He was by far the most popular minister in the county although there is no evidence that he had any regular preaching appointments, but the number of weddings he performed far exceeded those of the other clergymen. There was no Methodist organization in Elizabethtown during Ogden's residence there and we conclude from the following statement by Redford that there were very few Methodists there: "When Mrs. Sally Helm went to live in Elizabethtown in 1824 she associated herself with a small class then in existence in that place."

Cartwright says it was about 1813 when Ogden again entered into the active ministry. He was admitted to the Tennessee Conference in 1816 and appointed to the Henderson Circuit. Before long he was compelled to retire for a period because of ill health but in 1824 he again appears as a member of the Kentucky Conference. His appointments were to the Tennessee Mission, the Christian, and the Yellow Banks Circuits. At the conference in 1827, he was placed on the superannuated roll much against his desire. Here his name remained until his death which occurred at the home of his son near Princeton, Kentucky, on November 20, 1834. The church at this place is known as the Ben Ogden Memorial church.

Along with Peter Cartwright, the worthy opponent of Abraham Lincoln, Methodism should also honor Benjamin Ogden, its first exponent of truth in the Western country, and the friend and associate of Lincoln's parents.

## BLACK HAWK'S MISSISSIPPI

### From Rock River to the Bad Axe

BY JOHN H. HAUBERG

"I have looked upon the Mississippi since I was a child. I love the great river."<sup>1</sup> The speaker was one who had run his full three score and ten years. No man living or dead knew more, at first hand, of the river and its history than he. His people had held undisputed possession of four-hundred-fifty miles of its length.<sup>2</sup> The gentleman whom we have quoted had a long Indian name, so long in fact, we will not stop to spell it out. The French called him L'Epervier Noir,<sup>3</sup> while to English speaking folks he was famed far and wide as Black Hawk.<sup>4</sup> He and all the surrounding tribes spoke of his people as "Saukies," the French had it "Sac" or "Saque." The English would of course be different, and made it "Sauk."<sup>5</sup>

There is an ever increasing tribe of those who re-echo the sentiments voiced by Black Hawk, for the Mississippi is not merely a river; not merely a beautiful sheet of water with towns and cities and picturesque bluffs; not merely a highway carrying fleets of commerce or of war or of pleasure-seekers; it is all these and more. To one who would reflect on the past, it becomes vibrant again with Indian life; with boats carrying the flag of the Fleur de Lis, or the cross of St. George, or the Spanish colors, the whole procession of them passing silently in retrospect. Out of the mists of the long ago, the poet gleams, at its headwaters, the Legend of Hiawatha; the musician finds a lovely Indian melody like the "Waters of Minnetonka"; the historian glories in the roar of General Grant's cannon at Vicksburg or the rattle of musketry of Old Hickory's backwoodsmen at New Orleans or George Rogers Clark at old Kaskaskia a hundred-fifty years ago. The Show Boat;

<sup>1</sup> p. 244, *Great Indian Chiefs of the West*; Black Hawk, etc.—Conclin.

<sup>2</sup> p. 63, *Black Hawk's autobiography*. J. B. Patterson, editor.

<sup>3</sup> pp. 213 and 278, *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, Vol. IX.

<sup>4</sup> For Life of Black Hawk see his *Autobiography*, and books by Stevens, Armstrong, et al., herein quoted.

<sup>5</sup> Appendix to part I, Table F, opp. p. 66, *Sources of the Mississippi*, by Zebulon M. Pike.



Rafting on the Mississippi; the flat-boating days of the youthful Abraham Lincoln; the adventures of Tom Sawyer and his boon companion, Huckleberry Finn—the river has a multitude of boys like them—the Mississippi is all these and more.

A couple of centuries ago the people of France poured their savings into what history calls the “Mississippi Bubble.” Not only the people but their Government as well, hoped for untold wealth to be taken from the mines of gold upon its banks. Gold, gold. The precious yellow metal! How people lose their heads and go wild with the thought of getting it easily. The French investors lost, and their nation was all but bankrupted in their rash venture.

And yet the gold is there. Wealth in its truest sense is not always to be measured in terms of so much yellow metal. Abraham Lincoln was once asked to report on a certain debtor’s possessions. The inventory as reported by the Great Emancipator was about as follows: “This man has a wife and child worth about a million dollars and there is a rat-hole in the floor of his office that is worth looking into.”

The great river was full of gold for at least three of us,—John Henry Jr., aged twelve; Joe, three years his senior and the writer hereof. For we owned a boat. The boat had a good motor, and the almost limitless range of the big stream and its tributaries beckoned at our very front door. We all but violently robbed a busy season of eight precious days and were off in high glee. A heavy downpour of rain occurred just as we were on the point of embarking, but it dampened our spirits not one little bit. We were off on a notable voyage. Eight days of close contact with the river; a bronzed skin, the envy of the vacationist; a lot of pictures, scenic, historical and otherwise; pursuit of Indian history—Black Hawk history—these were to be part of the bag of gold with which we would return to illumine the days ahead.

The most famous Indian of the river’s history was born at the village where Rock River joins the Mississippi; where now stands Rock Island, Illinois. He was a Sauk patriot—the same Black Hawk mentioned above. In his day he fought



for the extension of the tribal hunting grounds, and helped to build for his people one of the richest empires to be found—covering that part of Wisconsin which lies south of the Wisconsin River, and of the Four Lakes country at Madison; all that part of Illinois lying west of the Illinois and the Fox river of Illinois; that part of the State of Missouri which is north of the Missouri river, and practically every foot of the present State of Iowa. It is true that several other tribes occupied part of this area, but the Federal authorities required that the Sauk and Fox cede all the above described, in order to entirely extinguish their claims to these lands.<sup>6</sup>

Black Hawk was a man of affairs. In his early teens he won his spurs as a Brave and was soon a recognized war chief. Eventually he became one of the two outstanding heads among the Sauk and Fox. He traveled much; was much engaged in war; was deeply religious. In the "Wet and Dry" agitation which was a live issue in his day,<sup>7</sup> he was a fanatic dry. He loved his wife and children. She was said to have been a beautiful woman.<sup>8</sup> His daughter, one of the handsomest of Sauk maidens,<sup>9</sup> and the elder son, Nah-se-us-kuk was said by the artist, Catlin, and by Judge Spencer, to have been one of the finest looking Indians they ever saw.<sup>10</sup> He so loved his children that when two of them died, he moved to a secluded spot, where for twenty-four Moons he observed the custom of doing penance in the hope that the Great Spirit would have pity on him.<sup>11</sup> Up to his sixty-sixth year he was one of the busiest men of his nation.

The great Sauk and Fox empire extended south into the country of American influence, and northward into the sphere of the meddlesome British. The latter won Black Hawk to their colors, and he became the head of the "British Band."

Keokuk was the outstanding rival of Black Hawk,<sup>12</sup> and that rivalry became so tense that Black Hawk, speaking of

<sup>6</sup> See Laws and Treaties, Vol. 2, by Kappler.

<sup>7</sup> See p. 98, Vol. 2, North American Indians, by George Catlin.

<sup>8</sup> As per interviews, Old Settlers, by J. H. Hauberg.

<sup>9</sup> See Namequa, p. 16, Vol. 2, Handbook American Indians.

<sup>10</sup> p. 211, Vol. 2, Catlin's N. A. Inds. and p. 44, "Reminiscences," J. W. Spencer.

<sup>11</sup> pp. 71-2, B. H. Autobiography.

<sup>12</sup> pp. 77-78-83-86, B. H. Autobiography.

him said: "There was no more friendship existing between us. I looked upon him as a coward and no Brave." The two were quite unlike in their outlook upon the affairs of the day. Keokuk was an excellent politician; tactful; diplomatic; a policy man. Black Hawk looked upon right as right, regardless. He was a man of fixed principle; of sound integrity; of unyielding patriotism.

As Indians among Indians only, Black Hawk was nobly right, but as Indians against the tide—the constantly rising tide of white immigration, Keokuk's policy was the only course that could possibly be followed. Had the Sauk and Fox lived in a part of the country not wanted by the white man, Black Hawk might still have held his own grandly, but their village on Rock River was the center of the greatest and richest agricultural area in the world, and the white man could not be kept from it.

The time had come just a hundred years ago for the Indians of Rock river to make an important decision. Two-thirds of them agreed with Keokuk that it would be best to say farewell to the old ancestral home and build anew, farther west out of the way of the whites. The other third held with Black Hawk that to desert their homes and the graves of their fathers to the whites would be gross cowardice. They loved their village and cornfields. They would stay. They would fight, if necessary, to hold them—and fight they did to their almost complete destruction.

The rise; the high tide and ebb in the fortunes of Black Hawk and his followers form an interesting story. It is tragedy. In it is found one of the outstanding epics of the Mississippi Valley.

A year ago we cruised the one-hundred-fifty miles, Rock Island to Prairie du Chien, to secure a fragment of a tree in which Black Hawk is said to have once hid when pursued by American soldiers. This year we set out to visit the scene of the "Battle of the Bad Axe" where Black Hawk's last fight was staged. In both instances however, the appeal of the





VICTORY, WISCONSIN



great river, just for itself, was as strong as any pursuit of the historical could be.

The boat around which were centered our affections for the present cruise was the "Catherine," a flat-bottomed, made-to-order boat, twenty-four feet long by five feet wide, with an engine which propelled her at an average rate, day after day of seven miles per hour. A 'specially built deck, forward, served as main salon—open to the sky, where at night we spread our blankets and tarp and enjoyed refreshing sleep. As a rule we patronized the cafes in the towns and cities along the way. This gave local contact, saved time, and the same stop gave opportunity to provide for the Engine's appetite, which was as healthy, to say the least, as our own.

We were well equipped with plenty of line, life preservers, fire extinguishers, lights, and books of River Rules, all of which were hardly used, but gave us a sense of comfort against emergency, to say nothing of the legal requirements of the U. S. A. Besides, we carry a line of carpenters' and mechanics' tools; cooking utensils, field glasses, blankets, suit cases, a large tarpaulin, a battery of four cameras one of which was a movie outfit; books, historical and otherwise and a map of the Mississippi issued by the U. S. Engineers' Department, which showed in good detail the course of the channel; islands, sloughs, wing-dams, and the towns along the river and from which we were able to judge distances.

In olden times when there were no cities on the Upper Mississippi, the two hundred miles to be covered by us would have been perfectly described in the language of the day as being from Rock river to the Bad Axe. Today we say, Rock Island, Illinois, to Victory, Wisconsin. As to the life of the Sauk War Chief, it was from the place of his birth to "The last sun that shone on Black Hawk."

At Rock river on the Mississippi is now to be found an urban community of one-hundred-fifty-thousand souls. Doubtless every European country and the near East is represented here by its nationals, besides a substantial number of Africans, a few Indians, an occasional Jap and Chinaman, all of

which is another way of saying that it is a truly American citizenship. A number of different labels are attached to as many different sections of the community, such as Silvis; East Moline; Moline; Carbon Cliff; Rock Island; Milan; Davenport and Betendorf. Throughout the whole there are but two visible boundaries: Rock River and the Mississippi. The latter gives us a port on the great water highway which extends from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. Rock river and Hennepin Canal give us an excellent waterway, via the Illinois river and the Chicago drainage canal, to the system of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence river.

It was on the Illinois side of this locality that Black Hawk was born, in 1767, and here was his home for sixty-five years when he was banished by the decision of arms in the war which bears his name. Historic Black Hawk's Watch Tower fronting on Rock river is now a State park,<sup>12a</sup> and the balance of his old time Rock River village is now residential Rock Island. It was a Sauk village, and to Black Hawk's mind there was no greater distinction in this world than that of being a worthy Sauk. A large village of Foxes (or Mesquaki) adjoined Black Hawk's village but fronted on the Mississippi where down-town Rock Island is now, and just across, on the west side of the Mississippi where today stands the city of Davenport, was located another Fox village.<sup>13</sup>

The mouth of Rock River alone has clustered about it sufficient historical data to place it definitely on the map of rivers of unusual historic interest. Soldiers of old France—after the fall of Quebec, wintered here with the Sauk, 1760-'61 on their retreat to Fort Chartres.<sup>14</sup> It is a prominent point throughout the period of the Revolutionary war in the West, especially so in 1780 when one of the heroic little armies of General George Rogers Clark marched here and burned the Sauk village.<sup>15</sup> Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike hoisted the Stars and

<sup>12a</sup> See The New Black Hawk State Park, pp. 265-281, Vol. XX, Journal Ill. Hist. Soc.

<sup>13</sup> p. 48, History of Davenport and Scott County, Harry E. Downer.

<sup>14</sup> pp. 437-8, French Regime, Wis. and N. W., by Louise Kellogg.

<sup>15</sup> p. 97, et. seq., Rock River in the Revolution—Wm. Meese, in Transactions Ill. State Hist. Soc. for 1909. p. 322, The Ill. Country, Nasatir, Vol. XXI, Journal Ill. Hist. Soc. p. 21, et. seq., Black Hawk's Watch Tower, 1927, J. H. Hauberg. p. 29, et. seq., Vol. XX, Journal, Ill. Hist. Soc., by Rev. J. E. Cummings.





CREDIT ISLAND



Stripes here in 1805<sup>16</sup>; the fighting hereabouts during the War of 1812-'14 will be more fully mentioned below. The Black Hawk war with its severe toll in human lives was fought for possession of this very spot.<sup>17</sup> It brought to this place a number of young lieutenants, graduates of West Point who were to have their first baptism of blood, and one of whom to be president of the Southern Confederacy. Two others, it brought, who were to serve their country as its highest executive, and still another who was to be three times a candidate for president of the United States.<sup>18</sup> Among these was a rough, untutored youth of twenty-three years of age, who was here confirmed as head of a company of frontiersmen and became Captain Abraham Lincoln of the U. S. Volunteer Army<sup>19</sup>—his first federal position, on the weary trail which led to immortal fame. He was here to fight Black Hawk.

But what cared Black Hawk for all this parade? Had not his Indian allies in former wars of the white people, promised to stand by him in case the Americans attacked him? There were his British friends also who would help. Ever since Black Hawk's heroic service in their behalf in the War of 1812-'14 they had kept up a close connection and friendship. Year after year had seen Black Hawk and his procession of followers on the Great Sauk Trail, traversing the prairies of Illinois; skirting the sand dunes of Indiana, and on across Michigan to Fort Malden, Ontario, to enjoy the hospitality and to receive the annuities of the grateful Britishers.<sup>20</sup> In the present gloomy prospect of war one of Black Hawk's chief advisers had returned from Fort Malden with the glad news that his old friends there had promised their support.<sup>21</sup>

Starting on our trip we have Credit Island just opposite the mouth of Rock river.<sup>22</sup> It is a very beautiful Island and

<sup>16</sup> p. 96, Early Rock Island, William A. Meese. p. 25, B. H. Autobiography.

<sup>17</sup> pp. 83-4 and 90, B. H. Autobiography.

<sup>18</sup> See Black Hawk's Watch Tower, 1927, Hauberg. See page 502, The Sauks and the Black Hawk War—Armstrong.

<sup>19</sup> 283-4, The Black Hawk War, by Frank E. Stevens.

<sup>20</sup> p. 73, B. H. Autobiography. p. 87, Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Soc., for 1921. (Indian Trails, etc.)

<sup>21</sup> p. 94, Autobiography of Black Hawk.

<sup>22</sup> For account of Credit Island see p. 81, Davenport & Scott Co.—H. E. Downer. See Credit Island, by Wm. A. Meese, Vol. VII, Journal Ill. Hist. Soc.

a fine gravelly beach near the inn offers a good place to land. We are now on Iowa soil with about a half-mile of Mississippi water between us and the Illinois shore. The Island is owned by the city of Davenport and is kept as part of that city's park system. Its equipment for pleasure purposes includes virgin forest with an unusual wealth of song birds, trails, auto roads, bathing beach and boat livery, public inn, municipal golf course and picnic grounds with out-door stoves for cooking. Just off the main island lies a small willow island which must be included as part of the Credit Island battlefield where Black Hawk scored what may be called his greatest triumph over the Americans. It was part of the war of 1812-'14. Maj. Zachary Taylor had been sent to Rock river to drive out Black Hawk's people, burn his village and destroy the growing crops. Then he was to select a site for a fort so that henceforth a closer check might be had on Indians hostile to our people. Maj. Taylor's opponents included a throng of Indians variously estimated at from a thousand to four thousand, while his own force amounted to but 334 men. The British at Prairie du Chien had sent down a number of soldiers with cannon and these, too, enjoyed a great advantage over Taylor because of their location. "About daylight, Capt. Whiteside's boat was fired on at the distance of about fifteen paces, and a corporal, who was on the outside of the boat was mortally wounded"—thus the battle began. "So soon as the British commenced firing from their artillery," so continues Taylor's report, "the Indians raised a yell and commenced firing on us from every direction."

Artillery duel, landing parties to charge and drive off the Indians; destroying canoes; having eleven men badly wounded, three of them mortally—all this availed nothing and Black Hawk remained proudly and safely in the possession of his village and fields.<sup>23</sup> As for Taylor, "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." Some day he would be back, so beware.

<sup>23</sup> For Taylor's report of the Credit I. battle, see p. 52, et. seq., *Black Hawk War*, by Stevens. He gives Sept. 5, 1814, as day of battle.

For the British report, see p. 226, *Wis. Hist. Coll.*, Vol. IX. Names Sept. 6, as day of battle.

We leave Black Hawk's battlefield at Credit Island and take our course up the river. We pass under the "Crescent" bridge and cross the path of the Rock Island-Davenport ferry. For two and a half miles we are passing between the two last named cities and arrive at the lower point of the Island of Rock Island. It was originally so called by using the name "Rock" as an adjective. Sometimes they called it Rocky Island and Stony Island, but now long since, the name has become standardized as Rock Island. It is on the Illinois side of the channel. From it came the name of the county of which it is geographically a part; the city which has the county seat; the rapids which flow by it; the U. S. arsenal located upon it, and the railway—the Rock Island System which crosses it.

To Black Hawk and his people the Island of Rock Island meant more than any other similar area. "It was our garden" said the Chief, "Such as the white people have near their big villages, which supplied us with strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, plums, apples and nuts of different kinds." It was distant about two and a half miles from the center of his village.

The Island was prominent in military events during the second war with Great Britain. Here Black Hawk and his band received a salute of guns as the British flag was hoisted, and here, at the head of two-hundred warriors he enlisted in the British service.<sup>24</sup> Here some of Black Hawk's band attacked Gov. William Clark and his little army and war fleet, in May of 1814,<sup>25</sup> on their way to Prairie du Chien to drive out the British and to establish an American post there.

We speak of "little" armies. They were such when compared with those of today. The "little" army which during the Revolutionary War burned the Sauk village here was only 350 strong<sup>26</sup> and yet it was the largest "army" that marched in Illinois territory during that war. Now that the

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For Black Hawk's account of it, see p. 53, Autobiography.

See also p. 10, History of Rock Island Arsenal, by Flagler for Taylor's report.

See also p. 101, et. seq. My Own Times, by Reynolds.

p. 79, Hist. Davenport & Scott Co.—Downer.

<sup>24</sup> p. 35, Black Hawk Autobiography.

<sup>25</sup> p. 47, Black Hawk War—Stevens.

<sup>26</sup> p. CXXXV, George Rogers Clark Papers, Ill. Hist. Collections, Vol. VIII, J. A. James.



War of 1812-'14 is on, we have Governor William Clark, a younger brother of General George Rogers Clark, sailing more or less grandly into the greatest British-Indian stronghold to be found in the country with thousands of Red warriors against him, with a force of only 200 men, traveling in five boats.<sup>27</sup>

Governor Clark took some Sauk prisoners in the skirmish at Rock Island on his way up-stream. His success at Prairie du Chien lasted only a couple of months, as might have been expected because of his small military force, and now that they had driven his army back down the river,<sup>28</sup> the British fortified the Island of Rock Island for, said one of their officers, "It is the best place for defense that I know on the Mississippi"<sup>29</sup>—and, "the channel here is so crooked a single shot might throw the whole American fleet into confusion."<sup>30</sup> Black Hawk and his Braves assisted the British in digging breastworks and placing the cannon.<sup>31</sup>

To this same Island of Rock Island Black Hawk sent the women, children and other non-combatants of his village as he cleared the decks for the battle with Major Taylor. He expected a battle royal and did not want anyone around who could not fight. Be it known however that the women did on occasion, take a hand in fighting.<sup>32</sup>

The white limestone precipice at the lower end of the Island was crowned in 1816, by the erection of Fort Armstrong.<sup>33</sup> Within its walls were enacted some of the most dramatic events in the life of Black Hawk. Here in Council, at the head of a party of warriors armed to the teeth, rang out Black Hawk's defiance to General Gaines,<sup>34</sup> on the very eve of the 1831 Black Hawk War, and here, a few weeks later when he saw the folly of resistance, he together with his head

<sup>27</sup> p. 47, B. H. War—Stevens. p. 741, *Annals of the West*, 1850, by Perkins & Peck.

<sup>28</sup> p. 263, et. seq., *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, Vol. XI, Col. M'Kay to Col. M'Douall.

<sup>29</sup> p. 225, *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, Vol. IX.

<sup>30</sup> p. 199, *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, Vol. IX.

<sup>31</sup> p. 53, B. H. Autobiography.

<sup>32</sup> p. 270, *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, Vol. XI, tells of women in the battle at Campbell's Island.

<sup>33</sup> p. 14, *History Rock Island Arsenal*—Flagler. pp. 67-70, *War's Greatest Workshop*—Arsenal Pub. Co.

<sup>34</sup> p. 89, B. H. Autobiography.





FT. ARMSTRONG



men joined humbly in a peace treaty.<sup>35</sup> A couple of years later, in 1833, when both parties to this treaty had been accused of having violated it, and with the bloody Black Hawk War of 1832 ended, he again appeared at Fort Armstrong in what was to him the most humiliating experience of his life. He was officially ordered henceforth to hold himself under the guardianship of Keokuk,<sup>36</sup> his successful and most hated rival.

Fort Armstrong was the place of refuge to which the settlers fled as the Black Hawk war loomed on the horizon. Here, too, was military headquarters during the operations against the wily Sauk War Chief, and to this place also, were brought some of the Indian survivors of the Battle of the Bad Axe.<sup>37</sup> "Such was their utter destitution that they excited the compassion of all who saw them."

We pass the replica of a Blockhouse of Old Fort Armstrong,<sup>38</sup> go past the cave—now closed by the bridge abutment, wherein once lived a good spirit in the form of a swan,<sup>39</sup> as related by Black Hawk, and leaving the government bridge behind, we proceed up the crooked channel where once the British hoped to stop Taylor's fleet as above noted. We pass the old Col. George Davenport<sup>40</sup> house, where the local Indians did much of their trading from 1817 to the time of their farther westward movement. Over on the Iowa side of the river, in the city of Davenport, we are passing two treaty sites. At one of these was negotiated the treaty of Sept. 21, 1832, for the "Black Hawk purchase of Iowa lands, and at the other site were signed the treaties of Sept. 27 and 28, 1836, for additional Iowa lands. The last named treaties are captioned "Treaty Ground on the right bank of the Mississippi river,

<sup>35</sup> Note.—Kappler in his "Laws and Treaties" does not have this Treaty. The writer, however, secured a photostat copy at Washington, D. C. The Treaty bears the date, June 30, 1831.

<sup>36</sup> p. 130, Black Hawk Autobiography. p. 220-21, Great Indian Chief—Black Hawk—by George Conclin.

<sup>37</sup> Records for 1869, of Town Clerk, Port Byron, Ill. Mitchell's Old Settlers, account by Mrs. Jonah Case. She says "The Summers of 1831 and '32 we spent at Fort Armstrong." R. I. Co. Hist. Soc. Of the Indian survivors of the war see p. 267, "My Own Times," by Reynolds, and p. 409, "History of Illinois," by Davidson and Stuvé.

<sup>38</sup> The replica of one of the Blockhouses of Old Fort Armstrong was built in 1916, in connection with the celebration of centennial of the Fort. See "Official book of the Fort Armstrong Centennial, 1816-1916," p. 29.

<sup>39</sup> p. 61, B. H. Autobiog., p. 18, Rock Island Arsenal—Flagler.

<sup>40</sup> p. 152 et seq. Davenport Past and Present.—Wilkie.

in the county of Dubuque, and territory of Wisconsin, opposite Rock Island." We shall refer to these treaties further on in the story.

The channel leads us diagonally to Stubbs Eddy near the Iowa shore, and turning within a short space of time we are again making a diagonal crossing to enter Moline Lock, one side of which rests upon the north shore of the Island of Rock Island. Through Moline Lock we must go for it contains the only channel for boats. Part of the flow of the Mississippi passes over the turbines of the Arsenal and the Moline Water Power Co., and the rest of it dashes madly over the Duck Creek dam which is toward the Iowa side.

Having made the Lockage we continue by way of the quiet waters of Moline Pool, and we skirt the city of Moline for the next three miles.

Let us forget for a moment, the Indians and their warfare and mention a name which suggests a world of a different nature—the world of Charles Dickens, the novelist. Here on a beautiful, high hill-top in Moline, rest the remains of one of the sons of the great English writer. He had come to visit a friend at Moline; became suddenly ill, and in a few minutes had passed into that great beyond. It pleased his bereaved relatives in the Old World that every respect was shown their dead brother's remains, and his interment in Riverside cemetery was approved by them.<sup>41</sup>

Back to the Indians and the river we go. Five miles above Moline Lock lies another beautiful island. It has been known as Campbell's Island ever since that fatal day of July 19, 1814, when the boat of Major John Campbell on his way to Prairie du Chien was blown helplessly upon the beach of the island, and while there, was attacked by Black Hawk and his followers and a battle ensued in which sixteen Americans were killed. Two other boats, under Lieutenants Rector and Riggs, carrying troops, came to Campbell's relief and joined in the

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<sup>41</sup> pp. 65 et seq. Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Soc. 1925, by Mrs. Louise Jamieson Alsterlund, whose family Mr. Dickens was visiting at Moline.



all-day battle.<sup>42</sup> The British reported this as perhaps their most brilliant victory, during the War of 1812-'14, participated in by Indians alone, unassisted by any whites.<sup>43</sup> The State of Illinois has erected a suitable monument<sup>44</sup> on the site of the Campbell's Island battlefield, in memory of the brave Americans who fell here.

We always stop at Campbell's Island; visit the monument and read the inscriptions, take pictures, and then hie to the inn for refreshments. A fine sandy bathing beach and some score of Summer cottages add to the life of the place. The Island is opposite East Moline and is connected with that city by trolley cars—in fact the entire community of 150,000, about the mouth of Rock river is connected by the Tri-City railway system of street cars, and the history-hunter may ride its cars to each of the islands mentioned, Campbell's Island, Rock Island, Credit Island and to Black Hawk State Park.

Thus far we have noted three islands on our course up stream and have motored not to exceed a dozen miles. Each island has its stirring military history, almost every item of which was because of Black Hawk and his British attachment.

Each of the islands are founded on solid rock and therefore not subject to cutting away by the swift current. Each island has its noble woodland, open fields and extensive playgrounds. Rock Island, much the largest, has 896 acres, while Credit Island and Campbell's Island have two-hundred acres each, more or less. Other islands founded upon solid rock and strung along Rock Island Rapids are Papoose Island and Benham Island, both just off Rock Island; Dynamite Island a few hundred feet off Campbell's Island, Smith Island just above Pleasant Valley, Iowa, and Shuler Island at Rapids City, Ill. These are smaller islands and are mentioned here simply to refute statements occasionally heard to the effect that the Mississippi has but an island or two of rock foundation. We

<sup>42</sup> Missouri Gazette, extra, July 27, 1814; quoted by National Intelligencer, Washington, Aug. 18, 1814, and in other newspapers. Also found in Stevens' Black Hawk War at p. 48 et seq. and in Flagler's Rock Island Arsenal, at page 10. See also, for an interesting account, p. 99, My Own Times.—Reynolds.

<sup>43</sup> p. 269 Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. XI.

<sup>44</sup> The monument was dedicated July 20, 1908. The cost to the State was \$5,000.00.

have mentioned seven such islands on Rock Island Rapids alone, Credit Island being just below the rapids.

The government did not wait for the removal of the Indians before taking up the matter of improving the rapids for navigation. In 1828 Lieut. Napoleon Bonaparte Buford was sent here to make a survey<sup>45</sup> and his work was supplemented in 1837 by that of Lieut. Robert E. Lee.<sup>46</sup> The Rapids were reported as having a length of fourteen miles with a fall of 25,740 feet. The last named was the same person, Gen. Robert E. Lee who like Black Hawk became the leading war chief of his own people in what today seems to have been a rash venture, and in the end, like Black Hawk, he suffered defeat.

Leaving Campbell's Island we have the option of passing through the LeClaire Lock, at Smith Island, and having still water for the next three and a half miles to LeClaire, or we may remain out in the old channel, up the swift current. The only gain by using the Lock is safety, for when one considers the twenty minutes or more which is required for making the lockage, he has lost as much time as is gained in still water. We kept to the old swift-water channel.

The river road, Moline to the head of the rapids and beyond, is today known as the Scenic Route. It was literally Black Hawk's war path<sup>47</sup> in 1814 as his Braves followed along the bank to overtake and harass the American war fleets. Later the ox teams of the settlers, as they came down from the back-country, would make a dash for the refreshing water when the river-road was reached.<sup>48</sup> Then too, came the days of stages, with their coach and four, rattling along over this road, Rock Island to Galena, and Rock Island-Chicago, via Port Byron, Hillsdale, Erie, Sterling and Dixon.<sup>49</sup> It is truly a historic old highway as well as scenic. The village of Hampton, Illinois, is the center for the most beautiful of sunsets, for

<sup>45</sup> Rock Island County Historical Society, has photostats of Lt. Buford's report.  
<sup>46</sup> R. I. Co. Hist. Soc. has photostats of Lt. Lee's report. The U. S. Engineer's office at Rock Island, Ill., has the report also.

<sup>47</sup> p. 51, Black Hawk's Autobiog. "I started with my party by land, etc."

<sup>48</sup> p. 120, *Memoirs*, by M. D. Hauberg.

<sup>49</sup> *Old Settlers'*; Interviews, by J. H. Hauberg, with Dr. W. H. Lyford, John A. Liphardt, Dan Schryver, Robert and Jeremiah Pearsall. See also p. 189 *Memoirs*, M. D. Hauberg.

here the width of the river and its direction is such that it reflects perfectly every tint of color.

Facing each other across the river at the head of the rapids are Port Byron, Ill. and LeClaire, Iowa. The last named enjoys the distinction of having had as a one time resident the famous engineer, James B. Eads,<sup>50</sup> builder of the first St. Louis bridge and of the Eads Jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, and, Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill",<sup>51</sup> noted scout and Indian fighter who was born on a farm just outside the village. Port Byron's first "Dirt-farmers" came in 1828, one year ahead of those who settled in the wigwams of Black Hawk's village.<sup>52</sup> During the Black Hawk war the entire community here was depopulated, the settlers fleeing to Fort Armstrong for safety. Just above this village, at a rock-studded shore is the camp of the Rock Island Young Women's Christian Association. The camp is named in honor of Archibald Allen, a pioneer of 1828,<sup>53</sup> who traded with Black Hawk's people at this point, and who, in 1833, kept at this place the first post office<sup>54</sup> of Rock Island county—except the one on the island of Rock Island. Though friendly with the Indians, he enlisted in the Black Hawk war in the same company with those who had taken lands in the midst of Black Hawk's village, and who therefore became the immediate cause of that unhappy contest.

It is here again, at the "Head of the Rapids" that we take up another of the fights of the War of 1812-'14 between Black Hawk's people and the Americans. The night of July 18, 1814, an express from Prairie du Chien had brought four kegs of powder to the Rock river village together with the news that Gov. Clark's large gunboat had made its escape

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<sup>50</sup> James B. Eads had considerable realty interests, in Town lots, at LeClaire, and also platted West Davenport Addition to Davenport. See records, Recorder's office, County Court House, Davenport.

<sup>51</sup> See Col. W. F. Cody autobiography.

<sup>52</sup> Town Clerk's records, of Port Byron, for 1869.

<sup>53</sup> Archibald Allen, reminiscences, Mitchell's Old Settlers, also see Records of Town Clerk of Port Byron, 1869, which contains an historical statement of first settlers, prepared by committee, and officially placed upon the public records. Archie Allen Camp was established 1922.

<sup>54</sup> A. Allen's commission, first Post Office in Rock Island County, except the one on Rock Island, is dated Dec. 30, 1833. The one on the island was established Sept. 23, 1825.



from the British<sup>55</sup> at that point and was on its way down the river. Black Hawk was requested to try to capture the gunboat as it descended the difficult Rock Island Rapids. He was also requested to prevent any reinforcements from coming up the river. This gave the war chief rather a large contract, for it so happened that Major Campbell's fleet bound upstream, and the large gunboat headed downward, appeared at the rapids on the same day, July 19th, and were therefore able to do a bit of team work. The gunboat, the "Gov. Clark" lay at anchor at the head of the rapids until gun-fire of Black Hawk's men compelled them to move to mid-stream where they were out of range of the Indians' fire. Another Indian contingent, in canoes, was making a desperate effort to overtake the two barges of Campbell's fleet which carried army supplies—the Sutler's and the Contractor's boats. Capt. John Yeiser, commanding the "Governor Clark" reported that in another fifteen minutes the Indians would have captured the two barges, but the presence of the gunboat saved them. The prize which the Indians thereby failed to secure, had among other things, "2000 lbs. of gunpowder, a considerable quantity of merchandise and upwards of 200 bbls. of pork, flour, whiskey, etc.," to say nothing of the scalps of sailors and guard. Capt. Yeiser now dispatched a small boat down-stream to ascertain what was delaying the other three boats of Campbell's fleet, for they were nowhere in sight. Gliding down the rapids they saw Campbell's boat in flames, and the battle of Campbell's Island in progress. They were fired upon by Black Hawk's warriors, and not being in position to render any assistance they turned back, up-stream to the protection of the gunboat.<sup>56</sup>

In this engagement at the head of the rapids there would have been team work also between two distinct forces of the enemy, had they known of the near presence of each other. Col. McKay, commanding the British at Prairie du Chien, sent Capt. Grignon with twenty-six men in two boats, to go in

<sup>55</sup> p. 264 Wis. Hist. Colls. XI. This also describes the "Gov. Clark." p. 50 Black Hawk Autobiography—says six kegs powder were sent him.

<sup>56</sup> p. 50 Black Hawk War—Stevens. National Intelligencer Aug. 18, 1814. p. 52 Black Hawk Autobiog.



pursuit of the big gunboat, which it was hoped would run aground on the rapids. Grignon followed the gunboat up "to within a league of the rapids," where he demanded its surrender but without avail, then seeing the two boats of Campbell's fleet coming toward him he turned and fled back to the Prairie.<sup>57</sup> Had he known that Campbell's boats were being closely followed by Black Hawk's warriors, and that Black Hawk in person was conducting a successful battle not far away, he doubtless would have joined forces with them.

Just above the Archie Allen camp, distant one and a half miles is the camp of Young Men's Christian Association, conducted jointly by the Associations of Moline and Rock Island.<sup>58</sup> The tract is woodland and has been such as far back as any records are found. The earliest settlers here have left accounts telling of the abundance of game. One of them, Archibald Allen, writing of the great number of deer, said that one day he counted 160 of them. Other game mentioned included wolves, coon, badgers, wild cats, squirrels, quail, pheasants and wild turkey. Just to the east was the "High Prairie" as mentioned by Lieut. Pike, where pasturage was unexcelled, and wild deer were still to be found in numbers as late as in the '50's. An occasional wolf is still heard, and foxes and opossum today find good foraging among the chicken roosts of the neighborhood.

This stretch of woodland, extending for miles along both sides of the river provided some of the choicest hunting and trapping for the Fox Indians who had their village just above and opposite the "Y" camp, where Princeton, Iowa, is now located.<sup>59</sup> These Fox, or Mesquaki, were joined with the Sauk into a united nation, and the adventurous, militant members of both would naturally incline toward the ranks of Black Hawk's fighters. Early settlers related that the noted war chief was a frequent visitor up this way, and they also told of Indian cornfields<sup>60</sup> here, which would indicate that some of the Indian villagers had their wigwams on the east side also.

<sup>57</sup> p. 265 Wis. Hist. Colls. XI.

<sup>58</sup> The Camp, named "Camp Hauberg" in honor of donors, established 1928. For many years this spot has been the favorite for picnics, etc.

<sup>59</sup> pp. 9, 11 and 102, Sources of the Mississippi, Pike.

<sup>60</sup> Interviews, by J. H. H. with John Macauley.

During the Black Hawk war period a blockhouse was built, by soldiers from Fort Armstrong,<sup>61</sup> on the river bank, two and a half miles above the "Y" camp, but the only bloodshed recorded was that of an Indian shot and killed by a white settler<sup>62</sup> before the actual beginning of the war. This shooting took place somewhere above the "Y" camp and below the blockhouse. The last named became the nucleus for the village of Cordova, Illinois.

It may be good news to some dubious voyager to know that Lieut. R. E. Lee in his official report says that the course of the channel is "distinctly marked" by the ripples produced by the action of the current against the rocks. He qualifies the statement however, by saying that these marks are destroyed by the wind, and also that they can only be seen by daylight. The writer admits seeing ripples but the interpretation thereof was another matter. We understand that the old time pilot could read the channel in the appearance of the water, but we do not know the A, B, C's of the signs and have suffered accordingly.

The channel today is so well marked by buoys and white-painted signs, called "Day-Marks," which are placed prominently on islands and along the main shore, that there is scarcely any excuse for running into obstructions. The only danger today comes from our habit of disregarding all laws and signs just as we please. Our Uncle Sammy, however, needs no police to see that his river rules as to buoys and marks, are observed. The submerged rock; sand-bar or wing-dam, sits as both court and jury in most cases of violation. The penalties imposed upon our own precious "Catherine" and her crew for disregarding channel markers have been various. We have had to secure a new propellor; a new propellor shaft; to have the bottom of the boat repaired; to improvise a spanish windlass with one end of the line attached to a tree on shore; all hands have had to get out into the water to shove and lift, and sometimes we were merely filled with

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<sup>61</sup> Port Byron Globe, Aug. 4, 1927. Interviews by J. H. H. with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Humphreys.

<sup>62</sup> Interviews by J. H. H.—Dr. John Knox.

dread as we struck something, wondering if anything serious had happened. More than once have we been stopped by a dam when we were on the wrong side of an island—having failed to see the marker.

Let us describe your first offense: You see two markers ahead of you, some distance apart. You assume, naturally, that you know more about this channel than the fellow who placed the marker, and that inasmuch as you must pass the farther one in any event, the proper caper is to take a short cut, straight to it, and save time. The penalty may not be serious—only that of getting out into the water and tearing the muscles of arms and shoulders, trying to do the work of a half dozen strong men, pulling, lifting and pushing to get off a bar. Horrors! What is worst of all, you have lost time.

One learns only through experience that mere time, when on a river trip, is vanity and vexation of spirit. In this world we have standard time; sun time; daylight-saving-time—and river time. The last mentioned is a very elastic commodity.

We had left the Y. M. C. A. camp well toward evening and as we passed Camanche, Ia., we spied Albany, Ill., just ahead. "Here" said we "is where we'll tie up for the night." Just then we noticed a red buoy on the wrong side of the channel; wrong as we at first supposed, but we followed, and hastily consulting our map we found we were at the mouth of Beaver Slough, a short-cut to Clinton, Iowa.

Leaving the main river and following a mere slough is a dubious course, but we had faith in the line of government buoys and found a pleasing passageway, for the banks were quite sociably near, and overhanging trees and vines seemed friendly. It is for this that some prefer the smaller streams, such for instance as Rock river, for the Mississippi may, on occasion, seem distant. It calls for such adjectives as "Big," "wide," "grand," "majestic"—compared with smaller streams. It has the stronger appeal to the imagination; it has capacity for bigger things, and its daily procession of craft, little and big, places it in a class that is different.

Sunset and the high bridge at Clinton, a hearty supper; early to bed on the open deck, a restful sleep and off again



at 4:25 next morning. We were following the example of Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike who passed this way a century and a quarter ago. He made it a practice to travel some distance before breakfast. Our own morning's meal was to be had twenty miles up-stream, at Sabula, Ia., having first to pass under the Lincoln highway bridge at Fulton-Lyons. A few miles above Savannah we stopped to enjoy a fine sand beach and some dunes. Here we found large clam shells, all iridescent inside and out, beautifully polished by the wind-driven sand. We did a few turns at running about and digging in the sand, and were off again for Bellevue, Ia., where a high bluff has been taken over as a State park. Our next city of size was Dubuque. Things had changed here, since the days of Lieut. Pike's exploration of the Upper Mississippi in 1805. On his arrival he was greeted with a salute of cannon, and Mons. Julian Dubuque in person was his most obliging host. Today we see the tower on a high hill-top, which marks Mr. Dubuque's grave. He had come here in 1788, holding a land-grant from the Spanish authorities, but after his death in 1810 the Indians expelled his men, and took charge themselves, of the mining of lead here.

Lead mining was an important industry for Black Hawk's people. Morse's report for 1819-'20 shows that the output for that season amounted to between 400,000 and 500,000 pounds of mineral. Some of this was reduced by a rude manner of smelting, but most of it was sold in its natural state at about two dollars per hundred pounds, and Thomas Forsythe, Indian agent at Fort Armstrong, reported in 1822 that those of the Indians who did not have good horses for the long hunting trips, would come here instead—to the Galena-Dubuque region and dig lead.<sup>63</sup> The market for this product seems to have been at St. Louis, and such it had been before the Revolutionary War. A British expedition down stream to attack General George Rogers Clark, in the spring of 1780, made a raid here and "Stopped 50 tons lead intended for the

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<sup>63</sup> p. 62 Edwards Papers, Edwards-Washburne. Draper MSS at Wis. Hist. Soc. Morse's Report p. 127 of Appendix.



rebels."<sup>64</sup> It would be interesting to know how much, if any, of the lead of this district found its way down the Mississippi, up the Ohio and across the mountains to Washington's army.

The British expedition above referred to met its Waterloo at St. Louis on account of the friendship brought about partly at least by the trade in lead between the Sauk and Fox, and the citizens of Illinois and St. Louis. These Indians had been forced, friends or no friends, to join the British. It was the grandest side-issue, if such it may be called of the Revolutionary war.<sup>65</sup> The stake to be won was the entire Mississippi valley. There was every prospect of success. "You may lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink" is an old saying. It seems to be equally true that you may push a man into a battle, but you can not make him fight—at least the Sauk and Fox would not and did not oppose their friends, and so the irate Lieut. Governor of Canada, in making excuse for their "treachery," wrote as follows: "They have long shared the profits arising from the lead mines and from a commerce with the Illinois."<sup>66</sup> The British official was able to boast that they had "killed sixty-eight, taken eighteen blacks and white people prisoners; had killed hundreds of cattle and brought in forty-three scalps,"<sup>67</sup> but the expedition was a dismal failure. To say that the Sauk and Fox, because of a situation created by these lead mines had saved the Mississippi valley to the young republic is a statement so big with meaning, one fears to utter it lest he make himself ridiculous. But the facts seem to warrant the statement.

An account of the Indian mining industry at the Galena-Dubuque lead region, is given by a white miner who came there in 1823. He wrote as follows: "There were about 500 Indians. Their women were quite industrious miners but the men would not work. They would form an inclined plane where they went deep. I saw one place where they dug forty-five feet deep. Their manner of doing it was by drawing the mineral dirt and rock in what they called a *mocock* a kind of

<sup>64</sup> p. 151 Wis. Hist. Colls. XI.

<sup>65</sup> p. 31, Journal, Ill. Hist. Soc. Vol. XIX, J. A. James.

<sup>66</sup> p. 559 Mich. Pioneer Colls. Vol. IX. p. 155 et seq. Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. XI.

<sup>67</sup> p. 154, 156 and 159, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. XI.

basket made of birch bark, or dry hide of buckskin, to which they attached a rope made of rawhide. Their tools were a hoe made for the Indian trade, an axe, and a crowbar made of an old gun barrel flattened at the breech, which they used for removing the rock. Their mode of blasting was rather tedious, to be sure; they got dry wood, kindled a fire along the rock as far as they wished to break it. After getting the rock hot, they poured cold water upon it which so cracked it that they could pry it up.<sup>68</sup> The Indian women proved themselves the best as well as the shrewdest miners. While Col. Johnson's men were sinking their holes or shafts, in some instances the squaws would drift under them and take out all the mineral or ore they could find. When the men got down into the drift made by the women, the latter would have a hearty laugh at the white men's expense."

No Indian has ever been able to keep his white brother from taking what he wanted treaty or no treaty, for the white man had the U. S. Army back of him. In fact, when one of the prominent mining operators planned to begin work at Fever river, in 1822, he first secured an order from the Secretary of War, commanding troops to be detailed from Fort Armstrong, Fort Edwards and Fort Crawford to protect him. "The Sauk and Fox Indians had determined to resist their (the miners') landing, but found that resistance would be in vain from the demonstration made by the government troops"—so says the record.<sup>69</sup>

As early as 1828, it was reported, there were "Nearly ten thousand persons engaged in labor and speculation, and that the population had increased with astonishing rapidity during the last four years and in all probability will so continue." As late as 1840 this lead district was still the most prominent point of the Upper Mississippi and a bill was under consideration in Congress to authorize the building of a canal to connect Rock river with the Mississippi by a canal extending from Milan on the Mississippi to Sugar Tree Point, on Rock river,

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<sup>68</sup> p. 281, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. VI.

<sup>69</sup> pp. 272-3 Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. VI. This is an interesting Chapter on "Early History of the Lead Region" by Dr. Moses Meeker.

which in present-day terms means, Hampton to Carbon Cliff, and by this proposed route was the "inexhaustible supply of coal" from Rock river to be taken to Galena<sup>70</sup>-Dubuque to be used in the smelting furnaces there. The district is to this day yielding lead and zinc in quantities.

In spite of the white invasion the Sauk and Fox were able to retain some of these mining lands and as late as 1829, Black Hawk conferred with his political rival, Keokuk, with a view to turning them over to the authorities in return for which they were to be permitted to retain their old-time village and cornfields<sup>71</sup> at the mouth of Rock river, but it was all to no avail. They tell of the boy who was asked whether he would have pie or ice cream. He replied he would take both. So it was with the white man. He preferred both mines and fields. Both were worth fighting for if necessary. The mines and lead market were already developed to a degree, and the Indian cornfields with their mellow soil were much preferred by the white settlers over that of the tough prairie sod, and so Black Hawk and his people were elected to move on, and leave both behind.

Hard as was their lot, Black Hawk and his people would have enjoyed a laugh over the following anecdote, told of the lead miners at Galena, by one of the "Old Timers" there, as follows:

"Sometime in 1832, during the Black Hawk war a company of volunteers under the command of Col. Strode were encamped on the hill back of the town. The Colonel got the idea in his head that the Galenians were becoming too careless about danger from the Indians, so he concluded he would give them a scare, and along about midnight loud firing of musketry and cannon were heard. The cry was raised 'The Indians! The Indians are upon us!' Men, women and children were awakened from their slumbers and rushed in their night clothes, pell mell for the blockhouse that stood near the intersection of Bench and Diagonal Streets. Some were seen pray-

<sup>70</sup> 21st Congress, Bill No. 242. Also see 26th Congress, 1st Session, Senate Documents 293, Vol. 359 in Ames Series.

<sup>71</sup> p. 76 B. H. Autobiog.



ing. All rushed into the small blockhouse so that there was hardly standing room for them. They passed a most miserable night, as I have been told by those who were cooped up there. In the morning there was some tall swearing when it was ascertained that it was a false alarm, and further, that there were no Indians within one hundred miles of Galena. No one of the company up on the hill would own up as to how the alarm started.<sup>72</sup>

We often hear it said that our cities are so much alike. That while God made beautiful nature, man made the unlovely city, and that when you have seen one city you have seen them all. The two lead-mine cities, Galena and Dubuque are not just like other cities of their size. Galena, on her steep hill-sides, is like a mountain town. Her streets, like terraces cross the face of the hills, and are lined with interesting old houses. The General U. S. Grant residence is as they left it when the family moved to the White House at Washington.<sup>73</sup> It is a shrine to be visited, and at the Federal building is to be found the famous painting by Nast, showing the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox. We who love the great river recall with pride that both these heroic men served their country on the Mississippi.

Fever river, an arm of the Mississippi, used to provide a steamboat channel into the heart of the city of Galena, but it has become "Silted up" as a native told us, so that today in ordinary low water it is not navigable even for a row boat.

At Dubuque one does not tie up at the river front as at most river towns but we enter a distinct harbor where we find a variety of steamboats and other river crafts, safe within land-locked water. Then for a view of the city and its setting, we take the Fourth Street inclined railway. It is like the one at Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, except it is not so high. We are drawn up by cable; the seats rise one behind the other like a stairway, and you occupy the time wondering how far the car would go were the cable to break, and how much would

<sup>72</sup> p. 18, *Sixty Years on the Upper Mississippi*, by S. W. McMasters.

<sup>73</sup> p. 409 et seq. *Journal*, Ill. Hist. Soc. Vol. XXI—An interesting article on Galena—Gen. Grant, etc., by Florence Gratiot Bale.



be left of the car and yourself, should such wildly thrilling episode take place.

At Dubuque too, is a completed Federal Barge Terminal, "Esculator" and all, of the Inland Waterways Corporation. This corporation is the present day Moses which is leading the Mississippi valley people back to their water courses, for transportation of all kinds of commodities. Back of the corporation is the powerful, enthusiastic Mississippi Valley Association, and back of this is Congress with appropriations and subsidies, for the venture needs outside help at least until it becomes well developed. The argument is that the Panama Canal helped the east and west coast at the expense of the Mississippi valley trade, and that only by supplying the cheaper water transportation through the great valley district can the benefit be equalized.

From Eagle Point, one of the parks of Dubuque, we have a view of three states, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. As we proceed, bluffs become noticeably higher and rock cliffs more frequent.

Cassville sits humbly by the river and dreams of her once great purpose to be the capital city of Wisconsin—but they passed her by and selected a city more centrally located. To the crew of the "Catherine" however, she still is queen in her own right, for here we stop for the wherewithal which enables us to continue on up the river, namely pork chops and gasoline, vulgarly common, but priceless as precious stones. While seated about the festive board at the short-order emporium, over our chops and American fried, we celebrated the birthday of the junior member of our crew by presenting him with gifts purchased at the various stopping places of our trip—necktie, fountain pen, ruler, etc., and were eagerly on our way again, for we were to climb Pike's Peak today, take a lot of pictures, and explore the pictured rocks, where one finds sandstone in various shades of red, brown, yellow, pink and white. You may purchase some of it at McGregor, a town just above Pike's Peak, where a local genius has drawn pictures inside of bottles, using the natural colored sand, with good effect.

Pike's Peak, one hundred fifty miles above Rock Island rears its head several hundred feet above the river. It is a bold, forest clad bluff, taking its name from Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike who stopped here in 1805 on his tour of exploration of the upper Mississippi. No one has done his full duty to an upper river cruise who has failed to climb the steep shoulder of the hill; first over the bottom outcropping of limestone, then the broad "Pictured Rock" formation of sandstone and finally the limestone top-rock.

From the top of Pike's Peak is to be had a view of rare beauty—river, sloughs, and islands. At the middle background lies Prairie du Chien, and at its right, and just opposite Pike's Peak is the mouth of the Wisconsin river—and on the left bank of the Wisconsin, is a state park.

The Wisconsin beckons, for we know and have seen its pine forests, and dells, famous the country over for scenery. Near Sauk City on the Wisconsin occurred one of the battles of the Black Hawk War, when the famous War Chief in person, staged a rear guard action in order to gain time for his main force, including the women and children, to cross the river. It is known as the battle of Wisconsin Heights. So proud was Black Hawk of his success here, we will copy what he had to say of it in his autobiography, as follows: "In this skirmish with fifty braves I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under—and whatever may be the sentiments of the white people in regard to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it."<sup>74</sup>

At the time of the battle of Wisconsin Heights, Black Hawk's followers were desperate in the extreme, from hunger, exposure and fatigue. Their only hope lay in crossing the Mississippi and rejoining their peaceable relatives, escaping

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<sup>74</sup> p. 112, Black Hawk Autobiography.

further pursuit. For some time they had been forced to dig roots, and bark trees to obtain something to satisfy hunger and keep them alive, for both game and fish were scarce, and being far up in the wilderness their former practice of foraging and raiding the settlements could no longer be carried on. Evidently it had become a case of each man for himself, and now that the soldiers were upon them it is not surprising that some of the Indians deserted the main party. Black Hawk says of them:

"I had no objection to their leaving me as my people were all in a desperate condition, being worn out with travelling and starving with hunger. But few of this party escaped. Unfortunately for them, a party of soldiers from Prairie du Chien were stationed on the Wisconsin a short distance from its mouth, who fired upon our distressed people. Some were killed, others were drowned, several taken prisoners, and the balance escaped to the woods and perished with hunger. Among this party were a great many women and children."<sup>75</sup> The few who escaped would doubtless qualify as among the most miserable creatures ever seen about the mouth of the Wisconsin.

Some years ago the writer visited the aged widow of Moses Keokuk, at the Sac and Fox Agency, in Oklahoma. She was but a small child at the time of the battle of Wisconsin Heights, but she remembered that on that day her mother carried her on her back as she swam the river. Her mother, said she, had hold of a pony's tail as they swam. The pony was caught in an eddy and was drowned, but the mother and child were saved by a brother of the former. Mrs. Keokuk was doubtless the last living member of Black Hawk's party of that day.<sup>76</sup>

The mouth of the Wisconsin, like a Cornucopia pours forth a bountiful supply—of material for the historian. No

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<sup>75</sup> pp. 111 and 113, B. H. Autobiog. p. 375, Illinois Historical and Statistical—by Moses.

<sup>76</sup> For an account of Mrs. Keokuk see p. 355-6, Kansas State Hist. Soc. Vol. XI. For portrait of Mrs. Keokuk, taken by the writer at time of visit, see p. 48, Black Hawk's Watch Tower, 1927, by J. H. Hauberg.

tributary of the upper Mississippi has more. None surpasses it in native beauty.

The "Catherine" has brought her crew safely to *Prairie du Chien*. The town appears to be scattered all over the country, lying at the feet of the rock-crowned bluffs, with one frayed end extending to the bank of the Mississippi. The place fairly radiates history—to the historian. An apparently ancient white man's burying ground lies at its upper border; the ruins of Fort Crawford and another old cemetery are well to the lower edge of town; traditions of the Col. Zachary Taylor family and other notables abound; business signs carry French names known in Revolutionary War history; we are told that French is still spoken as the household language of some of her citizens; the big Douseman House carries the appearance of oldtime dignity, and the people of today seem to be alive to the fact that old *Prairie du Chien* is truly a document of historical importance. It was the northern metropolis, as St. Louis was the southern big city to the Sauk and Fox. Up to the time that Black Hawk was in his fiftieth year, *Prairie du Chien* remained a point of British influence, while St. Louis had become American. Both during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 the Sauk and Fox were divided in sentiment. Some of them, in both wars, enlisted in the British cause. Black Hawk and his warriors became known to history as the "British Band," and *Prairie du Chien* during the latter part of the war was their headquarters. Into this sanctuary came Governor William Clark, of St. Louis, in May of 1814, and built Fort Shelby. It was about as daring a stroke as his elder brother, George Rogers Clark, ever executed, for thousands of Indians up this way were partial to the British. Clark soon left for St. Louis, leaving a small garrison in charge of the new fort.

In our mind's eye—or in this case, our mind's ear, we hear the booming of cannon. In three hours' time the British alone have awakened the echoes of *Prairie du Chien* with eighty-six rounds, "With surprising good effect" as the British report has it. Their target is the American gunboat, the "Governor Clark"—Capt. John Yeiser in command, and the





PRAIRIE DU CHIEN



British count two-thirds of their shots as having torn their way thru the wooden sides of the gunboat. Meanwhile the guns of the "Governor Clark" are replying as best they can. Then finding that their boat is taking water badly, they cut the lines and drift down stream, under an island, out of reach of the enemy, where they stop to repair the boat.<sup>77</sup> Our plains soldiers, when fighting dismounted, were always in dread of the Indians stampeding their horses, in which case the men would be at the mercy of the Redskins. In Yeiser's case, should the enemy sink his boat, all would soon be over with his crew. Prairie du Chien is entirely too hot a place for Yeiser, so he does not trouble to renew the argument with the Britons there, but continues on down the river. This is July 17th. The night of the 18th will find his big gunboat anchored at the head of the rapids, at or near the villages of Port Byron-LeClaire, where his skirmishes with Capt. Grignon of the Prairie, and with Black Hawk's warriors will take place, on the morrow.

The second day after Yeiser's disappearance from the Prairie, Capt. Jos. Perkins, who has been defending Fort Shelby, hoists the white flag. The British were at the moment heating iron cannon balls to red-hot, with the idea of setting the American fort on fire. They would probably succeed, in which case swarms of unmanageable Indians, thirsting for blood, would make short work of the bold American soldier boys. So well did the British officers realize this, and so well did they prove the saying that "Blood is thicker than water," that they merely disarmed their white brethren and advised them to remain in the fort where the Indians could not get to them. And to their credit be it said, they provided a guard, as they sent them home-ward, all the way down to Rock river, so the Indians would not slaughter unarmed men. The British would have kept the Americans as prisoners of war but they had no food for them. It was trouble enough to feed their Indian allies.<sup>78</sup>

The day of the hoisting of the white flag over Fort Shelby

<sup>77</sup> p. 264 Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. XI.

<sup>78</sup> 265 and 268, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. XI.

was the very time also, that saw the bloody conflict in operation at Campbell's Island and at the head of the rapids.

We will present another war scene at Prairie du Chien. The time is six weeks after the above episode. Word had come to the Prairie that an American war fleet was on its way up, and that their destination was Rock river, to rout Black Hawk and his people. The British officer kept a diary, and for Sunday, August 28th, 1814, he wrote, among other things, these words: "Fifty Sioux of the Feuille band, with forty-five Reynards, left this place at two o'clock, singing the war song; and at six, about sixteen Puants arrived from above, debarked at the upper end of the village, and walked down to the lower end, singing the war song, then immediately embarked and went off." All these were headed for Rock river where they would take part in the Credit Island battle, against Maj. Zachary Taylor. The British officer continues: "I am persuaded the forces—against the Americans at Credit Island—will reach from twelve to fifteen hundred men."<sup>79</sup> We have already mentioned that the battle at Credit Island was a great day for Black Hawk. His only disappointment was that Maj. Taylor was too easily defeated. He would like to have seen more fighting.

Again the curtain rises at Prairie du Chien, and this time Black Hawk holds the stage. The Indians did not write their speeches nor their contracts, or agreements. A string or belt of wampum was a reminder of what took place—what was agreed upon. Like with the white man there was formality which must be observed. On this occasion not only the words of Black Hawk's speech are recorded but also the ceremony observed by him during its delivery. We will copy the procedure in full, as follows:

"Speech of L'Epervier, or Sparrow Hawk, better known as Black Hawk, principal war chief of the Sauks, delivered before peace was known, at Prairie du Chien, April 18th, 1815, and taken down by Capt. T. G. Anderson:

"My Father!—I am pleased to hear you speak as you

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<sup>79</sup> p. 221 Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. IX.



have done. I have been sent by our chiefs to ask for a large gun (cannon), to place in our village. The Big Knives are so treacherous, we are afraid that they may come up to deceive us. By having one of your large guns in our village, we will live in safety; our women will then be able to plant corn, and hoe the ground unmolested, and our young men will be able to hunt for their families without dread of the Big Knives.

Taking the war-belt in his hand, and advancing a little, he continued:

“My Father!—You see this belt. When my Great Father at Quebec gave it to me to be on terms of friendship with all his Red Children, to form but one body, to preserve our lands, and to make war against the Big Knives, who want to destroy us all, My Great Father said: ‘Take courage, my children, hold tight your war club, and destroy the Big Knives as much as you can. If the Master of Life favors us, you shall again find your lands as they formerly were. Your lands shall again become green, the trees green—the water green, and the sky blue. When your lands change color, you shall also change.’ This, my Father, is the reason why we Sauks hold the war club tight in our hands, and will not let it go.

“My Father!—I now see the time is drawing near when we shall all change color; but, my Father, our lands have not yet changed color—they are red—the water is red with our blood, and the sky is cloudy. I have fought the Big Knives, and will continue to fight them until they retire from our lands. Till then, then, my Father, your Red Children cannot be happy.”

Then laying his tomahawk down before him he continued:

“My Father!—I show you this war club to convince you that we Sauks have not forgotten the words of our Great Father at Quebec. You see, my Father, that the club which you gave me is still red and that we continue to hold it fast. For what did you put it in my hands?

“My Father!—When I lately came from war, and killed six of the enemy, I promised my warriors that I would get something for them from my Father, the Red Head; but as he

is not here, and you fill his place, I beg of you, my Father, to let me have something to take back to them.

“My Father!—I hope you will agree to what I ask, and not allow me to return to my warriors empty-handed, shamed, and with a heavy heart.”<sup>80</sup>

Our next, at *Prairie du Chien*, is not a happy occasion for the *Sauk War Chief*. There had been too many British Indians on the Upper Mississippi for any American success, but in other parts of the country the Americans had fared better. At *Plattsburg, N. Y.*, a strong invading army had been conquered. At *Baltimore*, the enemy which had burned *Washington*, was defeated, leaving only the formidable army of *Britons*, which was due to capture the lower Mississippi. On they had come, so full of confidence, they had brought civil officials with them to govern the conquered territory.<sup>81</sup> but “*Old Hickory*” *General Jackson* met them at *New Orleans*. The *Peace Treaty* had not yet been ratified, but when *Gen. Jackson* had finished, all concerned were persuaded the war was over. Now to return to *Prairie du Chien*, with *Black Hawk*. The British officer writes as follows:

“All was now quiet until the latter end of May, 1815, when we received news of peace, and orders to evacuate the post, and return with all haste to *Mackinaw*. *Capt. Bulger* who was heartily tired of the secluded situation was off within two hours, leaving me to settle the accounts, and bring away the volunteers. At twelve o'clock the next day, all was in readiness, and I was about getting on board, when a batteau full of *Sauk Indians*, with *Black Hawk* at their head, was seen coming up the river, and near at hand. After landing and the usual formal smoke, I informed them of the conclusion of peace, and that they must now bury their war clubs, and be good friends with the *Big Knives—Americans*. The whole-hearted man and unflinching warrior, *Black Hawk*, cried like a child, saying ‘*Our Great Mother, Great Britain, has thus concluded and further talk is useless.*’ I gave them some ammu-

<sup>80</sup> p. 278 *Wis. Hist. Colls. IX.*

<sup>81</sup> p. 18, *The Battle of New Orleans*, by *Stanley Clisby Arthur*.

dition, provisions, with a hearty shake of the hand, and we parted sorrowfully."<sup>82</sup>

We are not writing a history of Prairie du Chien but are gleaning out of the wealth of historic interest, here, a few items affecting the Sauk and Fox and their widely heralded war chief, Black Hawk. On a certain day of August, 1825, there were present here, at a great treaty, a throng of five thousand Indians. It was a great school, if you please, and the subjects were geography, and peace among nations. Like a present-day league of nations, they were defining boundaries and trying to iron out differences to prevent war.

Indian nations had their statesmen and their generals, and these together with the rank and file were present. The United States had as its representatives Governor Lewis Cass of Michigan—at this time Wisconsin was part of the State of Michigan, and Governor William Clark of Missouri who was a younger brother of the Revolutionary War hero, George Rogers Clark. Gov. Clark had won fame in his own right as the associate of Meriwether Lewis, in the Lewis & Clark expedition to the northwest. He had been at Prairie du Chien before. In fact he had come up in May, 1814, and directed the building of Fort Shelby, mentioned above, and had had a taste of Sauk and Fox hostility to the U. S. as he was passing Rock Island, where he had made prisoners of some of them in the course of their attack upon his fleet.

The preamble of the Great Treaty sets forth the object of this most picturesque assemblage, as follows:

“ The United States of America have seen with much regret, that wars have for many years been carried on between the Sioux and Chippewas, and more recently between the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux, and also between the Ioways and Sioux; which if not terminated, may extend to the other tribes, and involve the Indians upon the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the lakes in general hostilities. In order, therefore, to promote peace among these tribes, and to establish boundaries among them and other tribes, who live

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<sup>82</sup> p. 201, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. IX.

in their vicinity, and thereby to remove all causes of future difficulty, the United States have invited the Chippewa, Sac, and Fox, Menominee, Ioway, Sioux, Winnebago, and a portion of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Potawatomie Tribes living upon the Illinois, to assemble together, and in a spirit of mutual conciliation to accomplish these objects." Etc.<sup>83</sup>

This was a great field for the artist also. Present, among others, was J. O. Lewis, artist, who painted the treaty scene on the spot,<sup>84</sup> together with many of its prominent signatories of native blood. Another keen observer present was Henry R. Schoolcraft, one of the best authorities on Indian affairs of the old Northwest. He has left for us a word-picture of the various tribal representatives, including the Iowas, the Sauk and Fox, which give us a good idea of the appearance of the warriors of these tribes. The Iowas were friends of the Sauk and Fox and lived within their boundaries in the present State of Iowa.

Describing the appearance of the various groups in attendance at the great treaty, he continues:

"But no tribe attracted so intense a degree of interest as the Iowas and the Sacs and Foxes, tribes of radically diverse languages, yet united in a league against the Sioux. These tribes were encamped on the island or opposite coast. They came to the treaty ground armed and dressed as a war party. They were all armed with spears, clubs, guns, and knives. Many of the warriors had a long tuft of red horse hair tied to their elbows and bore a necklace of grizzly bears' claws. Their head-dress consisted of red dyed horsehair, tied in such a manner to the scalp-locks to present the shape of the decoration of a Roman helmet. The rest of the head was completely shaved and painted. A long ironshod lance was carried in the hand. A species of baldrick supported part of their arms. The azian, moccasin, and leggings constituted part of their arms. They were indeed nearly nude and painted. Often, the print of a hand in white clay, marked the back or shoulders.

<sup>83</sup> p. 250 et seqor, *Laws and Treaties*, Vol. 2, Kappler.

<sup>84</sup> The *Aboriginal Portfolio*, by J. O. Lewis, contains a picture showing the Treaty.



They bore flags of feathers. They beat drums. They uttered yells at definite points. They landed in compact ranks. They looked the very spirit of defiance. Their leader stood as a prince, majestic and frowning. The wild native pride of man, in the savage state, flushed by success in war and confident in the strength of his arm was never so fully depicted to my eyes. And the forest tribes of the continent may be challenged to have ever presented a spectacle of bold daring and martial prowess equal to their landing."<sup>85</sup>

Black Hawk did not sign this treaty. In fact, he never signed a treaty except by special request—of the military authorities—once, at St. Louis, after the War of 1812-'14 was ended, promising peace, and once at Fort Armstrong, promising to remain on the west side of the Mississippi.

When we last mentioned Zachary Taylor, he was an officer in the U. S. Regulars with the rank of Major, and was fleeing from Credit Island, with Black Hawk and anywhere from a thousand to four thousand Indians after him. Now he has been promoted to a Colonelcy, and is at Prairie du Chien, giving the finishing touches to Fort Crawford. The year is 1832. Black Hawk is on the war path once more; Col. Taylor is called to Rock Island, and his home life with wife, three charming daughters and a son, is interrupted. A young Lieutenant, Jefferson Davis, has lost his heart to one of the daughters, Miss Sarah Knox Taylor,<sup>86</sup> but father objects to their marriage. There is a tradition that the young Lieutenant courted Miss Davis at the Col. Davenport House in Rock Island.<sup>87</sup> In all probability the Colonel did bring his family down to Fort Armstrong for greater safety. Col. Taylor commanded the expedition in flat-boats up Rock river,<sup>88</sup> and continued upon the trail of Black Hawk to the end of the war, with his prospective son-in-law faithfully by his side. Lieut. Davis was a graduate of West Point and saw his first fighting at Wisconsin Heights where he greatly admired Black Hawk's tactics. He said of it: "It was the most brilliant exhibition

<sup>85</sup> pp. 215-6, *Thirty Years with Indian Tribes*, by Henry R. Schoolcraft.

<sup>86</sup> p. 93, *Life of Jefferson Davis*, by his wife.

<sup>87</sup> p. 621, *Sauks and the Black Hawk War*, by P. A. Armstrong.

<sup>88</sup> p. 126, *Black Hawk War* by F. E. Stevens.

of military tactics that I ever witnessed. Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."

Abraham Lincon had gone into the war as a captain. His company had soon vanished and Lincoln himself had withdrawn from the army eleven days before the Battle of Wisconsin Heights. No doubt he believed that as Black Hawk was retreating farther and farther into the northern wilderness, the pursuit was too much like trying to find a needle in the haystack, so he turned his face homeward, but his future opponent, Jefferson Davis, kept doggedly on the trail. He had set his heart to two definite conquests. One was Black Hawk—the other was the heart of his Colonel. In due time, the Sauk War Chief was literally in Lieut. Davis' hands, a prisoner of war. Now for the Colonel and his consent to a wedding! But old "Rough and Ready" was as adamant. Then Miss Sarah herself stormed the citadel of her father's affections, reminding him that she and Lieutenant Davis had already waited for his consent for two long years. It was useless. No consent was to be had, so of course there was nothing the young folks could do—except marry without father's blessing, which they did—but not by elopement,<sup>89</sup> though it is rude to cast reflections upon a tradition which exists here at Prairie du Chien where the truth of the elopement is proved by pointing out the very window, by which the lady love left the paternal roof.

While on the subject of Lieutenant Davis' dogged persistence, we will recall that during the '50's, while he was Secretary of War, he made use of his opportunity to save the beautiful island of Rock Island for a Government military reservation. Very determined efforts were made by landseekers and manufacturers to acquire parts of the island, to all of which the Secretary of War said an emphatic NO. The Rock Island railway officials begged of him to grant them right of way across the island, saying the road on both sides of the Mississippi had been completed and a bridge was being built

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<sup>89</sup> p. 161, *Life of Jefferson Davis*, by his Wife.

to the island, but he said NO. Then one Mr. Thales Lindsley, thinking he knew a soft spot in Secretary Davis' heart, proposed to build on the island, a great national and state university, to be a MILITARY and civil institute. The word MILITARY certainly would have favorable consideration, and there were to be one hundred courses of study, a hundred professors, several hundred adjunct professors besides tutors and teachers. But the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, said NO.<sup>90</sup> At the close of the World War, with the great German works at Essen closed, it was asserted that Rock Island Arsenal was the world's greatest Arsenal.<sup>91</sup> Thanks largely to Mr. Davis, for preserving the island for the government.

But we were speaking of Prairie du Chien and its wealth of history. Let us indulge another scene before resuming our cruise up the river:

The Black Hawk war closed with the battle of the Bad Axe three weeks ago. Now the Sauk War Chief is a prisoner of war and is turned over to the custody, for the present, of General J.M. Street,<sup>92</sup> Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien. Black Hawk does not know what will be done with him. He has known of instances where one who killed another was hanged by the neck like a dog; he has known of a murderer having to face a firing squad; among his own people a captive was sometimes put to death by torture. He is conscious that he has been the cause, not of the death of one or two persons, but of scores of white men and women. The most devilish kind of death a white man can invent will probably be his portion. He knows not, nor does he care, but while the opportunity is good, he will tell the officer what he thinks of the white men. It will be some satisfaction at least. Then they may do with him as they please. At the beginning of his speech he is calm and self-possessed. He says:

"You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to

<sup>90</sup> pp. 59 and 66, *History Rock Island Arsenal*, by Flagler.

<sup>91</sup> See *War's Greatest Workshop*, 1922, by Arsenal Pub. Co.

<sup>92</sup> On August 27, 1832, p. 171, *Great Ind. Chiefs*, etc., and *Black Hawk*.—Conclin.



hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered." "Your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air and whizzed by our ears like the wind thru the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me. It began to look dismal. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian."

The fallen chief continues in this vein a short time, and then warming up to his subject, he pays his respects in a torrent of words that burn with a scorn and loathing:

"An Indian who is as bad as the white man could not live in our nation; HE would be put to death and eat up by the wolves."

"The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives."

"We told them to let us alone and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths; and they coiled themselves among us like the snake."

"They poisoned us by their touch."

"We were not safe."

"We lived in danger."

"We were becoming like them; hypocrites and liars, adulterers; lazy drones; all talkers and no workers."

Now that he has had an outlet to his pent-up emotions, he once more becomes calm. He looks back over the dismal past, and then to the hereafter. He says:

"We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. We called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war



whoop and dug up the tomahawk. Our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him and commend him."<sup>93</sup>

And thus we are assured, we who conquered the War Chief and his people, that there was nothing the white man could have done, no pain or torture inflicted, that would have made any difference to this son of the forest. He was ready for anything. Ready and waiting.

There used to be a large tree which stood in the center of the public highway, leading from the heart of the city of Prairie du Chien, east to the bluff. The tree forked near the ground and when we first saw it, several years ago, one of the forks had already fallen to the ground from age and decay. The other half, though still standing, was partly dead. There was a tradition that Black Hawk had once found safety in this tree from his pursuers.

Our first knowledge of this tree was in 1917, when a gentleman of DeSoto, Wisconsin, told us about it. We photographed it at that time. Again in 1921 when the Black Hawk Hiking Club of Rock river community visited the place, we again took pictures of it. On the last named visit we tested local knowledge of the tradition by inquiring of a company of laborers nearby if there were not such a tree somewhere about Prairie du Chien? "Yes," was the instant reply, "That's it right there"—pointing to it.

On our 1927 cruise to this place we amused ourselves asking various citizens if they could tell us anything about it. Our questions were about as follows: "Isn't there a tree somewhere around here that had some connection with Black Hawk?" Every person asked seemed pleased to see our interest, and proceeded to give us the story. Our first informant said, "Black Hawk was hanged in that tree." The second said, "He was shot there." "Yes," said he on further questioning, "It was during the Black Hawk war that he was shot

<sup>93</sup>p. 657, *Indians of North America*, Samuel G. Drake. The speech is given also in *Black Hawk's Watch Tower*, 1927, by J. H. Hauberg, at page 75.

and killed there." The third told us confidently that the War Chief at the time was a prisoner at the fort, and while a guard was escorting him about for exercise he broke away and ran to the tree and hid in it three days and nights. Story number four was as follows: "Black Hawk was mounted on a horse and was being pursued by the soldiers. He rode his horse over nearby precipice; the horse's neck was broken, but Black Hawk was unhurt and ran to this tree and hid in it." Story number five was a bit disconcerting, as follows: "Yes, but Black Hawk never saw that tree. They teach in the schools here that he hid in that tree but I don't believe it." Story number six was scarcely any better than number five: "Old Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ lived to be over eighty years of age. He said he knew that old box elder tree from the time it was a sapling, and that it could not have been strong enough in Black Hawk's time to bear a man's weight."

After the second variation noted above we added another question: "What kind of a tree was it?" Thus we added to our store of knowledge by being told it was an oak, an elm, a cottonwood, a box elder.

On one point, at least, all agreed. That was the location and identity of the tree in question, and the belief was general that Black Hawk once hid in it.

The Washington elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts, dropped to the ground of its own weight, in October, 1923. It had become old and decayed. So it was with the Black Hawk tree at Prairie du Chien. When the highway was paved the exact location of the tree was marked at the center of the pavement. The local chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution had the trunk and large branches of the old tree taken to the ruins of Fort Crawford, which that Society owns, and after securing the proper consent of the officials, we hied ourselves to the Fort to secure a piece of the old tree. But alas! A grass fire had run over the premises, setting fire to the wood and almost all of it had gone up in smoke. We secured a couple of pieces of charred remains, and returning to the D. A. R. official with them, notified her that the little we had taken represented about one third of all that had escaped

the fire. The proprietor of a tourist camp near the site of the old tree, had saved parts of a large branch, a small section of which we were able to secure from him.

On this year's cruise we were further enlightened by an elderly gentleman who told us that there used to be a slough running all the way here from the Wisconsin river and that the real facts of the case were that Black Hawk had paddled his canoe up this slough to the tree and then had secreted himself in its branches.

Thus the variations of the same old story go on, and now that the tree itself is gone the stories will doubtless expand; the size of the tree will increase; and some day, someone will write a book about it. Let us add our personal testimony. It was a cottonwood.

On our way up, we spent a night at McGregor, Iowa, which is directly opposite Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, yet they are about four miles apart because of the maze of sloughs and islands which broaden the Mississippi basin here. In spite of all this, each has its own fine steamboat channel, marked as everywhere else, with buoys.

McGregor is another river town which is different. It appears at the water's edge and extends back in a deep hollow between high wooded hills. Close behind some of the business blocks one finds a high precipice, often with a large cavern at its base which is being used as storeroom. There are many summer cottages and we found pleasure boats here in apparently greater number and variety than elsewhere. We attended church here, for it was Sunday, and had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Dr. Bennett, who is one of the leaders in the promotion of the annual Wild Life School at this point. The school is held in the summer vacation time and its students divide the time between book and lecture work and field trips.

We will continue on our way up to where the river runs red with the blood of Black Hawk's people—at least so in our mind's eye. There is a pull to the heart strings when one knows that here a once proud nation was all but exterminated,



their one great fault being that they loved their homeland too well.<sup>94</sup>

On our way up this morning we met the "Elinor" and the "General Allen," steamboats which are a part of the U. S. Engineers' fleet. They were engaged in towing barge loads of material for building rip rap and wing dams for the improvement of navigation. Farther down, we had passed the "Le-Claire" and the "Ruth," also of the Engineers' fleet. Along the banks and islands where work was being done we would see the Quarter Boats, neatly white painted, used as living quarters for the scores of men on government work. In addition to steamboats, quarter boats, drill boats and numerous barges, one finds interest in the high powered motor boats used by government officials as they go from place to place to inspect or to supervise the work.

The work for improvement of navigation is under the War Department, and published reports show that the sum of \$452,270,217.00 has already been spent in this effort. It should be explained, however, that this amount was not spent on the Mississippi alone, but on the "Mississippi River System" of waterways, including more than seventy projects, and covering a total length of 13,391 miles.<sup>95</sup>

THIRTEEN THOUSAND MILES of inland waterways? And all in what is known as the Mississippi river system. Here is food for thought for the pleasure-seeker as well as for the business man. For there is great wealth of variety of scenery to be visited by boat. Besides, there is connected with the Mississippi system, that of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence waterway, via Rock river-Hennepin Canal-Illinois river-Chicago Drainage canal.

At Lynxville, Wisconsin, we found a fish hatchery and here too, we came upon another type of government work; that of making a topographical survey of the river. We found a friendly crew of young men engaged in this project. Their equipment included a houseboat for living quarters and a speedy motor-boat used at their work.

<sup>94</sup> p. 414, History of Ill.—Davidson and Stuve. p. 83-4 Black Hawk Autobiog. "For this spot I felt a sacred reverence."

<sup>95</sup> See "Statement of Purposes, etc." Mississippi Valley Assn. 1928, St. Louis, Mo.



Still another branch of a national undertaking appearing in this morning's procession was the powerful new steamer, the "S. S. Thorpe," engaged in the service of the Inland Waterways Corporation, which dove-tails into the river improvement program mentioned above and which is to bring our navigable streams back to their own as regards commerce. The tow-boats are of unusual power and their paddle wheels churn the river to its depth as they pass rapidly along. They push their fleet of barges before them. The latter have a capacity up here of 500 tons per barge, while on the lower Mississippi the barges are of a capacity of 2,000 tons each. The use of modern power machinery at the barge terminals is expected to take the place of the old-time roustabout, whose board and wages would absorb almost any amount of hoped-for profit, for it took swarms of him to handle the freight.

To one engaged in a pleasure trip, the subject of pleasure boats comes in for special notice. Having lunched at Lansing, Iowa, we were plodding along comfortably when around a bend ahead came a good sized boat which looked "different." It proved to be the beautifully appointed pleasure craft of the Brothers Mayo, the famous surgeons of Rochester, Minnesota. She has a shaped hull, pointed bow and square stern, using a propellor instead of the old paddle-wheel. In short she appears to be an enlarged edition of the small, high grade motor boats, used everywhere now, from coast to coast, and which appear to have become as much standardized as to shape, as the automobile.

At the windows in the cabin could be seen a happy party, in clothes immaculate. They appeared not to condescend to notice our precious "Catherine" which, like their own, was carrying a pleasure party. But our crew was making a special appeal to the great-out-of-doors and may have been lacking in the appearance of gentility. Hatless and shirtless, our boys craved a tan and weathering which would serve notice to the world that they had had a real outing. Doubtless the rival boats were alike in that each was giving the utmost of pleasure to its passengers.

One will find on the Upper Mississippi almost every kind of a pleasure boat that will travel in six feet of water. For six feet is the depth at which the channel is maintained. Motor boats there are in great variety, including an occasional mahogany hull with finest marine motor; houseboats with home comforts, some with motor and some which rely on an outside motorized boat for propulsion; canoes of various makes; rarely a sail boat; racing, and other models driven by outboard motors; and rowboats, home-made and of factory production. Last year the boys of Camp Hauberg at Port Byron, made an eighteen foot boat, installed a one-lung engine, and with this outfit cruised a range of about a hundred miles of the river.

The fisher and clammer are a world unto themselves. We saw a hundred or more of their outfits, using boats of 16 or more feet in length. They no longer bend their backs to the oars but almost without exception the clammer has a well motorized boat—often an old automobile engine functioning as the power plant. “The clammers are doing well this year,” we were told. “They are making an average of from \$7.00 to \$10.00 per day.” Their camps may be found anywhere—on a lone island; in a clump of trees on the mainland, or at the edge of a village or town. The clams are cooked to loosen the meats which are removed and thrown away. The shells only are retained and sold to dealers whose final depot is the pearl button factory, or manufacturer of pearl novelties. Before disposing of the meats they are pressed between the fingers to see if they contain pearls. Sometimes a valuable gem is found, and most clammers carry about with them a collection of slugs and small pearls which form an interesting and sometimes a valuable side line to their occupation.

The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries reported for 1925, a total of 52,000,000 pounds of shells taken in the Mississippi river division, with a value of over a million dollars, and a manufactured value in pearl buttons and novelties of nearly \$8,000,000.00. The same report gives the value of fish taken at over four and a half million dollars, with over 19,000 persons engaged in these fisheries.





BATTLE HOLLOW



Rescue operations are carried on by government employees to remove fish from sloughs and ponds where they have been stranded after a season of high water, and dumping them back into the river. This work as reported in the same general report referred to above showed 149,814,899 fish salvaged, at a cost to the government of approximately fourteen and one-fifth cents per thousand. Without this service all these fish would have died as sloughs and ponds dried up.

Let us mention also the ferry boats, no two alike; the steamboats like the "Beder Wood" and the "Marquette" engaged in the sand and gravel trade. The old time packet steamboat is gone from the Upper Mississippi but the sand and gravel boats carry a large tonnage—if mere statistics are wanted.

Mention must be made of the great excursion steamboats, like the "Capitol," the "J. S." and the "St. Paul" of the Streckfus line. These steamers are of the ornate kind, palatial as those mentioned by Mark Twain in his "Life on the Mississippi." The calliopes carried by them are an eighth wonder. They dispense the latest popular music and can be heard for miles around. Especially noticeable is its generosity of volume on Sunday mornings, during the church hour, when its ardent tones fill the church edifice and all but demoralize pipe organ, congregational singing and sermon. On such occasions they are only notifying the community that there is about to be an excursion on the river.

As DeSoto is the last town before reaching Black Hawk's last battlefield, we stopped here for information. We were referred to Mr. Richard P. Loftus, a banker, as their leading historian. We found him ready to give every assistance. He produced a township atlas, from which we copied a map giving section lines and precise locations of Battle Slough; Battle Creek; Battle Hollow; Battle Island, and the village of Victory which is located on the river just above the battlefield. Black Hawk's last fight is habitually mentioned as the "Battle of the Bad Axe." The battle really took place four-and-a-half miles below the mouth of the Bad Axe. This was all a wilderness in 1832 and "Bad Axe river" was the nearest location

to be found on the maps of that day, hence its use to designate the battle-site.

Local color was added to this historic community by the presence, at DeSoto, of a number of Winnebago Indians. Down at Lansing, Iowa, we were told that they too had a number of families of Indians living near their city.

Leaving DeSoto, we now kept near the east shore of the river and directly enter Battle Slough, the river channel veering off to our left, and between Battle Slough and channel, is low wooded ground slashed with other sloughs, in some instances forming islands; the westernmost of which, bordering the steamboat channel, is known as Battle Island. Battle Creek empties into Battle Slough. The east bank of the river here rises almost abruptly from the river's edge to a height of several hundred feet and shows a facing of rock above the tree tops.

It was a restful scene: river, woodland and rock-crowned heights. We tied our boat and spent some time ashore, enjoying a tramp through the woods and using the camera. The Slough has a good depth, but on our return to the steamboat channel we came upon a sand-bar. It was necessary for the more muscular member of our crew to ease down overboard and push off. Entering the main channel we found ourselves in the wake of the U. S. Steamboat, the "General Allen." She was making good time up-stream but our "Catherine" crept up on her, and by and by we passed her, the crews of both boats meanwhile exercising their lungs to full capacity, while at the same time motioning each to the other to speed up.

Our next stopping place is Victory, Wisconsin, so named because it is near the site of the white victory over the Indians in the "Battle of the Bad Axe," on August 1st and 2nd, 1832. We will spend the night here and continue our quest of historic spots on the morrow. On our previous visit here in 1921, with the Black Hawk Hiking Club we were quite impressed with a large general store located here. So "General" in fact that it seemed one would find here anything the mind might suggest. For instance, the writer on that occasion purchased him a German steel helmet. The ladies of our party meanwhile were in-

vesting in a great variety, the most notable of which was millinery of vintage both modern and some which reminded one of the days of long ago.

On our present visit we promptly turned our footsteps in the direction of the great emporium—but it had vanished. Only a week or so before our arrival, it had burned to the ground.

It was now evening. The sun had set and darkness was coming on. We were hungry for it had been a long afternoon since we left the cafe at Lansing, Iowa, but the town of Victory does not have transients enough to keep even a small cafe a-flickering, so here we turned to our own equipment. At the remaining store, a small grocery, we found eggs, bacon, beans, bread, soda-water, with all desirable condiments, in abundance. We used the forward deck of the "Catherine" for a table, and, with a brisk camp-fire a few feet away, we soon had a most satisfying supper of French toast and syrup. After a brief visit with some local folks who happened our way, we spread our blankets and turned in for a good night's rest.

After a hearty camp-fire breakfast of bacon and eggs, we pushed off and dropped down the river about a mile where we left the boat, and walked another mile to where, at a side road, we found the sign: "Battle Hollow. Black Hawk War, 1832." Here we left the river road and turned up the Hollow for a half mile, entering a farm yard, and asking permission to climb the high steep bluff at the north side of the Hollow. The farmer's wife told us that Black Hawk had his outposts all along the tops of these hills; at least that's what they had been told by the old timers. We found her quite interested in the history of the Hollow. Yesterday, at DeSoto, a lady told us that her Society—a patriotic organization—(we do not remember the name), intended sometime soon, to place a marker with cannon, somewhere in this Hollow. An elderly gentleman there, said his two brothers during the Civil War days, cut a lot of cord wood in Battle Hollow and would find lead bullets imbedded in the trunks of trees. The extent of country over which such bullets were found, showed, said he, that the battle had covered a wide area.



We walked over a cultivated field which covered the lower slope of the bluff; then through a barbed wire fence into pasture land with stumps and rocks of curious formation scattered about, and finally, after a number of stops for breath—for we are mounting a steep hillside—we reach the top. From here was to be seen a splendid panorama of more than a half circle in extent: woodland, pasture, fields of wheat and corn, cattle grazing; farmers peacefully at their work. Looking up the Hollow, eastward, we see from each side a succession of sentinel-like bluffs, projecting out from the high level of the sky line, as if standing guard over the narrow valley which appears to be not over a quarter of a mile to a half mile in width, with Battle Creek winding from side to side until it is lost in the wooded flats down by the river. To the westward is the Mississippi; Battle Slough near the foot of the bluff, the steamboat channel toward the background of the scene, and beyond this, the gray-blue haze of the Iowa shore. It was a quiet morning; we were far above the scene of activity; a pastoral symphony, and yet nothing to break the stillness except our own voices.

Black Hawk and his people had remained in their village on Rock River after the first white settlers had moved in and taken possession of their fields. Keokuk and his followers had read more clearly the handwriting on the wall and had discreetly left to build a new village, out of the way of the whites. Through the seasons of 1829, 1830, and the early part of 1831, at the old Sauk village, Black Hawk's people and the white settlers claimed the same lands; attempted to cultivate the same fields; quarrelled; came to blows. The Indians were outraged at the way the white man plowed up even their graveyards. Black Hawk lost all patience with the sale of fire-water to his people, and served notice on the settlers that it must stop. One of them who failed to heed the War Chief's injunction, was visited by Black Hawk in person, at the head of several of his braves. They destroyed the whiskey by



pouring it upon the ground.<sup>96</sup> The marvel is that throughout these years of intense feeling, no one was killed.

The pioneers called upon the authorities to remove the "Invaders."<sup>97</sup> On the arrival of the Illinois militia to within a few miles of his village, Black Hawk with all his people, ponies, dogs, bag and baggage, escaped under cover of darkness to the west side of the Mississippi. They feared the undisciplined militia,<sup>98</sup> who, not knowing any such thing as military order, would massacre them. General Gaines, at Fort Armstrong, sent messengers to the camp of the Sauks, telling them that if they did not come to the Fort voluntarily and sign a treaty, he would send soldiers to bring them in. Black Hawk and his head men came and signed, promising to remain henceforth, on the west side of the Mississippi. Thus ended, bloodless, the first Black Hawk war, 1831.

Black Hawk now in the sixty-fifth year of age, seems to have decided to abide by the Treaty, but not so his people. They had lost a year's crop of corn and vegetables by moving; the new, raw prairie was all but unyielding to their hoes; the corn supplied by the terms of the treaty was unsatisfactory; the younger chiefs of Black Hawk's band scoured the country far and wide, and brought reports that the tribes of the Upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes had all promised their support, should Black Hawk take the lead, in a general Indian war, to halt the pretensions of the whites. Nah-pope, one of his ablest chiefs, returned from Fort Malden, Canada, with the glad news that their old friends, the British had promised support, "And the heart of Black Hawk swelled in his bosom." Schoolcraft whose public duties took him into the Indian country, declares that eleven tribes did actually agree to support Black Hawk.<sup>99</sup>

Intensely nervous were all the Indians and all the Whites, all the way from Detroit to St. Louis and from Lake Superior to the Ohio river, when in the spring of 1832, Black Hawk re-crossed the Mississippi at the head of Five hundred well

<sup>96</sup> pp. 84-5 *Black Hawk's Autobiography*.

<sup>97</sup> p. 210, *My Own Times*—Reynolds. p. 34, *Early Rock Island*—Meese.

<sup>98</sup> p. 92, *Black Hawk's Autobiography*.

<sup>99</sup> p. 97, *Minn. Hist. Colls.* Vol. I.

armed, well mounted warriors. They brought with them all their people; squaws, papooses, old men, boys and girls, and all their belongings. The idea was to cultivate Illinois soil; and to be ready for a fight in case the whites sent an army to remove them.<sup>100</sup> One finds no record that these "invaders" harmed man or chick of the white folks. But the whites saw in it only a challenge to fight and they fairly flew to arms. Missouri called a thousand men into the field; Indiana and Michigan farmers dropped their early Spring work to attend military drills; in southern Michigan the stages which had been overcrowded with landseekers were taken off for want of passengers; a Volunteer Company from near Detroit began the march for the "Front," while in Illinois, in three weeks from the time Black Hawk crossed into her borders, there had been assembled, organized, and started on his trail a volunteer army of nearly two-thousand men.<sup>101</sup> General Atkinson of the U. S. Regulars had arrived at Fort Armstrong with re-inforcements, just a day in advance of the entry at Rock River, of Black Hawk's fleet of boats which carried non-combatants and supplies.

It is believed that the instant response of the whites, both in point of time, numbers and determination, is what saved the day for them.<sup>102</sup> The ardor of the promised allies turned cold. Not only did none of them come to Black Hawk's relief; some of them even joined the army of whites to fight the Sauk Chief. Such is frail human nature. We love to be on the winning side.

Black Hawk finding himself betrayed and alone, sent a delegation, under a white flag,<sup>101</sup> to the head of a Battalion of Illinois militia, wishing a talk; that he might be permitted to retreat to the west side of the Mississippi peaceably. The militia disregarded the white flag; commenced shooting the members of the delegation; dashed wildly, without orders and

<sup>100</sup> p. 97 et seq. *Black Hawk Autobiog.* p. 42, *Black Hawk's Watch Tower*, 1927, by Hauberg. p. 357, *Illinois Historical, etc.*, by Moses. p. 182, *Black Hawk, etc.*, Conclin, p. 285, note 118. *The Saukie Indians*, by Amer. Mills Stocking.

<sup>101</sup> p. 226 et seq., *My Own Times*, by Reynolds. p. 116 et seq., *Black Hawk War*, by Stevens.

<sup>102</sup> p. 211, *My Own Times*, Reynolds. (Refers to 1831 campaign, but it would be equally true for 1832 also.)

without formation to where they hoped they would find the War Chief and his followers, and thus the blood began to flow and the Black Hawk war of 1832 was on.<sup>103</sup>

It was mostly white blood that flowed that 14th of May, for as they came, the fighting blood of Black Hawk was stirred. He quickly rallied a few of his Braves and met the whites. His victory was complete. Eleven Illinois volunteers were killed, and the rest of them so badly frightened, it was necessary to delay any further fight until a new army could be recruited, for the former Companies had melted like snow under a hot sun; Captains, Majors, Colonels, and even a Brigadier General, became privates in provisional Companies formed to stand off the Indians until the new levies could be mustered.

There seem to have been two motives which led Black Hawk and his people from this time. One was to escape to the west of the river and join their friends and relatives in Iowa. The other was to avenge themselves upon the whites; to cause them as much damage as they could while still in their country. The whites had shown their utter contempt for the Red Man. Black Hawk would teach them to have respect.

For two and a half months there was war with all the privations that enter into a wilderness campaign. Man for man, the Indians were beyond doubt the better fighters. Evasive as the Irishman's flea, when the whites put their hand on Black Hawk he wasn't there. On Indian Creek near Ottawa, the white fighters were killed in battle, the women and children massacred and two young ladies taken alive and held for ransom; at Pecatonica River, seventeen Indians engaged twenty-one soldiers. It was said the Indians' powder was wet and their chances hopeless from the start, but they remained with the fight until not an Indian was left to tell the tale. Apple River fort, Kellogg's Grove, Wisconsin Heights, and numerous other places saw bloodshed, until at last we find both Indian and his white brother desperate to the last degree; craving each other's blood.

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<sup>103</sup> pp. 101-2, *Black Hawk Autobiog.* See also *Stevens' Black Hawk War*; *Armstrong's Sauks and Black Hawk War*.



The advance guard of the army under General Atkinson had found Black Hawk's trail, and all was eagerness. For weeks and weeks had they wished to come to a conclusion with the Indians. Now, in this 2nd day of August, they were so close upon the enemy, they were exchanging shots with him, up at the head of the column. The great day had come. But the wily War Chief was merely giving an exhibition of good head work. It was a fake trail, and the Red men who were exchanging shots, were decoys, leading the white army away from what we today know as Battle Hollow.

The Commander of the rear guard of the army suspected Black Hawk's ruse, and began to look for another trail. Soon they found one, broad and fresh. Eight men were sent down to explore it. Suddenly, without warning, there was a flash of guns and five of the soldiers dropped dead in their tracks. They had found Black Hawk's main body.<sup>104</sup>

We will now approach the scene of Black Hawk's last battle through the eyes of one who had a part in it. Like ourselves, this eye witness comes up the river. He sees the final scene from the deck of the steamboat "Warrior," Captain Throckmorton, in command. The speaker is John H. Fonda, of Prairie du Chien. More than a score of years had passed since the battle, as he related the story to the newspaper man. Doubtless the facts as he saw them, remained vividly with him throughout his life. The veteran tells the story as follows:

"The boat steamed up stream, with all on board anxious to get a pop at the Indians. Just above where Lansing is, we picked up a soldier, who had been discharged from Fort Snelling, and was coming down the river in a canoe. He had come down the west channel, on the Minnesota side opposite Bad Axe, and, fortunately for him, he did not meet the Indians. We came in sight of the Indians south of the Bad Axe River; they were collected together on a bench of land close to the Mississippi, and were making efforts to get their women across.

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<sup>104</sup> p. 470-1, Sauks and Black Hawk War, by Armstrong.



Captain Dickson's scouts had not come up yet, and the Indians raised a white flag and endeavored to induce the boat to approach the east shore, and succeeded in bringing her close enough to pour a shower of balls into her. The cannon sent a shower of canister amongst the Indians, which was repeated three times, each time mowing a swath clean through them. After discharging the gun three times, (there was only three charges of canister-shot aboard) the Indians retreated to the low ground back from the shore, where, lying on their bellies, they were safe from us.

A continual firing of small arms was kept up between the persons on board the boat and the Indians ashore, until the fire-wood gave out, when we were obliged to put back to Prairie du Chien to wood-up—for there were no wood-yards on the Mississippi as now. The village was roused to carry wood aboard, and we soon had a sufficient quantity of that article. A lot of Monomonee Indians were also taken on, and then, under a full head of steam, we put back to the scene of the battle.

Before we rounded the island, and got within sight of the battle-ground, we could hear the report of musketry, and then it was that I heard Throckmorton say: "Dodge is giving them h-ll!" And he guessed right, for as we reached the scene of action, the wild volunteers under Gen. Dodge were engaged in a fierce conflict with the Indians. The Indians were driven down to the river edge; some of them under shelter of the bank, were firing at the volunteers, who had command of the bluffs. The Suckers and Hoosiers, as we called them, fought like perfect tigers, and carried everything before them.

"The troops and Indians on board the Warrior, kept up a brisk fire on the Indians ashore, who fought with a desperation that surpassed everything I ever saw, during an Indian fight, and I have seen more than one. The Indians were between two fires, on the bluffs above them were Dickson and his rangers, and Dodge leading on his men, who needed no urging; while we kept steaming back and forth on the river,

running down those who attempted to cross, and shooting at the Indians on shore.

“The soldier we picked up, helped to man the gun, and during the engagement, he was wounded in the knee by a rifle-ball. The Indians’ shots would hit the water or patter against the boat, but occasionally a rifle-ball sent with more force, would whistle through both sides. Some of the Indians, naked to the breech-cloth, slid down into the water, where they laid, with only their mouth and nostrils above the surface; but by running the boat closer in to the east shore, our Monomonees were enabled to make the water too hot for them. One after another, they jumped up, and were shot down in attempting to gain cover on the bank above. One warrior, more brave than the others, or perhaps more accustomed to the smell of gun powder, kept his position in the water until the balls fell around him like hail, when he also concluded to ‘pugh-a-shee’, and commenced to creep up the bank. But, he never reached the top, for Throckmorton had his eye on him, and drawing up his heavy rifle he sent a bullet through the ribs of the Indian, who sprung into the air with an ugh!—and fell dead. There was only one person killed of those who came up on the Warrior, and that was an Indian. The pilot was fired at many times but escaped unharmed, though the pilot-house was riddled with balls.

“One incident occurred during the battle that came under my observation, which I must not omit to relate. An old Indian brave and his five sons, all of whom I had seen on the Prairie and knew, had taken a stand behind a prostrate log, in a little ravine mid-way up the bluff; from whence they fired on the regulars with deadly aim. The old man loaded the guns as fast as his sons discharged them, and at each shot a man fell. They knew they could not expect quarter, and they sold their lives as dear as possible, making the best show of fight, and held their ground the firmest of any of the Indians. But, they could never withstand the men under Dodge, for as the volunteers poured over the bluff, they each shot a man, and in return, each of the braves was shot down and scalped by the wild volunteers, who out with their knives and cutting

two parallel gashes down their backs, would strip the skin from the quivering flesh, to make razor straps of. In this manner I saw the old brave and his five sons treated, and afterward had a piece of their hide.”<sup>105</sup>

Of this final act of self assertion; this last effort of a lost Nation to strike back, while at the same time trying to escape its executioners, Black Hawk has the following to say:

“Early in the morning a party of whites, being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up; the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could, commenced swimming the Mississippi with their children on their backs; a number of them were drowned, and some were shot before they could reach the opposite shore.”

“One of my braves, who gave me this information, piled up some saddles before him when the fight commenced, to shield himself from the enemy’s fire, and killed three white men, but seeing that the whites were coming too close to him, he crawled to the bank of the river without being perceived, and hid himself under the bank until the enemy retired. He then came and told me what had been done.”<sup>106</sup>

To the above two accounts of the “Battle of the Bad Axe,” Reuben Gold Thwaites adds another short chapter, telling of what befell those who safely reached the west side of the big river, as follows:

“Those few of the Sauks who safely regained the west bank were soon set upon by a party of a hundred Sioux, under Wabasha, sent out for the purpose by General Atkinson; and a half of these helpless, nearly starved non-combatants were cruelly slaughtered, while many others died of exhaustion and wounds before they reached those of their friends who had

<sup>105</sup> pp. 261, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. V.

<sup>106</sup> p. 115, Black Hawk's Autobiography.



been wise enough to abide by Keokuk's peaceful admonitions and stay at home. Thus out of the band of nearly a thousand persons who crossed the Mississippi at the Yellow Banks in April, not more, all told, than a hundred and fifty, lived to tell the tragic story of the Black Hawk war—a dishonorable chapter in the history of the border."<sup>107</sup>

Judge John W. Spencer, of Rock Island, one of the first to settle within Black Hawk's village on Rock River, was acquainted with many of the Indians, including the war chief and his family, and lived on friendly terms with them, but he served as a volunteer against them in the Black Hawk war. Speaking of this last battle, he said:

"After the Indians had crossed the river, and were almost defenseless, having lost most all their guns and ammunition in crossing the river, our army put a band of these merciless Sioux on their trail, who, knowing how perfectly helpless they were, were glad of the opportunity to destroy them. I will give an account of this terrible massacre as given by a squaw, who had lived with a white man by the name of Nathan Smith. I knew them both well."

"She said her brother, by the name of Wishita, a fine looking man, and a chief of considerable standing, was wounded while crossing the Mississippi, but he with great exertion, reached the western shore. Here the bank being steep, she tried to get him out, but could not succeed, and was obliged to leave him behind, on account of her company which was already in advance of her."

"She had crossed the river on a pony, carrying her child, about a year old, before her. They hurried on, fearing an attack of our army, or an attack of the Sioux, as they were now in their country. They had traveled that day and night, and until the latter part of the next day without food, when they succeeded in killing some game and camped for the night. That night, they, for the first time in many days and nights, had plenty to eat. They had camped in a valley, and the morning was very foggy. They had eaten an early breakfast,

<sup>107</sup> p. 192, In *How George Rogers Clark Won the N. W.*, by Reuben Gold Thwaites.



and were about starting on their journey, she had just mounted her horse, when the Sioux with a great noise, whooping and yelling, broke into their camp, killing large numbers of them regardless of age or sex.

"She rode off as fast as her horse could possibly go, carrying her child before her. She said the motion of the horse was so hard on her child, she thought for some time it was dead, and looked for some thick bush or weeds that she could throw it in to hide it from the Sioux.

"She knew by keeping a southern course it would bring her to her friends."

"After traveling more than two hundred miles without another human being save her child, without food, and expecting hourly to be overtaken by her enemies, she at last found a trail where Keokuk had been out on a buffalo hunt. Following this trail, it brought her to the Indian village on the Iowa River,<sup>108</sup> where she was safe with relatives and friends."

Black Hawk escaped the carnage and went to a village of his former friends the Winnebagoes. These, wishing to be counted on the winning side also, delivered the fallen Chief to General Street at Prairie du Chien. The Winnebago women, however, sympathized to the extent that they made him a white suit of deer skin.<sup>109</sup> Thus he was able to appear respectably dressed. Such wide publicity had been given him, that for a year or more, until the glamor had worn off, the curious public would elbow its way through a crowd to see him in preference to any other of the famous men of the country. It would be reported of his presence at Baltimore that the crowd was so great at one point, that it carried away the banisters and windows of a building, "and," said the landlord facetiously, "I was fearful that if they had remained longer, that the whole house would have been carried away."<sup>110</sup>

<sup>108</sup> p. 62-4, *Reminiscences*, by John W. Spencer. See p. 475, *Laws & Treaties*, Vol. 2, by Kappler, for provision made in Treaty for the child of Nathan Smith and his wife, Wa-na-sa the Sauk woman, mentioned by Spencer.

<sup>109</sup> pp. 115-6 *Black Hawk Autobiography*.

<sup>110</sup> p. 663, *Indians of North America* by Samuel G. Drake.

## JUST THE MISSISSIPPI

The Mississippi retains much of its one time quiet seclusion. By far the greater part of its shore line has its screen of trees, shrubs, and vines, as of yore. Its islands, invariably wooded, are mostly without human habitation. It is true the railway trains rumble along both banks at certain times of the day or night, and steamboats are frequently seen, but most of the time one hears only the splash of his own oars or the rhythmic sound of his own motor.

At Sabula—Savannah we begin to take notice of bluffs rising higher, and studded with rock. These become more commanding as we ascend the river, and we find ourselves making comparisons with other rivers we have seen. A jagged sky-line of rock, for instance, reminds us of the "Bastei" of the Elbe, just above Dresden. Again the beautiful Rhine, except the terraces and castles; and the Highlands of the Hudson, historic and beautiful; towns nestling at the feet of high bluffs are reminiscient of the Danube in Upper Austria, but there is but one conclusion and that is, that while the Mississippi is as beautiful as any, it is just its own self and not like any other.

Occasionally one sees part of a cultivated field, like a large blanket; its border hanging just over the edge of a high plateau. It meets the forest line where the hillside is too steep for cultivation. Spread out upon this blanket—sometimes of yellow color because of ripened grain or stubble—sometimes merely a dull color of earth, one sees what looks like a toy barn of red; toy residences white-painted with windmill and all, to complete the farm picture.

One day a groundhog was seen in mid-stream, swimming frantically to get out of our way. We caught him with the movie camera for we had seen the agitation in the water ahead and were ready for him. Another time a red-winged black-bird was mercilessly chasing a crow. They passed directly over us, the larger bird intent only on escape from his little tormentor. A large Sandhill crane passed in stately flight. Here's hoping that no wicked hunter disturbs him. Turtles

by the score, large and small, occupy their gallery—a partly submerged log until the boat comes too near—when off they tumble into the water.

One evening we set about to do some fishing in a slough at Prairie du Chien. The water was quite clear and we could see good sized pickerel, bullheads, carp, and lots of smaller fish. Only a Blue Gill was landed, but hopes for better luck ran high for a time.

Joe was our authority on all matters pertaining to fish and could discuss with the natives all the merits and demerits of worms, doughballs, bacon, frogs, clams and flies. He loved also to sit by the hour, his hand on the wheel, guiding the boat, and gazing into space ahead. What air castles he was building we cannot say, but the old river is a mighty stimulant to big day-dreaming.

Our youngest crew-member was John Henry, Jr. He had a keen eye for buoys and channel markers. One day when he had been off duty we were just on the point of smashing into a submerged wing dam, when he shouted sharply and we turned and avoided it not a moment too soon. He was generally first off at the landings, with line, to hold us to the shore, and the last on, as he shoved us off. Taking turns at the wheel, bailing water, acting as cook and sharing freely in the day's program, were among his achievements.

Good as our engine was we still had to study an occasional weakness. The pump would neglect its function; the clutch would slip. The use of the monkey wrench and screw driver with an assortment of other tools always gave relief, though at one time things looked blue, and we drew forth our "Auxiliary power"—an outboard motor, but it balked completely; it would spit smoke but would not run. We were drifting, and coaxing the machinery to come back to work, when the U. S. steamboat "LeClaire" hove in sight. She seemed to be bearing right down upon us, and looked much larger than we had ever before seen her. In this emergency the old reliable power plant—oars and elbow-grease, saved the day for us.

While June has the beginning of Summer, it is usually found to have much of the unsettled weather of Spring. It



has rain where the month of August is dry. In our eight days we had two which were plainly cold, when we wore overcoats with sweaters under them. Two other days were delightfully perfect as to temperature and the boys stripped to the waist to get a coveted bronzed skin. Other days had a variety; sometimes hard showers alternated with lovely sunshine, and again a chilly sunless forenoon would develop into a pleasant afternoon. We had practically no annoyance from mosquitoes.

Reading, swimming, digging in the sand, carving watermelon, studying distant objects through the field glass, and often, when not consciously engaged, the crew would break forth into song or whistling—these with other interests kept us enthralled as the days rolled by.

We have achieved our destination; we have hiked over Battle Hollow, to our satisfaction, and have come down off the high hill by way of its north side, past “Breakneck Rock”—a high rock from off which a fellow once fell and broke his neck—so we were told. We re-embark and go on to LaCrosse for good measure. O, that we had a few more days so we could go on to the Head of Navigation at the Twin Cities, and also to have just a peep, if nothing more, into the St. Croix river, but our time is up. Duty calls us homeward. Some other time we will be back.

### HOMeward BOUND

Let us imagine now that it is possible for us to catch a ride back to Rock river, with one or another of the voyagers of the past, who had connection with Black Hawk’s people. As we run through the list, many of them attract us. We will look first at the equipment and party of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike III. He has a keel boat seventy feet long, and uses sail and oars. A sergeant, two corporals and seventeen privates compose his crew. He has spent the winter far up the river, and is now leaving Prairie du Chien, Wednesday, April 23, 1806, at 12:30 P. M. for the homeward trip. He soon meets a barge which has a letter for him from his wife. Farther on he meets one “batteau” and one canoe of traders. He arrived



at Dubuque, 10:00 o'clock at night; boils his victuals, divides his crew into four watches and starts off down stream. Next morning they use oars until 10:00 o'clock, and then float while eating breakfast. Remember, all these items appear in his printed diary. They meet two barges, one bark, and two wooden canoes under full sail. Lt. Pike had forgotten to give Mr. Dubuque a letter. He sends it back with one of these boats. Stop at dark to cook supper. There is a bad wind. Now comes something which interests the crew of the "Catherine," for Lt. Pike's accommodations must have been very much like our own. Listen: "All hands (except one sentry) went to sleep. It rained, and before morning, the water overflowed my bed in the bottom of the boat, having no cover or any extra accommodations, as it might have retarded my voyage." "The wind very hard ahead." On Friday—only the third day since leaving the Prairie he spends the night on the "Big Island, about three miles above Stony river," which in the language of today is Rock Island, three miles above Rock river. Here at Rock Island he met Capt. Many of the artillery, who has been to the Sauk and Fox village—Black Hawk's people, to see about getting some Osage prisoners who are being held by these Indians. But he has a hard time of it. The Indians were all drunk; had a grudge against the Americans, and wanted to fight, but the squaws had taken the guns and other arms and hid them, so there was nothing in sight with which to fight. Lieut. Pike is sorry he has no authority in the matter, for says he, "We might easily have carried the village."<sup>111</sup> Lucky he didn't try it. The women alone would probably have routed him. We like Lieut. Pike, and his outfit appeals to us, but we will first look into another man's equipment.

Major S. H. Long<sup>112</sup> has a six-oared skiff and crew of five men. Like Pike, he is of the U. S. Army. He leaves Prairie du Chien at 10:00 A. M., on Sunday, the 27th of July, 1817. Just before night he meets a boat which left St. Louis

<sup>111</sup> pp. 1 and 101, Sources of the Mississippi, by Pike.

<sup>112</sup> pp. 9 to 88, Minn. Hist. Soc. Colls. Vol. 2. "Voyage in a six-oared skiff to the Falls of Saint Anthony, in 1817."

June 8th and has been constantly on the way ever since. It had nine months' provisions for Fort Edwards, Fort Armstrong and Fort Crawford.

Major Long, like Lt. Pike, travels by night as well as day, and tells of hard winds, rain and thunder. He would like to see a change in the kind of population along the river, for he says: "The idea that this beautiful scenery has for ages unfolded its charms with none to admire, but unfeeling savages, instead of having delighted thousands that were capable of enjoying them, casts a gloom upon the scenery which added to the solemn stillness that everywhere prevails in these solitary regions, robs the mind of half its pleasures."

Again it is only the third day of the voyage when Maj. Long arrives at Rock Island "at about 12 o'clock." We approve the practice of keeping a diary, for memory alone may run wild with its confusion of facts.

The best description we have found of Fort Armstrong is the one recorded by Major Long on the occasion of this visit, and as to Black Hawk's village he says: "It is by far the largest Indian village situated in the neighborhood of the Mississippi between St. Louis and the Falls of St. Anthony."

Another military official with whom we might choose to cast our fortunes on the return trip down from Prairie du Chien, is Major Thomas Forsythe.<sup>113</sup> He has a Keelboat. He uses sail when possible; he "poles" when water is not too deep. He complains in one part of his diary that the water continues high and there is no bottom for the poles. Sometimes he only "drifts." One night he drifted twelve miles. Every little bit helps.

We are not sure that we would enjoy Maj. Forsythe's company. He seems so unromantic, but perhaps the change in times makes the difference, for see what he says of our beautiful Upper Mississippi scenery: "I had thought that the country above Prairie du Chien was equal at least to the country about the Prairie; but in this I was much mistaken, for instead of finding a fine country, with good lands, and plenty of

<sup>113</sup> pp. 188 to 215, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. VI. "Journal of a voyage from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony, in 1819."

good timber, I found a mountainous, broken, rocky and sterile country, not fit for either man or beast to live in." He is like the man who prepared the writer for his first prospective view of Niagara Falls. Said he, "There's nothing to it. Only water running off the rocks." Major Forsythe left Prairie du Chien for the down-river trip at "about 11:00 o'clock," Tuesday, September 7th, 1819, and by sun down had come twenty-seven miles. He stopped to cook near Turkey river. Much rain overnight; a fine wind next day. "What we drove last night and what we made by sailing today, we came eighty-seven miles." They camp overnight at the head of the Rapids, and on Friday the 10th, which is the fourth day of their voyage, they reach Fort Armstrong.

Maj. Forsythe was for many years the Indian Agent at Fort Armstrong, and so well did he serve that it was believed that had he been retained there, there would have been no Black Hawk war.<sup>114</sup> But another, a Felix St. Vrain was appointed in his place; the Indian war came, and St. Vrain was among those killed by Black Hawk's warriors.<sup>115</sup>

We have passed over the chances for a ride with Capt. John Yeiser of the July, 1814, battle at Prairie du Chien, and also the boat which took the defeated Capt. Perkins down, after he had surrendered the fort there, and which "Was dogged all the way down to the rapids by the Indians."

Our next is an opportunity to go down by steamboat, with Black Hawk himself for company, but we positively decline. Not that we object to the Company, for we would like a view of the now noted Red chieftain, but the steamboat has aboard a number of cholera victims. It is a terrible disease; vastly more to be feared than hostile Indians. It made its first appearance among General Winfield Scott's soldiers as they were crossing Lake Erie, on their way to fight Black Hawk.<sup>116</sup> Out of 950 Regulars in Scott's army, 450 had dropped from the ranks through death, sickness and desertion. Numbers of the last named had been seen in their death agony, lying by

<sup>114</sup> See Note: p. 188, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. VI.

<sup>115</sup> p. 169-70, Black Hawk War—Stevens. p. 195, Sauks and Black Hawk War—Armstrong.

<sup>116</sup> p. 207 et seq. Life of Gen. Scott, by Mansfield.



roadsides; others, their dead bodies being devoured by hogs and wolves, but the demands of the Black Hawk war had to be met. General Scott at his headquarters at Fort Armstrong sent Lieut. Robert Anderson up to Prairie du Chien to bring the prisoner Black Hawk and his party of Sauk leaders down to Rock Island but by the time the future hero of Fort Sumpter reached the Prairie he was suffering from the Cholera, and asked Col. Zachary Taylor for an assistant. The latter detailed Lieut. Jefferson Davis to help him,<sup>117</sup> and together these two young officers faced death by the dreaded scourge, as they started down the river with the prisoners.

As a quarantine measure, General Scott scattered his soldiers about in small camps on Rock Island, and on the west side of Mississippi, and down near the mouth of Rock river. There were at this time 1,200 to 1,500 regulars at Fort Armstrong. One camp four miles south of Rock Island had thirteen deaths; the dead being "Buried in the woods without the use of such luxuries as coffins."<sup>118</sup> Three Sauks held as prisoners on Rock Island for the murder of some Menominees were liberated on their promise that they would return when a sign should be displayed that the cholera had abated. Be it said to the credit of old-time Indian reliability, they kept their word.<sup>119</sup>

The conditions were such that when the steamboat arrived off Rock Island with Black Hawk aboard, they were not permitted to land but were sent on down to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. The peaceable Sauk and Fox who had been summoned for a Treaty, were dealt with on the west side, where Davenport now stands, and here the great "Black Hawk Purchase" for six millions of acres of Iowa land, was negotiated.<sup>120</sup>

Throughout this calamity there stood out one great figure, positively heroic in his service to the suffering—"Amidst stifling air, the dying and the dead; on land, in hospital—a

<sup>117</sup> p. 172, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. X.

<sup>118</sup> p. 231, Wis. Hist. Colls. Vol. X.

<sup>119</sup> p. 222, Autobiography of Lieut. Gen. Scott. p. 249 The Black Hawk War—F. E. Stevens.

<sup>120</sup> p. 88, Hist. of Davenport and Scott Co., by H. E. Downer. p. 217, Life of Gen. Scott, by Mansfield. p. 349, Laws and Treaties, Vol. 2, by Kappler.



very pest house, everywhere, \* \* and not until the last case had disappeared did he think of relinquishing his fatherly care of the suffering soldiers" and he was none other than the Commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott.<sup>121</sup>

We have still another chance to go down by steamboat with Black Hawk. A year has passed since the terrible trip with cholera aboard, and for the present we will brush aside the thought of it.

Black Hawk has spent some months a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. On his way there his party stopped at Washington, D. C., where he shook hands with President Andrew Jackson. As this son of the forest clasped hands with that fierce old Indian Fighter, "Old Hickory," Black Hawk said, "I am a man and you are another."<sup>122</sup> The War chief evidently had lost none of his former bearing. There was no condescension. It reminds one of what the late President Roosevelt said: that "We should so live that we can look the other fellow straight in the face and tell him to go to—."

Since his release from prison, Black Hawk has been "personally conducted," through the larger cities of the east—Baltimore—where at a theatre he attracted as much attention as President Jackson, who was also present; to Philadelphia; and to New York, where said they, "Lafayette himself could not have been greeted by a greater throng than was Black Hawk." Then Buffalo and Detroit. The people are not so curious nor enthusiastic in these western cities. They remember too well the meaning of the name Black Hawk. The party comes down the Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien, and now the finale. In place of a grand finale it is a cruel anticlimax at Rock Island. We would like to have seen the ceremony, except that it was sad. Black Hawk and party meet Keokuk and party—first in silence. Tears are shed by these grim warriors, as they recall the death of so many of their people in the previous year's war. After a painful pause, Keokuk, the tactful, extends his hand to his defeated

<sup>121</sup> p. 247, *Black Hawk War*, by Stevens. p. 407, *Hist. of Ill.* by Davidson and Stuvé. p. 230, *Autobiography of Lieut. Gen. Scott*. p. 266 *My Own Times—Reynolds*.

<sup>122</sup> p. 660, *Indians of No. America*, by Samuel G. Drake.

and fallen rival and Black Hawk takes it. The American officer bluntly orders the fallen war chief, hereafter to obey Keokuk as his chief. It is too much to bear. He does not realize for the instant the depths to which he has fallen from his one-time position, and forgetting himself, the dethroned chieftain gives vent to a bitter retort: "I am a man—an old man—I will not conform to the councils of any one. I will act for myself—no one shall govern me. I am old. My hair is gray," and so on. So broken in spirit is the old fighter, that the white officer is sorry, and apologetically explains that he did not mean just what he said—he did not mean that he **MUST** obey Keokuk, he only intended to request that he pay attention to him.

Keokuk, the diplomatic, pours oil on the troubled waters. He speaks to Black Hawk in a kind tone of voice saying: "Why do you speak so before the white men. I will speak for you; you trembled—you did not mean what you said." And then turning to the Council, Keokuk apologizes for his fallen brother: "Our brother who has again come to us, has spoken, but he spoke in wrath—his tongue was forked—he spoke not like a man, a Sauk. He knew his words were bad; he trembled like the oak whose roots have been wasted away by many rains. He is old—what he said let us forget. He says he did not mean it—he wishes it forgotten. I have spoken for him. What I have said are his own words—not mine. Let us say he spoke in Council today—that his words were good. I have spoken."

That night, as Major Garland entertained the Red visitors at his quarters, with friendly smoking, champagne, and happy speech making, Black Hawk made his own apology. Among other things he said, "What I said in council today, I wish forgotten. If it has been put upon paper, I wish a mark to be drawn over it."<sup>123</sup>

One more scene and we have finished; one more opportunity for an imaginary trip, and it is most attractive. This time it is with George Catlin, the famous painter of Indian por-

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<sup>123</sup> See pages 661 to 672, inclusive, *Indians of No. America*, by Samuel G. Drake, for an account of Black Hawk's trip from Fortress Monroe to Rock Island.

traits, Indian ceremonies and scenes. He has heard that there is to be a great treaty held at Rock Island.<sup>124</sup> This will give him the opportunity to paint some of the most noted Indians of the day. An artist is not supposed to have a mind burdened with the sordid things of life, nor should one who is on a pleasure trip, up and down the great river be so distracted, so we are sure we would like to set out with Mr. Catlin. From what we read of him he is interested in the same general line that we are: He loves the out-of-doors. He even admits in his write-up about himself that the early part of his life was whiled away "With books reluctantly held in one hand, and a rifle or fishing-pole firmly and affectionately grasped in the other." His portraits of the Sauk and Fox chiefs and of Fort Armstrong are to be seen today in the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

Catlin has only a little dug-out canoe; made of a log hollowed out and shaped. With him is a single companion. He is eager to be at the treaty on time. His preference might have been a steamboat under the circumstances, but he couldn't wait. He had come down the St. Peter's river—the Minnesota river of today, and has some hundreds of miles to cover in the dug-out. Says he: "We were obliged to trust to our little tremulous craft to carry us through the windings of the Mighty Mississippi and Lake Pepin to Prairie du Chien, a distance of 400 miles which I had traveled last Summer in the same manner."

"So we shook hands with our friends and were again balancing our skittish bark upon the green waters of the Mississippi. We encamped, as I had done the Summer before, along its lonely banks whose only music is the echoing of the war-song that rises from the glimmering camp fire of the retiring savage or the cries of the famishing wolf that sits and bitterly weeps out in tremulous tones, his impatience for the crumbs that are to fall to his lot."

"O, but we enjoyed those moments—did we not Wood? Those nights of our voyage, which ended days of peril and fa-

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<sup>124</sup> p. 207, *The North American Indians*, by George Catlin.



tigue; when our larder was full, when our coffee was good, our mats spread, and our mosquito bars over us. I speak now of fair weather, not of the nights of lightning and of rain. We'll pass them over. We had all kinds though, and as we loitered ten days on our way, we examined and experimented on many things for the benefit of mankind. We drew into our larder, in addition to bass and wild fowls; clams, snails, frogs and rattlesnakes; the latter of which when properly dressed and broiled we found to be the most delicious food of the land.

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"I spoke of the treaty. We were just in time and beheld its conclusion. It was signed yesterday, (Sept. 27 & 28th, 1836), and this day, of course, is one of revel and amusements—shows of war parades and dances. The whole of the Sauks and Foxes are gathered here, and their appearance is very thrilling and at the same time pleasing.

"These people have sold so much of their land lately, that they have the luxuries of life to a considerable degree, and may be considered rich; consequently they look elated and happy, carrying themselves much above the humbled manner of most of the semi-civilized tribes whose heads are hanging and drooping in poverty and despair. These very people sold to the government a great part of the rich states of Illinois and Missouri and this small tract (which was sold at the present treaty) being the last they can ever part with, without throwing themselves back upon their natural enemies, it was no more than right that the government should deal with them as they have done, liberally."

"The treaty itself, in all its forms was a scene of interest, and Keokuk was the principal speaker on the occasion, being recognized as the head chief of the tribe. He is a very subtle and dignified man, and well fitted to wield the destinies of his nation."

When a time limit was suggested, for the Indians to remove from the lands sold, Keokuk replied: "My father, we have to laugh—we require no time to move—we have all left the lands already, and sold our wigwams to Chemokemons



(whites)—some for \$100.00 and some for \$200.00, before we came to this treaty.”

And now we shall see the humble plane to which poor old Black Hawk had fallen. Let us notice, too, what was the purpose of this treaty. It is stated in the treaty itself as follows: “Whereas—the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes being desirous of obtaining additional means of support, and to pay their just creditors, have entered into this treaty, and make the following cession of land.”—A cession of their land, to obtain means of support and to pay creditors? Can it be possible that a proud people; of such fighting blood that great tribes like the Sioux were no match for them, are now unable even to support themselves?

What does Black Hawk think of all this; what does he have to say? Catlin describes the old War Chief's part—or lack of any part as follows:

“The poor dethroned monarch, old Black Hawk, was present, and looked an object of pity. With an old frock coat and brown hat on, and a cane in his hand he stood the whole time outside of the group, and in dumb and dismal silence, with his sons by the side of him, and also his quondam aide-de-camp, Nah-pope, and the Prophet. They were not allowed to speak, nor even to sign the treaty. Nah-pope rose, however, and commenced a very earnest speech on the subject of temperance.”<sup>125</sup>

There is much—very much comment—that can be made regarding the last few paragraphs above. Selling lands for means of support and to pay debts! This is merely another version of the story of the Prodigal Son.

“The treaty was signed yesterday and this day is one of revel and amusement—shows of war parades and dances.”—More first-class material to write into the Prodigal's story. Parcel after parcel of the inheritance is sold and each time it is an occasion for revelry and amusement.

Black Hawk, his sons Nah-se-us-kuk and Wa-som-see, and Nah-pope and the Prophet, veterans all of many a battle;

<sup>125</sup> pp. 208 to 217 inclusive. The North American Indians, by Catlin.

down and out in defeat, but friends still. The world is not so dismal after all, so long as friends remain loyal.

Granting as we must that their several Roles were forced upon them; that they had little if any choice in the matter, we still have before us the two great Sauk leaders—Keokuk and Black Hawk,<sup>126</sup> each acting his part according to his true, life-long character. The richest empire known to the red man is slipping swiftly from their fingers. One of the most powerful of the tribes of North America is rapidly declining. Soon they are to be scarcely more than a people to be read about in books. Men of affairs would be saying "Sauk and Fox? I never heard of them,"<sup>127</sup> while other tribes of the same day and age would continue down to our own times with much of their old-time prestige. This treaty held within the present city of Davenport, Iowa, is the last important transaction in the midst of the scenes of their one-time greatness. To Black Hawk it is a day of sadness and shame. To Keokuk it is a great day, with parades and dances. Black Hawk is in dumb and dismal silence. Keokuk laughs!

A long night of rain; midnight, one o'clock, two o'clock, and still pouring, so it was after six o'clock in the morning before we found ambition enough to come out from under the tarpaulin and push off at Prairie du Chien. Just next below town there were already fifteen clam boats engaged in dragging the river. Sand shells at \$130.00 per ton; "Nigger-heads at \$75.00, and Culls at \$30.00 per ton, with the rare Mississippi river pearls as a possibility, is the prospect that leads them on. Breakfast at Clayton, where we met a tall, angular, unshaven man with a tippy boat and tiny outboard motor. He said he had fixed the boat so it wasn't leaking like it had been. New Orleans was his destination. Good luck to him. The afternoon of the day following we were back at home. Back

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<sup>126</sup> pp. 107 et seq. A History of the people of Iowa, by Cyrenus Cole. This volume has an excellent delineation of character of the two great Sauk leaders. For portraits of them, see McKenney & Hall collection—a three volume set; J. O. Lewis; and George Catlin's 2 Vol. set.

<sup>127</sup> p. 479, Vol. 2, Handbook of American Indians, gives the Sauk and Fox population—living at different places—at a total in 1909, of 975. In the prime of their power estimates of their population were as high as Eleven Thousand persons.

in the old community at Rock river made famous by a determined war Chief.

The "Catherine" is in her berth in the sung harbor of the Kahlke Boat Yards where she was built. The writer has in his pocket the bill of lading for the new engine which is to be as a Christmas gift to her. The new engine is calculated to almost double her speed, and we are studying maps and calculating distances, for we hope to navigate next Summer, that part of Black Hawk's Mississippi which lies between Rock river and the mouth of the Missouri.

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NOTE—The crew of the "Catherine" for the above-mentioned Cruise was made up of Joe Meenan, fifteen-year-old son of Alderman Frank A. Meenan; John Henry Hauberg, twelve years of age, and the latter's father, the writer hereof, all of Rock Island, Ill. The cruise was June 22 to 29th, inclusive, 1928.

## SHAWNEETOWN

BY STELLA PENDLETON LYLES

We have gathered here to pay honor and respect to an early historic town of Illinois down on the banks of the lovely Ohio, in Gallatin county, which was formed in 1808 by the territorial government.

The recognition of our historic towns and the part that they have had in the building up of our State is a part of the work outlined for the purposes of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution—which is at present the greatest national organized group of women maintaining patriotic ideals and law abiding endeavor, as well as promoting civic and educational plans for the welfare and stability of our nation.

The history of Shawneetown did not begin with the settlement as laid out in 1808, for long before it had belonged to France or Great Britain there had been Indian tribes there who ruled by fire and tomahawk. Different religions, political guardianship, customs and languages did much to cause conflict and confusion in law interpretation or enforcement. Friends and records tell of dramatic and tragical situations that followed.

It was the patriotic combination, and a determination to find permanent abiding places where institutions of liberty and freedom might be established, that led the Puritan, Cavalier and Scot-Ulster independent to become settlers of vision and enthusiasm around Shawneetown.

No land office in the Illinois territory was of more importance for honest-with-goodness Americans than the Land Office created by Congress at Shawneetown in 1812. Americans were then given an opportunity to throw off the shackles of an older aristocracy, or the burdens of slavery, forged around them in an environment of slavery which aroused antagonism within their minds.



Shawneetown's adjacent territory possesses a variety of picturesque scenery including river bluffs and Indian mounds, valleys and dell, cliffs and cave, forest trees and flowering shrub, trailing vine and hidden fern, all to fascinate the visitor today as well as in the yesterdays of time. We know that those beauties of nature in a climate made sweet and the balmy air softened with southern breezes made Shawneetown an unusually attractive place for travelers to sojourn upon their western pilgrimages.

American settlers came from across the Ohio in ferry boats, or down the river in flotillas of flat-boats, carrying a few treasured possessions with them and then, after obtaining their certificates for bounty lands, they followed the old buffalo trace and Indian trail out to the woodlands where they built their cabins and established a home. Letters and journals of the early travelers are invaluable as a source of information about pioneer manners and customs of the daily life, for many of them spent interesting years around Shawneetown.

A review of Shawneetown could not be complete without looking closely into the lives of the Shawnee Indians who were around the little city many years after its formation, and had been there even before the coming of the white man with DeSoto and the Spanish.

The Shawnees told the early Frenchmen that they were of the Illinois nation—Men! They believed themselves to be stalwart men of superiority, and in the possession of a greater degree of friendship and hospitality toward other savage and warlike tribes. They were both feared and respected by other Indian tribes, and their influence was so extensive that they were early given the rank of men.

Much depended upon the white man living in peace with the Shawnees who roamed over the prairies and hunting grounds far and near. The Shawnee's settlements were upon the most strategic points of the rivers, and they were in a position to quickly obstruct navigation and prevent any shipment of valuable furs and pelts that the early traders and hunters might have had for Pittsburg or other markets.

The white man of the Wabash and Ohio early decided that the Shawnees were first in at a battle, the last out at a treaty, and always ready to capture the heart and home of a white man.

The Shawnees had not only exterminated the buffalo in southern Illinois, but were equally determined to barter away the lives of early settlers around Shawnee's town. In one of the early Indian Councils, prior to the Revolution, a large belt of wampum was sent to the Shawnee tribe and they were told "that the Indians did not intend to give up the land to the English, for that God had given the land long ago to them to live upon, and before the white people should settle the lands for nothing, that they, the Indians, would sprinkle the leaves with their blood or die—every man of the tribe in the attempt."

The Shawnees made further boasts of killing ten white men to the other tribes one, and under their celebrated chiefs they prepared to make a clean sweep of all river and border settlements and restore the Illinois country—the land of the buffalo, deer and wild turkeys to the Indian tribes.

The British government sent Colonel George Croghan, a most successful merchant and Indian trader, to investigate the Indian posts along the Wabash and Ohio rivers. He stopped at the present site of Shawneetown where his possessions were plundered, his party captured and he wounded by a tomahawk, upon one of his expeditions. He was taken across beaver ponds and swamps into thick forests and Indian villages, and on to the hunting grounds filled with buffalo, deer and bear. From there he said he passed on to well watered plains and fertile lands where hemp grew to a height of ten feet in an ocean of rich ground. Valuable coal deposits were also near the surface and he heartily recommended the wonderful land for English settlement.

His Journal gives interesting accounts of Congresses of war with the Indians, and we gather something of the metaphors and rhetorical effects of the eloquence of the Indians and their chiefs.

At one congress were gathered representatives from

eight Indian nations and twenty-two tribes, in Kaskaskia. Among the many Indian chiefs there who presented belts and made speeches to the Croghan party was a Shawnee chief, "La-wough-gua." It was then declared that "they had let slip the chain of friendship held by the King of Great Britain and the great chief of the Indian nation, that a high wind arose and raised heavy clouds over the country and almost put out the Ancient Council Fire, but the fire was again renewed, some dry wood thrown upon it so that the blaze might ascend to the clouds, and that all nations might see that they lived in peace and tranquillity with the settlers."

A few months later was held a great road belt convention. At that time Croghan presented the great Forest Chief, Pontiac, with a road belt as a token of the opening of a road from the rising sun to the setting sun which would be preserved throughout the country settlements; he hoped for a continuation of their works of peace as they had promised, so that the road be good and pleasant to travel upon, and all alike share the good blessings of the happy union, and that all children dispersed through the woods should be returned to the ancient settlements and better care be taken of the Council Fire that was again dressed up and promoting good works.

Each year there were increasing diabolical actions of the Indians and degraded white men that grew into such proportions that the courageous American soldier, later General George Rogers Clark, and his Kentucky company of heroic men, daringly effected a far reaching conquest over English forts and settlements, as also the Indians in the Illinois territory, and the foreign domination was forever ended. A national republic was established by our forefathers with principles of justice and liberty, and for the pursuit of happiness as the cardinal points, and whose continuation we and our descendants must defend.

The old Indian settlement at the site of Shawneetown also had a sacred and sentimental interest for the Indian brave. For ages his ancestors had climbed those rugged bluffs, worked at the salt wells, cultivated the fertile spots, fished in the streams, hunted every plain, floated in birch bark canoe



on the rivers, preserved the furs and skins of his long chase, and then came to the banks of the lovely Ohio, and peacefully rested in the summer's cool shade beside the pebbled springs, or danced in the shadows of the camp-fire when the cooling winds of winter came, or retreated into the thick forests where he forever listened for the plaintive love-call of his Indian maid.

It was there, after the glacial period, that the Indian Mound Builders from the South crossed the Ohio at this point in their advance, and where they carried the remains of their dead to the bluffs, and buried them within the several mounds that are found nearby. One of the largest mounds is called Sugar Loaf, and is located about five miles north of the little city. Its dimensions were taken, in 1855, and the area of the base is four acres and has a height of fifty-five feet. Smaller mounds are also found there, and have long been interesting sights to visitors and residents. A high grade of chipped flint, pottery ware, carved pipes, and implements have been found there in the stone-grave mounds of the Shawnees, that are identical in design and material with the mounds in other sections.

Upon the bluffs were also found evidences that the builders of the mounds had made salt from the salt springs nearby. Huge pans of hardened shell and clay had long ago been made, filled with salt water and carried up to the bare cliffs for the water to evaporate into salt by the strong rays of the sun. It may be that their medicine-men knew of the actinic properties of the sun, and then effected "miracle-cures" in their forms of sunworship.

The mound building Indians probably had occasions and circumstances arising in their career when it was necessary for them to build the mounds as sites for their villages, council house, medicine lodge and burial places, just as there was a history of the Europeans erecting moated castles, draw-bridge and portcullis. But the lovely Ohio holds us spell-bound, and we turn away from the mighty bluff and look down upon the beautiful water that softly and tenderly wends its way among the shallows and willows down, down below to



the great Father of Waters that in his greed has swallowed so much that is valuable,—but life goes on and ever on.

In the early history of Shawneetown, salt was the only product that could be obtained on government credit, for the price of it in critical times was well-nigh prohibitive. The salt wells of Gallatin county, of which Shawneetown is the county seat, were worked in two principal localities called Nigger Springs and the Half Moon Lick, and were within a few miles of the old settlement. They were known all over the country during the French rule. All salt springs, salt licks and mill sites were leased and worked under the authority of the government, and were very early a source of large income and financial benefit.

The salt wells were first leased at Shawneetown, in 1803, to a Captain Bell of Lexington, Kentucky, and it is thought he had worked them in previous years when there were many negro and Indian slaves in the district. Slavery in Illinois existed from the time Renault, a Paris banker, brought five hundred African negroes from St. Domingo and sold them to the French settlers, as early as 1720.

In 1812 the Shawneetown Salt District was created by Congress, and a reservation of an area about twelve by fifteen miles was made for leasing. In 1818 the Enabling Act granted the use of the Salines to the State, provided they were neither sold nor leased at one time for a longer period than ten years. There were few salt wells in the Tract, but a great many wooden pipes containing the salt water led in all directions to the several furnaces that were situated near the edge of the forests. The brine used required about two hundred gallons of water to make one bushel of salt. The water was placed in large metal kettles distributed in several rows over the fire-grates leading to the furnace fire. As the fuel was cut away in the edge of the timber and burned, the furnace would be removed and placed farther back into the woods, and longer rows of wooden pipes, joined together, that were made out of the smaller split logs of the trees, carried the salt water from the wells to the kettles.

It has been stated that there were from one to two thous-

and hands employed at the Reservation when the salt production was eighty to one hundred bushels per day. The workmen were chiefly negroes brought from the South, or the indentured servants and slaves of that political age. Later on the slaves were allowed to purchase their own freedom from the profits of their labor in the Salines, and many of them purchased land in accordance with the laws of that period.

Necessary buildings for the storing and shipping of the salt, as also accommodations for those who were employed, were all provided for in the government lease, along with many other demands and restrictions as to the depth of the wells and drilling, and number and sizes of kettles. The industry required many axe men, mule teams, drivers for carrying fuel to furnaces, many foremen, kettle-hands, coopers, packers, time-keepers, and there were hangers-on by the scores around the springs.

The saline springs were leased to many men in the early history, but in 1840 they were leased for ten years to John Crenshaw who became very wealthy with salt selling at \$10 per bushel at the wells.

The manufacture of salt was at its height in the 40's and 50's when more modern methods were used at Half Moon Lick. Larger boilers, engines and pumps were installed, and the old metal kettles gave way to huge shallow pans holding the salt water that were twelve to twenty feet in length, and extended in rows for a distance of sixty to seventy feet on the grates to the huge smoke-stacks of the furnace. Wood was no longer used for fuel as large deposits of coal had been found in the nearby hills.

From 1854 to 1873 the large plant was owned by Temple and Castle of Shawneetown, and a production of five hundred bushels per day was made. At last the tariff and duty rates were so high that the profits decreased. Artesian wells in other states made close competition, and before long the great primitive industry of early Shawneetown days gave way to productions of coal and iron which are found lying closer together there than in any other place west of Pennsylvania. Lumber and similar activities have taken the place of salt pro-

duction, but large streams of salt water flowed from the wells long after the salt works were abandoned. Six large coal mines were opened up near the little city. It is believed that there is great undeveloped mineral wealth abounding below the surface, and that prosperity will again flow into hands of enterprising persons.

In 1815 Gallatin county with Shawneetown as the chief town was the most populous county in the Illinois country. The present court house building is of brick but is not of fire-proof construction. It is not located in the customary square, but on Main Street where the streets in the town run parallel with the river and its levee, and with other streets running at right angles. Thus we have with Main, other streets named Poplar, Walnut, Spruce, Locust and Market, and crossing these are Gallatin, Monroe, Jefferson, Madison, Washington, Adams, Garfield, Grant and McKinley.

There are valuable records found in the Court House. There are records found there from 1813-1820 of the granting of ferry and tavern licenses and their rates, county claims, probate records, inventories and sale bills of early settlers. Another volume contains records of negro indentures, certificates of freedom, a register of negro children born of free parents, and a transcript of the famous case of "Venus," the negro slave from a New Orleans court parish, who was declared free by the Illinois courts, partly on the ground that she was living in Illinois when the State Constitution of 1818 was adopted and she had not been indentured as a negro servant. A later volume contains further records of negro freedom papers, copies of wills and manumissions, and certificates of birth. Lands and personal property are listed in tax books of 1846 with value and names of those residing within the county.

Marriage records are there from 1830, and records of officers elected, as also names of justices, constables, sheriffs and clerks. An early census there of 1810 gives an abstract wherein is given population, looms, produce, distilleries, tanneries, saw mills, grist mills, cotton gins, boat yards, sugar camps, spinning wheels, saddles, shoe-makers, coopers, black-



smiths, and the number and quantities of their productions.

Those records of wills, accounts and estates with their settlements, give reliable and important information as to the existence and distribution of wealth in Shawneetown at a very early date. They also show through the personal property items the degree of culture that had been attained, and suggest an important and equally interesting phase of social life for future historians and writers that tax-payers often object to list in a well-to-do community of any county.

There are records there that antedate the formation of the state, and go back to the time of the French government and tell us of a civilization that disappeared a century and a half ago in Illinois. We may learn out of a few volumes there how the Indians gave way to the English, and from which arose a great Anglo-Saxon state. Such records we dwell upon as to their importance, so little appreciated by the general public. They are priceless, for, if lost or destroyed, they can never be replaced.

As a whole the citizens of Shawneetown were from the southern states, and were straightforward, hospitable, kind and helpful to their neighbors. They had no grasping desire to possess more wealth than would bring ease and comfort to their families along with accomplishments and culture to grace their homes. Through their close communication by river transportation with cities of Wheeling, Pittsburg, Louisville, Nashville and New Orleans, they were much more fortunate than their sister settlements lying within the interior of a so-called wilderness of forest, prairie and river.

There were many politicians and office seekers living in Shawneetown prior to the 40's who desired political power more than wealth, and their influence was very great in state legislation when the male citizens could vote only for governor, sheriff and members of the legislature—all other officers were appointed.

Among the citizens prior to 1840 were families of attorneys, farmers, merchants, and physicians who formed the actual social structure of Shawneetown. Many of the women of that early period were educated daughters of distinguished



families of the South and East who had brought charm and poise into the western life. Although they might have been lessened in the possession of the material things of life, it may be proudly said that they were never lessened in the amount of influence that they wielded in their happy homes for good and right conduct. They led in the establishment of schools and churches in the community.

The negro question, on account of the great number employed in the Saline district of Shawneetown, occupied the attention of political men at a time when Edward Coles of Albemarle County, Virginia, had come into Illinois where he had settled his negroes that he had inherited in Virginia, but did not want nor know what to do with. In 1822 Edward Coles of Albemarle, had been elected governor of Illinois, as the second governor of the state after an active campaign, but by the men who respected and admired his ability, sterling character, and especially his anti-slavery views.

At that time the pro-slavery men were seeking for an amendment to the state constitution to allow slavery to exist within the state, for there was an article in the constitution of 1818 prohibiting slave labor after 1825. The campaign contest was bitter and personal, and newspaper articles of the only five papers published in the state were filled with contributions from the pens of those who were both for and against a slavery amendment. The controversy ended after many months by the people of the state voting in the general election of 1824 against any change in the constitution.

Governor Coles had been advised when a young man, by Thomas Jefferson, to come West and become a missionary for those who were oppressed by slavery, for "it had long been an encouraging observation upon his (Thomas Jefferson's) part that no good measure was ever defeated which if duly pursued failed to prevail in the end." At another time Mr. Coles, son of a Revolutionary Army Colonel, was selected by President Madison to undertake a private mission for him to Russia. He accepted and sailed in the vessel, "Prometheus," which was the first man-of-war of our navy to sail up the Baltic Sea. At that time Albert Gallatin was United States Min-

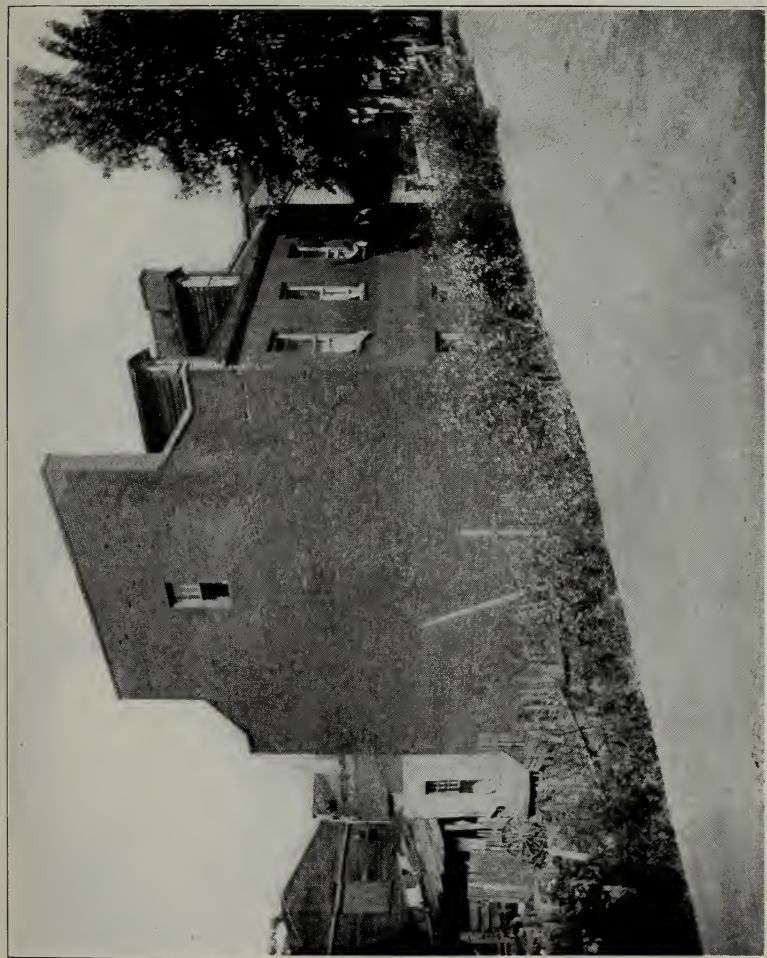
ister to France and as his guest and in diplomatic capacity Mr. Coles met Louis XVIII and also General Lafayette in Paris, who had done so much to help the colonies in the American Revolution. These two worthy gentlemen had many mutual acquaintances and spent much time together that ripened into a friendship that was so satisfactorily renewed at Shawneetown on May 14, 1825, when General Lafayette was making a long tour of the States of the Union in America.

Governor Coles and the legislature invited the venerable General and his party to become official guests of the state at a time to be designated by the General, and who accepted the invitation. That day of the public reception given to General Lafayette and Governor Coles at Shawneetown, was the greatest public event that the young city-metropolis had ever experienced.

People of all stations, degree and color stood in a double line of welcome extending from the boat where the distinguished party landed upon a calico-covered path strewn with fragrant and lovely blossoms, over to the location and hospitality of the Rawlings tavern.

After the distinguished party was conducted to the tavern the General was introduced to the ladies-in-waiting and afterwards to the gentlemen gathered there. They all partook of a handsome collation at the Rawlings inn over which General Joseph Street presided. Toasts were given to the memory of Washington, Heroes of the Revolution—"tears for the dead, for the living brightest smiles," and others. Later a reception was given by the public in general upon the court house green, and a formal address of welcome was given to the General by Judge James Hall of Shawneetown, who later became State Treasurer.

The *Vandalia Intelligencer* contained an account of the reception at Shawneetown for the great General and his party. It said that when the steamboat "Mechanic" appeared there was a deputation from the committee of arrangement who waited upon the General and apprised him of the reception in Shawneetown, one of the two cities in the state honored by General Lafayette as a guest at that time.



RAWLINGS HOUSE, SHAWNEETOWN, WHERE GEN. LAFAYETTE  
WAS ENTERTAINED, 1825.





A salute of twenty-four guns was fired as the steamboat "Natchez" also approached the landing which was made, and the reception party passed between two lines of citizens from the water's edge to the Rawlings hotel. The reply of General Lafayette to the deputation meeting him was very brief and unpremeditated, but delivered in a voice which seemed tremulous rather with emotion than age when he "thanked the citizens of Shawneetown for their attention and said that he was under obligations to the people of the United States for their kindness to him." He further said "that he had long wished to make the visit to the United States, but circumstances prevented which he could not control. He wished every blessing might attend the people of Shawneetown and Illinois."

The *Shawneetown Gazette* said at the time of its publication that the citizens evinced by their respectful deportment the warmest attachment for the character of the truly great man, Lafayette, and that the General, although apparently too frail to support the fatigue of such an interview, received the congratulations of people with ease and cheerfulness and seemed deeply touched by their humble, though sincere display of national gratitude.

Later that day the distinguished party of General Lafayette with son and private secretary, returned to the steamboat "Mechanic" or "Artizan" and steamed away for the East. They passed into a very heavy storm the next day about 120 miles from Louisville, and that night the steamer "Mechanic" struck a snag. The General was sleeping soundly but was awakened and taken from his bed in the cabin about midnight, and carried to the side of an open boat where he was placed within, conveyed to the nearest shore at a spot where there was no house within sight, and where he spent the lonely hours of the dark night until transferred to the "Paragon" about nine o'clock the next morning. No lives were lost, but the party lost most of their baggage by the accident. The boat "Paragon" was bound for New Orleans but to show respect and gratitude to the venerable General it reversed its course and took the party on to its destination as so graphically de-

scribed by Lavasseur, the General's private secretary, in his journal.

During that visit of Lafayette to the nation, Congress appropriated two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land for Lafayette in recognition of his services to the nation nearly a half century before, in the Revolutionary War.

When the one hundredth anniversary of Lafayette's visit drew near, the State Historical Society wished to commemorate the occasion in some fitting manner. Shawneetown had been one of the two Illinois towns honored by a visit from Lafayette in 1825, and to her the honor again fell in 1925. The fine civic spirit with which the citizens of the city responded will also live in memory's pages, for they followed in faithfulness on May 14, 1925, the best accounts given of the Shawneetown reception of a century ago.

Many thousands gathered in the city for the re-celebration as arranged by the Gallatin County Memorial Committee with a grand pageant upon the river banks and city park and with music furnished all day by bands and groups of musicians. The government steamer "Kankakee" represented the steamer from which General Lafayette arrived at a point opposite Shawneetown. The principal address of the anniversary was made by Honorable Cornelius J. Doyle of Springfield, Illinois, former Secretary of State. His address was a masterly contribution of twentieth century ability, appreciation and respect for our great nation and of the great men who have helped to establish liberty in the world.

Six families of the original reception committee of 1825 were represented by some of their descendants, dressed in the costumes of that period, and after the banquet, addresses and general reception, the ladies courtesied as in days of old and the gentlemen with due dignity bade farewell to the distinguished General and his party. The climax of the celebration came when a large company representing leading men and women of the old Gallatin County days, not only accompanied the Lafayette party to the boat but also boarded it for a river journey. Thousands of the day's visitors stood on the shore,

and all knew that the Shawneetown Centennial Celebration had been a success in honor of General Lafayette's visit.

A former soldier in the United States Army, Mr. Hugh McKelligott, represented General Lafayette as also were Messrs. Lambert, Marsh and Joseph Wiseheart, and Gregg of the pageant, formerly in the service. The impersonation of the son of General Lafayette, George Washington Lafayette, was by Mr. Thomas Peeples, a descendant of an old Shawneetown family, who has two sisters living in Beardstown, Mrs. Fenton Vandeventer and Mrs. Edmund Miller Dunn. Mr. Peeples responded to a toast during the banquet as follows: "Liberty and intelligence. We see their moral effects forcibly depicted in the present state of the American people." Other distinguished guests were impersonated by leading citizens.

Further enjoyment was afforded the guests when an Indian pageant was staged in the park by Shawneetown in the afternoon. There in pantomime was witnessed the red man's jubilee in the planting season, the camp-fire and Indian dance scene, the white men coming to purchase the Indian lands, the displeasure of the Shawnee chief, the final reconciliation and the smoking of the pipe of peace.

Another feature of the day's program was the singing by school children of the county, and the rendering of old songs from old-time hymnals by a choir of middle-aged gentlemen. After a symbolism of the twenty-four states of the Union in 1825, the last number of the Centennial celebration was a pageant representing the coming of Daniel Boone and his brother Joe into the county and the leading incident of the marriage of Joe Boone. The presence of the government steamer, and of the submarine chasers with their officers and crew, added very much to the success of the day.

The day was made even more complete by the visitors paying respect to the old landmarks within Shawneetown. Some of them are: First brick house location that was built by John Marshall, a Justice of the Peace; the second house, a large three story brick, was built by General Moses M. Rawlings where Lafayette was entertained, the gate through which



he walked, and the well from which he drank; the old Posey building is still standing, in which Robert G. Ingersoll had an office when he practiced law in Shawneetown; the place where General and Mrs. John A. Logan were married. It is the home of the first bank established in Illinois, 1816, and the splendid three story stone bank building erected in 1837 with its classic Ionic columns stands as a monument of perseverance and progress. Other sites give a do-you-remember air, as to Colonel Sellers, Mark Twain, General Michael Lawler, General James Harrison Wilson, and many other noted characters that lived in Shawneetown; and last but not least is that of John Eddy's house and the shop in which was published the first newspaper of Shawneetown in 1818 and the second of the entire state.

The history of the development of Shawneetown was like that of other settlements, but was probably of a longer duration in the element of lawlessness and wickedness that prevailed in river towns. There perhaps is no profession that knows, from insight and contact, any more about men and women of homely deeds as well as men and women of public activities, than that of a physician, and also about the less fortunate and undesirable elements in a community.

Dr. L. C. Taylor of Springfield, deceased, did much when he was President of the State Medical Society to effect the preservation of a history of early medical practice in the State, and to fit the lives of the pioneer physicians into their proper relations in the development of communities.

Ironical humor also was found in the unwholesome surroundings of the pioneer families where epidemics and disease prevailed. A constant source of ailment was malaria—the “ague” of the swamp lands, and about it runs a raven-like poem,

“And to-day the swallows flitting  
’Round my cabin see me sitting  
Moodily within the sunshine  
Just inside my silent door,  
Waiting for the ague, seeming



Like a man forever dreaming  
And the sunlight on me streaming  
Throws no shadow on the floor,  
For I am too thin and sallow  
To make shadows on the floor—any more.”

Among physicians of passing notice in Shawneetown of early years was a Dr. Smith, born in Kentucky in 1815. His father, a Methodist minister, died when his little son was six years old. The boy received his desire to study medicine from his mother who was a physician, and he also had an older brother who practiced medicine. After such environment all of his life, and medical study, he located in Shawneetown.

The Shawnee Indian tribe lived in the vicinity as early as 1720, and some were in the vicinity until after 1806. Their practice when ill among themselves is of much interest, for it involved visits and dances around them by their medicine men, priests and music, and also friends, and they treated wounds and dislocations with remarkable success.

One of the first physicians to practice the art of medicine in Shawneetown was Dr. Alexander Posey, the seventh son of General Thomas Posey. He was born in Virginia in 1794, and died in Shawneetown in 1840. The inscription on his tomb states, also, that Dr. Posey in “his efficient honest career was adorned by modest merit and amiable manners, by scientific attainment, and by able and skilled discharge of his ancestral duties.” He was ordained for the ministry before he received his medical degree in Philadelphia. He was a member of the reception committee which entertained General Lafayette in 1825 in Shawneetown.

Dr. Joseph Johnson and his son, Dr. J. H. Johnson, were announcing in 1842, in the Shawneetown papers, that they were there as surgeons, lecturers, and physicians, and would give special attention as instructors to students of medicine with the intention of organizing a medical college there.

A study of early physicians in Shawneetown show that they were of a courageous type. Dr. Peggy Logsdon lived

below Shawneetown on a small farm. She was brave and had to know all snake-bite cures for the wilderness around her. She was often, and necessarily, one of the first to greet the newest comer into that world of lawlessness around Shawneetown. Usually she traveled on horseback, but when her patrons literally called over to her from across the river on the old Kentucky shore she used a skiff or canoe, and no storm or water-stage ever stopped her. However, her skiff was gone one dark night when the call came. Undismayed, she found a log with a branch still upon it. She took off her clothes, tied them in a bundle high up on the branch, then pushed ahead of her the log and thus crossed the Ohio river. On reaching the Kentucky shore she put on her dry clothes and hurried along in the dark to her patients in a cabin within the woods, who were anxiously awaiting her coming. Dr. Logsdon reared a family of several sons and daughters who were independent and industrious, and it is related she held the esteem and regard of all who knew her.

Dr. E. R. Roe was an early medical man of Shawneetown, but after ten years there he gave up the practice of medicine and gave his time to research in geology and literature, as also a lecturer and soldier. His prize serial story was the "Virginia Rose" written in 1852, and was based on facts and traditions that he gathered about Cave in Rock, the popular excursion point for camp meetings, as also the earlier rendezvous of thieves and murderers who lured the unwary from the river boats into the hidden caverns, not many miles away from Shawneetown. Dr. Roe added much to his collections of natural history while there, and later in years he lived in Springfield, Jacksonville and other places.

One of the prominent physicians Dr. John Reid, was practicing before the twenties of the last century in Shawneetown, although his large home was about five miles west where many Indian camps were located. When in danger of Indian raids his home was used as a fort by the white neighbors. One day his wife had bathed her baby-boy, dressed him in a dress with short sleeves, low neck with bright shoulder ribbons, and then put him in the cradle. To her

amazement and consternation while she was alone in the house a young Indian squaw with a papoose on her back came into the house, and seeing the white and clean baby in the cradle she quickly exchanged it for her dirty baby that she left in the cradle. The squaw ran away with the clean white baby muttering all the while "Me swap papoose." When Dr. Reid returned home he found his frantic wife and after telling him about the outrage he calmly advised her to clean up the dirty papoose, dress it in pretty clothes and to be quite certain to tie on a lot of bright ribbons, and then they would take the clean little papoose to his mother. The story runs that Mrs. Reid had the Indian baby quickly shining like a copper kettle, and soon she, the Indian baby and Dr. Reid found that a band of Shawnees from Kentucky had pitched their camp on the Illinois side. They hurried to the camp and when the young squaw saw her clean baby she instantly dropped the white child with a thud upon the dirt, and again swapped papoose, but happier then with her own baby. To Mrs. Reid's surprise the squaw brought her a present before they left the camp, and upon opening it she found it proved to be a warm little coon-skin to wrap her baby in. Dr. Reid made Shawneetown his home and lived there to an old age in the 30's. He was in later years associated with his son, Dr. John Reid, Jr., who when grown studied medicine and practiced his profession in Shawneetown.

A picturesque and romantic Shawneetown is also her inheritance. Along the river banks and bold rugged bluffs are found a varied flora and fauna that have attracted travelers and scientists far and near. The magnolia and mistletoe, poplar and oak, cypress and pine, holly and vine are all there for the Druids of a modern age to gather at their shrine. Much is being done everywhere to conserve and preserve the unusual gifts of nature, and we trust the days will again come when the Salines, the Mounds, the Caves and the Battery Rocks will be known all over the country.

In holiday glee the citizens looked forward each year to the boat excursions upon the lovely Ohio. Captains of the palatial passenger boats vied with one another to make their



line the most attractive. Stewards and maids were equally solicitous for the care of the private or special parties. Lights and shadows added to the picturesque effect, for there were lovely ladies everywhere to be protected by men who were gentlemen. In a shadowed cabin corner, in earlier years, were the river gamblers in slouch hats, drooping mustache and long frock coats furtively watching for the victim, who in the dark hours of the night may have counted that his last,—for honor's code bade him to be at the duel-place at break of day.

Negro roustabouts were everywhere, while the deck-hands swung their heavy bales of freight while they weirdly chanted and droned their levee songs.

The leaping, laughing and lapping waves were at times ferocious, and precious lives were lost and hidden beneath the dark waters, when steam-boats were wrecked by boiler explosions, sand-bars, collisions, or other accidents bringing great financial loss of foodstuffs, grain and other valuable freight entrusted to the boats' care.

Gallatin county was one of the three counties, out of fifteen within the state, that was entitled to three representatives in the convention at Kaskaskia to form a state constitution during the summer days of 1818. Their names were Michael Jones, Leonard White and Adolphus F. Hubbard, all prominent men in political and business life of Shawneetown affairs. Thirty-three men were gathered at Kaskaskia who were representatives of pioneer fore-fathers in a contribution to the Nation—the State of Illinois. Those men made their way over prairies, through woods, and by Indian trails and buffalo trace, to meet in Kaskaskia—that historic town which has long since been buried within the Mississippi floods. Bricks were brought from Pittsburg by boat down the Ohio, and overland from Shawneetown, to build the first capitol building at Kaskaskia, it has been said, and was known as a fine old building sixty years after the capitol was removed in 1820 to Vandalia. The seat of government was again removed in 1836, by vote of the Legislature, to Springfield, Illinois.



The Shawneetown *Journal* looked upon the selection of Springfield for the state capitol with hearty approval. In one of its issues that year it said: "The Legislature has wisely settled the question of the Seat of Government which is now permanently located at Springfield, and not only for its situation in the heart of the richest part of Illinois \* \* \* we apprehend that it will meet the entire approbation of the State." A year later the Shawneetown *Voice* states that "the State House Building plans had been changed to substitute stone for brick, and that would increase the cost, but it presumed that since Springfield was to be the permanent seat of government and that Illinois is entitled to a fine building, it is believed that the people and the Legislature will be indulgent if the work is not done too extravagantly." That was in 1837, nearly a hundred years ago, when the stone quarried for the building was secured between 1837 and 1841 from a farm out on Sugar Creek at one dollar per load, and then hauled a distance of seven or eight miles on wagons pulled by ten or twelve oxen when the roads were so bad, wet, swampy and rough, that for many years later there were large blocks of stone lying along the road where the stones had been thrown from the wagons, and the drivers had no means of replacing them on the wagons.

We cannot refrain from giving reverent attention to that rugged old stone building that was the State Capitol down on the Court House Square, that in classical line and remarkable beauty enshrouded sacred utterances from the lips of statesmen that have become national in their effect. The old State House, now remodeled into the Sangamon County Court House, remained the State House until 1876 when the Capitol was removed into its present building.

Another event of interest is that the Directors of the Bank of Illinois in Shawneetown loaned \$5,000 in 1838, for improvements upon the McKendree College at Lebanon whose chief benefactor had left the battlefields of the War of the Revolution for the ministry and later came to Illinois and began the building of his college in 1828.

The Bishop welcomed women students on the same equality as men students, although the president and his chief assistant, a woman, received only \$25 each month for their first year's services as instructors.

It was the old territorial legislature of 1816 that passed an act incorporating the Bank of Illinois at Shawneetown with branches at Kaskaskia and Edwardsville. Its charter was extended from time to time in order that its affairs might be legally carried on. Hard times, and business failures were the rule in the 40's, and later a private company purchased the Bank of Illinois, but its business extended all over the state.

There was also established in 1820 a State Bank at Vandalia with branches at Shawneetown, Edwardsville, Brownsville and Palmyra, by the State Assembly. This bank of no capital, no security of its loans and note issues, was regulated and managed by the Legislature.

Banking laws and legislative action caused confusion, and even mortification, during the state-panic era to creditors, stockholders and the public. The distinguishing points between the two banks at Shawneetown, the State Bank of Illinois and the Illinois Bank of Shawneetown, were very close and even the legislative acts in earlier years were not always understood concerning the institution!

Mr. Thomas Ridgway removed to Shawneetown when six years of age and there made his home until his death in 1897. He was a popular merchant, politician and banker. His father had died when he was four years of age and his mother died when he was fourteen. His only attendance in a private school was one year added to the splendid early teachings of his mother, but his education was obtained in the school of experience. In 1845 he started in a mercantile business at the age of nineteen and the firm was known as Peeples and Ridgway, and became one of the best known in southern Illinois. These partners closed out their business after twenty years, and in 1865 organized the First National Bank of Shawneetown of which Mr. Ridgway was President after the death of Mr. Peeples in 1875. Mr. Ridgway was elected State Treas-

urer in 1874 and was a Director of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago for several years. He was one of the promoters of the Beardstown-Springfield division of the Baltimore and Ohio southwestern system into Shawneetown and was its President from 1867 to 1874. For nineteen years he was a Trustee of the Southern Illinois Normal School at Carbondale, resigning in 1893, and dying four years later after giving a life time of healthy and fine service to his community interests.

Proceeds from public lands for educational growth were often diverted into other measures in the State, and public school education was of slow development, although there were many private schools and colleges that the youth of Shawneetown attended.

Shawneetown is not only the railroad terminal of the Springfield branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, but it has a branch of the Louisville and Nashville road. With that north and south system it was inevitable that she should prosper by her location as a river shipping point, as well as receive great shipments of lumber, coal and farm products from the interior parts of the state, centered there for further distribution. Mills, foundries, machine shops, good schools, newspapers, fine churches, two banks and other enterprises all stood forth in worth while endeavor and for the early success of the little city.

We have seen how closely politics and trade were connected with Shawneetown's economic and commercial endeavors, and these conditions were found in all city growths at that time. There are interesting stories and records of Legislative action of that age of Internal Improvements, but they are typical of the turning of any wilderness into a center of population, and the enactment of laws for the development of the enormous latent possibilities.

Out of the long period of financial depression came legislation and real action that developed canals, rivers, railroads, schools and other improvements in which Shawneetown was vitally interested as a strong pioneer banking location.

Shawneetown was the fortunate place to come into possession of the second newspaper edited and published in the state, in 1818. It was in the summer of that year when Henry Eddy of Vermont started from Pittsburg with a printing outfit on a flat-boat. The boat was stranded on a sandbar at Shawneetown and the citizens upon learning that Mr. Eddy was a lawyer and an editor, then persuaded him to locate in their town instead of going on to St. Louis where he had intended.

Mr. Eddy unloaded his printing outfit and in September, 1818, he is said to have issued the first number and called it the "Shawnee Chief." The name was changed to the "Illinois Emigrant" and shortly after it became the "Illinois Gazette," and was published until 1830. It was a most vigorous production after 1820 with Judge James Hall as co-editor. Weekly newspapers have always continued being published in Shawneetown, and it is an interesting chapter in Illinois history to learn of the leading part Shawneetown newspapers took in all parts of the state. Mr. Eddy later became a prominent politician. He died in 1849 and is said to have been a walking library as he never forgot anything that he ever knew whether in law, poetry or literature.

#### "A SONG OF MIRIAM" TO GRACE

You're aging, Grace, else retrospect  
Would not such mirage lights reflect  
On realm of bondage, whence we trekked:  
And glories of the Promised Land  
Assign to lean Egyptian strand.  
Hardpan soil and gullied hills;  
Sand fleas, mosquitoes, ague chills;  
Overflow and drouth locked rills;  
Uncouth ways, quaint dialect;  
But virtues stern and circumspect.

'Neath dogwood, brier thickets grow.  
And fiends from out deep shadows, throw



Barbed Spanish bayonets. While blow  
Clouds of weed pollens on each breeze  
That make one choke and cough and sneeze.  
But with it all, I must allow,  
That e'en from then, clean down 'till now,  
Since all creation gave man birth,  
No finer folk have walked the earth.

—St. Gamo Kedentry.

The above quotation illustrates that the art of a journalist is to say that which is courageous, interesting and true in a few words.

This Sangamonian poem of word painting appeared in a recent Sunday edition of a Springfield newspaper, and it delineates very understandingly and reminiscently our river town.

Newspapers of the old Shawneetown days had correspondents who added variety and interest to their columns by writing essays, stories and poems under assumed names to conceal their identity but not to conceal interest in the day's affairs.

Shawneetown was for many years the chief port of entry for emigrants, travelers or freight coming down the Ohio or across from the South, but the newspaper editors cared but little for what they might have contributed to the news of the paper—the editors were most interested in the politicians of the state and the things for which they stood in the Assembly—and it meant bigger money for the publishers. Their source of income was largely from the public printing of laws, treaties, and government reports of different departments, as also campaign speeches of candidates.

Advertisements consisted chiefly of taverns, whiskey, townsites and runaway slaves. The *Shawneetown Gazette* made frequent appeals for money, either in prose, verse or poetry and subscribers were praised, lectured or denounced in accordance with their response. Money was scarce for the daily needs of printer or pioneer, and the Shawneetown publishers announced that they would receive in payment for sub-

scriptions and advertisements any clean linen and cotton rags, and also accept bacon, pork, tallow, beeswax, feathers or deerskins.

Previous to 1805 the settlers and travelers had followed the picturesque and winding land traces that had ages ago been worked out by the buffalo, and the Indian trails along hillsides and across hollows and streams to the settlements beyond—sometimes afoot, other times by buggy, wagon or horseback to the fertile prairies and hunting grounds.

Much later the hollows and swamps were improved by sections of the plank roads and bridges built by appropriations from the Assembly for that purpose, and greatly aided the farmer to get his produce to market at Shawneetown where it could be shipped in other forms down the river. We might add here that the era of universal concrete road-building has reached Shawneetown. It has done much to follow up pioneer trails, for there is an increasing desire to see and learn of the loveliness of our beautiful state out of nature's generous distribution, and also that our historic sites are visited and the faithful men and women of pioneer days are again honored and remembered.

No stage roads or mail routes were opened until 1805. The first mail route was established in that year from Vincennes to Cahokia, the next year, 1806, the second route for mail was from Shawneetown to Vincennes, while in 1810 another route was formed from Shawneetown to Louisville. These routes were at times impassable and for weeks the mail was carried only twice per week in bad weather, while no promptness was assured for many years over the mail routes.

Freight transportation was even more uncertain and early newspaper publishers were frequently at great disadvantage by being so far away from the eastern supply-source of paper and ink that had to come down the Ohio in flat boats to Shawneetown. In low water or high water, no winds or hard winds, there was sometimes a delay of several weeks. Slow transit, carelessness of boat employees in handling supplies and freight, all figured in the delays of the early settlers receiving news or supplies from the outside world. Once the

whereabouts of a new town was lost, for Judge Hall tells us that in 1830 a consignment of goods for Beardstown, Illinois, was landed by mistake at Shawneetown where they remained for sometime, as the people of Shawneetown had not been apprised as to where Beardstown was. They knew the location or position of Beard's Ferry on the Illinois river, but were surprised to learn that a town had suddenly sprung up and started into existence before the people on the Ohio had known its name.

Shawneetown has always heartily responded to all patriotic calls, but she has suffered most disastrous losses from the ravages of terrific Ohio river floods. The flood of 1883 resulted in the high waters rushing over the banks and into the streets of the little city and rising until all but twenty-eight out of six hundred houses were flooded to the second story rooms, while the mad waters rushed to a depth of fifteen feet on Main Street. At that time the levee construction that had been built for protection at a great expense was almost entirely destroyed. Fifteen years later, in 1898, the Ohio again was on a rampage and rapidly inundated the entire city by the waters breaking through the levee again, and at that time there was a loss of twenty-five human lives. The inundation continued for several weeks, of homes and industries. So critical was the suffering and so great was the forced shutting-down of flooded business quarters, that again the State government and other institutions contributed tents, food, clothing and other necessities for immediate needs. After the 1898 disaster Shawneetown's safety was again assured by the United States reconstructing the levee system on a very extensive and substantial scale, which is believed will give adequate protection against any similar overflow of water.

There is a government gun-boat now stationed on the river at Shawneetown to effect any rescue or aid when the waters rise to a depth of forty-six feet, while a depth of fifty-three feet will be required before the levee will have an overflow. The last dangerous flood was that of 1913, but the levee banks were blasted by the government boats to give additional safety to the little Illinois historic city on the Ohio banks.



River navigation is again receiving much attention for dependable transportation, and it is reasonable to expect that Shawneetown will have her share of prosperity and progress.

Everything has its nature to fulfill, and it is our mission in life to develop that which gives life, nourishment, shelter and comfort. That essence of life within us makes us what we are although it makes each of us different from another, but out of a humane, honest and intelligent plan we ought to be able to protect what has been given to us and know what is in us for life—our Nation in America.

We pass on to Westwood—the last resting place of the citizens of Shawneetown that has been so beautifully made within the beauties of all nature, and with its perpetual fund for a future continuation of its remarkable regulations, as provided for in its charter.

Among the many tomb-homes there is that of General Thomas Posey, born in Virginia in 1750, and died at the home of his son-in-law, General Joseph Street, in Shawneetown in 1818. He was an officer in the American War of the Revolution, and we are soon told in Shawneetown where we may see the old silk and linen flag that General Posey is supposed to have had with him on many battlefields. The old flag now is tattered and frayed from its long period of proclaiming victories and liberty, but every pure star of the thirteen stars is clear and distinct on that blue field of faith, and not one star was ever discolored by a traitor's hand upon that flag. We believe that all of Shawneetown would respond heroically if that old priceless flag is ever endangered, as it rests within its frame for further protection at the Robinson Drug Store in Shawneetown.

In every war and in every emergency Shawneetown has faithfully responded, and after the World's Wars those who returned have shouldered the civic responsibilities and duties all along the way in the land of—men!

They of the spirit of *Shawnee* Town and of Shawneetown, the old historic river city, were tolerant of their neighbors, they were reared in the atmosphere of a religious life and considered all as God's children of the Universe.



A quotation from a D. A. R. magazine has a fitting conclusion (for Shawneetown):

“Have you considered what I represent?  
I’m the blood, the tears, and the hopes and prayers,  
The struggles and privations and longings and cares  
Of those men and women of high moral worth  
Who founded the greatest Republic on Earth,  
In short, I’m the heart and the brain and the might  
Of a God-loving people who battled for right  
So accord to me always the highest respect  
For I’m yours to honor, defend and protect.”

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Sources of material: Transactions, Journals and Collections of the Illinois State Historical Society; rare old newspaper files and volumes in the Illinois State Historical Library. Interviews with Miss Osborne and assistants, Mrs. Macpherson and Miss Phile.

## **SARAH LUSK MARKER UNVEILED AT GOLCONDA, ILLINOIS**

BY MADGE TROVILLION

On July 4th, 1928, a marker was unveiled at Golconda, Illinois, in memory of Sarah Lusk, pioneer woman, and founder of Golconda.

The marker stands in the northeast corner of the court square facing Main street, and consists of a large native boulder with bronze tablet bearing the inscription:

### **IN MEMORY OF SARAH LUSK**

The brave pioneer woman who founded the town of Golconda, first called Sarahsville, a century and a quarter ago.

She established the first ferry across the Ohio river at this place which she operated with the aid of her young son and a faithful colored woman.

Her rifle was always at hand to protect the passengers from the dangers that lurked on every side.

Erected by

The Civic Club of Golconda

1928.

The idea of erecting the marker was conceived by Mrs. C. A. F. Rondeau and carried out by the Golconda Civic Club. The unveiling ceremonies were in charge of Mrs. George T. Kowalsky, vice president of the club, and were opened with a trio, followed by the presentation of the marker to the city, by Mrs. L. S. Barger.

The tablet was unveiled by little Alice Jean McCoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCoy, and sixth generation of the pioneer McCoy family. She is directly descended from Ezekiel McCoy who came to Golconda in 1807. Garlands were placed on the boulder by Miss Josephine Crist and Miss Chris-

tine McCoy, and the inscription on the tablet was read by Miss Josephine Crist, a direct descendant of the Clark family to which George Rogers Clark belonged.

Mayor O. C. Trail accepted the memorial in behalf of the city, followed by "America" sung by Mrs. Pearl Walker Yoder of Chicago. Following the unveiling talks were made by C. M. Lunn, of Pontiac, Attorney Grover E. Holmes, of Golconda, Judge A. A. Miles, of Rosiclare, and others. "Illinois" was sung by the audience, and the benediction by Rev. W. H. Kielhorn closed the ceremonies.

Sarah Lusk, daughter of General Hugh McElwaine, was born in South Carolina, August 2nd, 1769. On July 25th, 1793, she was married to Major James Lusk, a Revolutionary soldier, and in 1796 went with him to Kentucky. They settled in what is now Livingston county, on the banks of the Ohio river, where they lived until his death in 1803. She then moved across the river selecting a tract of land of 512 acres known as "The Wedge." With the promise of General William Henry Harrison to aid in completing her pre-emption when land should be for entry by patent, she laid out a town and called it Sarahsville, the present site of Golconda.

On the records in the office of the County Clerk the following account of ferry franchise and costs issued to Sarah Lusk, and the official order changing the name of Sarahsville to Golconda are found as follows:

Be it remembered that on this twenty-fourth day of Feb., 1821, the following license for a ferry was left to be recorded in my office by Thomas Ferguson.

"Indiana Territory; William Henry Harrison, Esq., Governor and Commander in chief of the Indiana Territory."

License is hereby granted to Sarah Lusk, widow of James Lusk, to keep a ferry across the Ohio river, in Randolph county, opposite the one formerly kept by said James Lusk. She, the said Sarah Lusk, engaging to keep at the said ferry good and sufficient boats for the passage of all travelers with their horses, carts, wagons, carriages, cattle, etc. And for which she is to receive such toll as may be established for said ferry by the court of quarter sessions for the said county.

And the said Sarah Lusk is also to enter into bond as the law directs, for the proper keeping of said ferry.

Given under my hand at St. Vincennes the seventh day of May Anno. Domini One thousand Eight Hundred and Four and of the Independence of the United States of America, the twenty-eighth.

(SEAL) by the Governor, William Henry Harrison, Jno. Gibson, Secretary.

A true copy. Attest Joshua Scott, recorder Pope county. Deed record A, page 82, of the public records of Pope county, Illinois.

Under date of Tuesday, April 21st, 1818, appears the following order:

Ordered that all ferries in this county over the Ohio river be governed by the following rates, which were no doubt charged by Sarah Lusk, to-wit, from the first day of December to the first day of June for wagon and team \$2.00; for a man and horse, 50c; for a footman, 25c; for each head of cattle 18¾c; for each head of hogs or sheep 6¼c.

From the first day of June to the first day of December, for a wagon and team \$1.25; for a man and horse 25c; for a footman 18¾c.

Under date of the 24th day of June, 1817, page 35, appears the following order: Ordered that the Town now called Sarahsville, the present seat of Justice for Pope county, hereafter be called Golconda at the request of the proprietors.



# NECROLOGY

## ENSLEY MOORE

1846-1929

Death claimed one of Jacksonville's best known and most highly respected citizens Thursday night, January 10th, 1929, when Ensley Moore, passed away at Passavant hospital. Mr. Moore's death occurred at 8 o'clock, after an illness due to pneumonia. While Mr. Moore had been in failing health for some time his serious illness was of short duration.

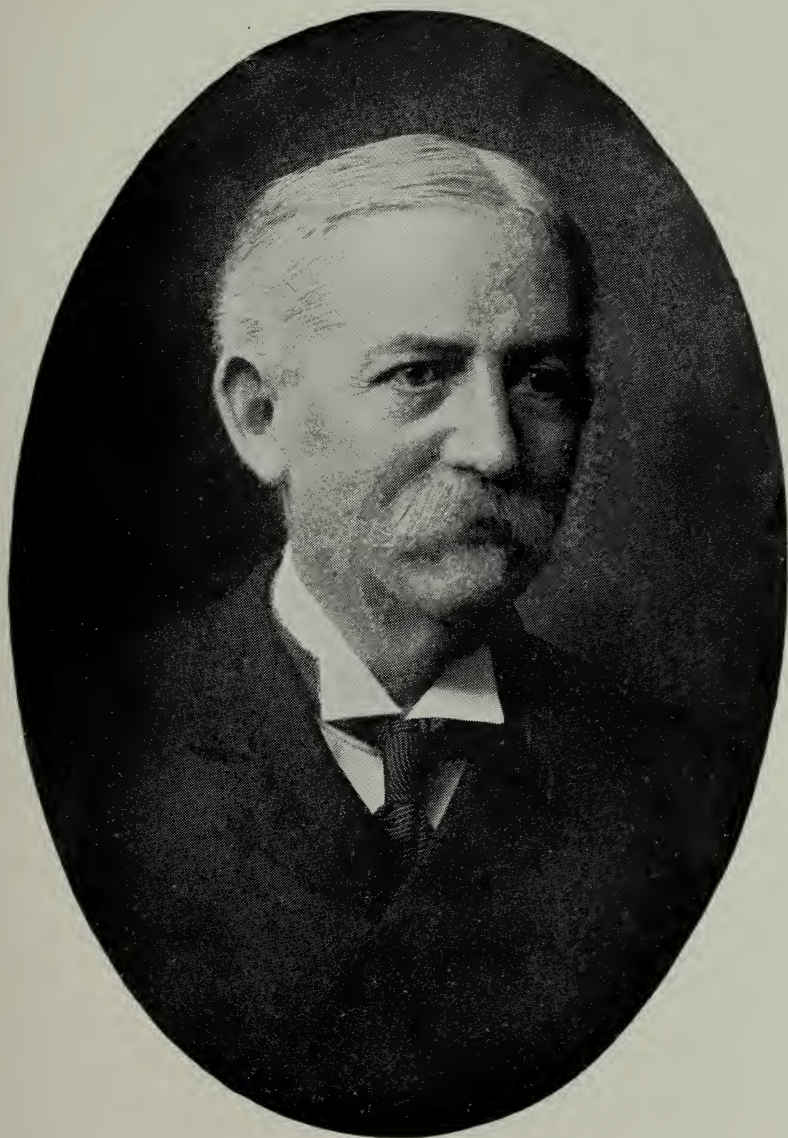
Ensley Moore had been associated with seventy-one of the little more than one hundred years that Jacksonville has existed. As a boy he came to Jacksonville, and since that time his interest in this city has grown as he has become older. Certainly no person took keener pride in his home city than did Mr. Moore.

He was prominently identified with every project that was for the good of this city. He came with his family to Jacksonville in 1857, to the residence at 856 West State street, that was his home until the time of his death.

He attended the West District School under Bateman, Tunnell and Kirby, and entered the preparatory department of Illinois college September, 1862. While a student at the college he became a member of Sigma Pi society, an institution in which he maintained an unusual interest during his lifetime. As a new member of the society he learned to love its traditions, and his fondness increased with the years. Annually it was his custom to attend the opening meeting of the society, and to take part in the program, an act which afforded him much enjoyment.

He was graduated from Illinois college in 1868, with the degree of B. S., and delivered an address historical of the Sigma Pi society in 1871, at the annual literary exercises.

Mr. Moore joined Westminster church March 1, 1863, and was elected a trustee in 1870, serving many years as secretary and as treasurer of the board, and being president from 1886 to 1902. During that time Mr. Moore was chairman



ENSLEY MOORE





of the building committee in constructing the new stone church building. He was superintendent of the Sunday school 1880-1883 inclusive.

In 1894 he was elected president of the Morgan County Bible society, serving until 1900. In 1893 Mr. Moore became an elder in the church, and has served in the Presbytery and Synod and was three times commissioned to the General Assembly.

The love of church affairs played an important part in the life of Mr. Moore. He was ever striving to promote its interests, as is evident from the many offices held by him.

College and civic affairs claimed much of his time also. In 1873 he was elected secretary of Illinois College Alumni Association, and served until 1879. He was elected a trustee of Illinois college in 1892, resigning in 1901. He also was a charter trustee of the Illinois Conservatory of Music for many years, serving a portion of that time as secretary of the board.

His activity in politics dated from 1874, when he was elected alderman from the second ward. In 1883 and in 1895 he was elected a member of the Board of Education, serving also as a water commissioner from 1881 to 1883. He has been a delegate to city, county and state conventions of the Republican party. He served on the committee of reception to General Grant in 1880, and in 1901 Governor Yates appointed Mr. Moore a member of the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities.

Throughout his life, since leaving college, he has read and studied along social, political and religious lines. He was a member of The Club, one of the city's oldest organizations. He was local editor of the Jacksonville Journal in 1869, assistant editor of the Jacksonville Independent in 1869-70, and wrote editorially on the Journal at times from 1878 to 1884.

His interest in and valuable contributions to history led to his election as vice-president of the Illinois Historical society, an office he held for many years. For many years he was a weekly contributor to the Journal, his news articles appearing under the caption "Old Jacksonville."

In 1870-71 Mr. Moore became a member of a bookbinding firm, and he brought the first new ruling machine to Jacksonville at that time.

Mr. Moore was born in Springfield, Ill., April 16, 1846. He attended school in Perry, Ill., until 1857, when he came to this city with his family. He was united in marriage with Miss Clara King on October 22, 1873, who with five children survive. One son, Laurence died in infancy. Those surviving are William Walter Moore, Traverse City, Mich.; George K. Moore, Winside, Nebr.; Miss Margaret K. Moore and Miss Ainslie Moore at home and Mrs. B. C. Nelms of Jacksonville. There are nine grandchildren. Impressive funeral rites for Mr. Moore were held at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, January 13, at the residence on West State street. Dr. Frederick Oxtoby of the Illinois College faculty officiated, assisted by Rev. J. M. Stevenson of State Street Presbyterian church.

Mrs. H. C. Woltman sang "Abide With me" and "Lead Kindly Light." Her accompaniment was played by Mrs. J. Edgar Martin.

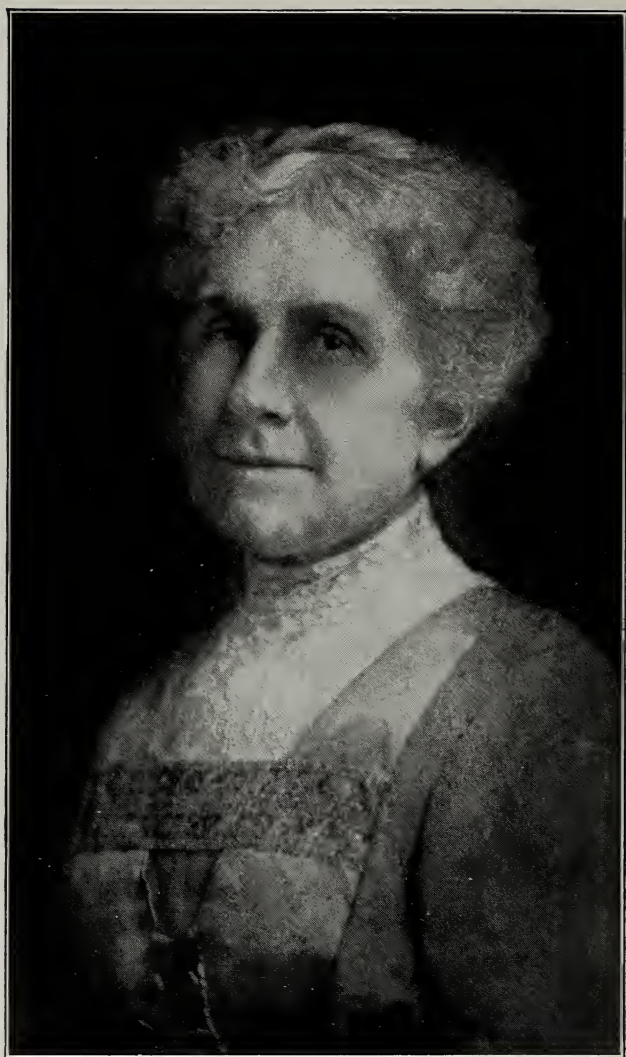
Those caring for the floral tributes were Miss Catherine Barr, Miss Lillian Havenhill and Mrs. Inez Anderson.

Honorary bearers were Dr. F. M. Rule, T. V. Archer, Henry W. English, R. R. Stevenson and Frank Elliott.

The active bearers were W. J. Brady, C. B. Massey, B. F. Shafer, J. A. Ayers, Benjamin Wright and J. A. Palmer.

Interment was in Diamond Grove cemetery.





MRS. ENSLEY MOORE



**MRS. ENSLEY MOORE****1851-1929**

BY MRS. CARL E. BLACK

In the death of Mrs. Ensley Moore, the Illinois State Historical Society has lost a most devoted member (1905-1929). Her death occurred January 19, 1929, only a few days after the death of her husband. She was taken ill the day after Mr. Moore's funeral; pneumonia developed from which she did not rally. It seemed as if the inspiration for living was gone—and she gradually let go of the thread of life.

Mrs. Moore was born January 15, 1851, at Hanover, New Jersey, the daughter of George I. and Emily B. King. Her father, a Presbyterian minister moved to Quincy, Illinois, in 1855. The Civil War occurred during the years she lived there. Mrs. Moore's memories of those days were interesting and vivid, for they used to bring boat loads of wounded soldiers up the river to Quincy to be cared for, and her father made many trips on those boats, doing what he could to help them. The family moved to Jerseyville in 1867, and it was while they lived there that Mrs. Moore attended school in Jacksonville, at the Athenaeum, graduating in 1869. She was married to Mr. Ensley Moore in 1873. They were the parents of six children, Lawrence, who died in infancy; William Walter, Traverse City, Michigan; Margaret King, Ainslie, Clara Catherine Nelms, Jacksonville; and George King Moore of Winside, Nebraska. There are nine grandchildren.

Outside her home, Mrs. Moore's chief interest was probably Westminster Church. She had grown up in a minister's family, and was therefore able to see many phases of church work from the minister's standpoint, as well as from that of the lay member. Her kindly suggestions and wise counsel were often of great value in her church work. She was interested in theological and religious matters far beyond the average church member. As long as she was able to do so, she was active in all departments of church work. Up to the time

of her death, she was Treasurer of the Woman's Home Missionary Society—and previous to 1918, she served for fifteen years as secretary of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society of the Springfield Presbytery, an office which required an immense amount of correspondence.

Other organizations in which she held membership were: Ladies' Education Society of Jacksonville, Illinois; Wednesday Class; Reverend James Caldwell Chapter D.A.R.; Morgan County Historical Society; and the Illinois State Historical Society. In both the Education Society and the Wednesday Class, she was serving as president at the time of her death. In the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. 18, No. 1, April, 1925, is an article contributed by Mrs. Moore, on The Ladies' Education Society of Jacksonville, Illinois. Mrs. Moore had been a member of this organization since 1895, and she had served as its president since 1923, always giving to her official duties—the best that one can give—faithful, accurate work. In the Daughters of the American Revolution, she was a member of the Tablet and Endowment Committee at the time the chapter purchased the Governor Joseph Duncan house for a Chapter House. Her judgment in business matters, and her council in matters of policy were of great value in this work. To Mrs. Moore, membership in any organization, meant activity in that organization. Her strength of character, her gentle dignity, her unfailing courtesy, all proclaimed her the true gentlewoman. She was a woman of pleasing personality—slight in build and a little below the average in height. Her manner with friends and guests was gracious and affable, with just a trace of stateliness.

The heritage of a distinguished family history belonged to Mrs. Moore. Her first ancestor in America, on her father's side, was John King, who came to Massachusetts in or about 1640, and who was prominent in the government of the colony for many years. King Street in Northampton was named for him—or for a member of his family. The father of this John King was governor of Ireland under Cromwell, and an older brother, Edward King, is classed among the Anglo-Irish poets. The latter, who was drowned while crossing the Irish

Sea, was the man in whose honor, the poem "Lycidas" was written by John Milton (1638). Mrs. Moore's mother's family also came to this country very early and lived in New Hampshire. At least five of her family served in the American Revolution.

Mrs. Moore's interest in every-day affairs, in the community, in the State, and in the Nation, was as keen toward the end of her life as it had been in her early years. Her mind was always open to new truth, and she was always ready to consider new points of view. The passing years had brought only maturity to her clear thinking mind. She loved good books—good music—and, good people. Reared in a home where religious and educational training were vital factors—she was a woman of broad culture and genuine human sympathy, and she gave service, unstinted, to the community in which she lived.

The writer is indebted to Miss Margaret King Moore for information and helpful suggestions about Mrs. Moore's family.

**MARTIN LUTHER KEPLINGER****1847-1929**

Martin Luther Keplinger, the oldest lawyer in Macoupin county, passed away at his home in Carlinville at 11:30 o'clock Thursday night, January 10, 1929. He was taken ill January 4 with an attack of influenza, which later developed into pneumonia, which caused his death. He was eighty-one years, eleven months and fifteen days of age.

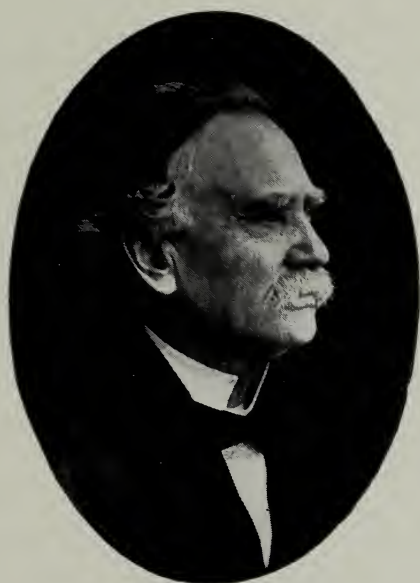
Mr. Keplinger was born in Morgan county, Illinois, January 25, 1847, a son of Samuel and Permelia Green Keplinger. His family was of German origin and first settled in Maryland, his father being a native of East Tennessee. His mother was a daughter of Rev. John Green, one of the earliest settlers of Morgan county. His father's family emigrated to Illinois in 1828, and settled in Morgan county.

Martin L. was the seventh in the family of four girls and three boys. He remained at home until 1865 when he entered Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, graduating from that institution in 1869. He was a charter member of Alpha Deuteron chapter of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity of that University.

After his graduation Mr. Keplinger taught school in McLean county, and was also employed in farm work until he entered the law office of General John I. Rinaker in Carlinville as a law student. He was admitted to practice law in 1872, and entered actively into the work as a partner with General Rinaker. This relationship continued until January 1, 1879, when he formed a partnership with W. H. Steward which continued until the death of the latter.

On February 24, 1880, Mr. Keplinger and Miss Mary Elizabeth Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ayers, of Danvers, Illinois, were united in marriage in that city. To this union five daughters and one son were born: Mrs. A. W. Mayfield, Mrs. W. D. Mayfield and Mrs. Earl Anderson, of Carlinville; Mrs. Rex Fenton, of Chicago; Mrs. George Hailey, of Cincinnati, and W. Ayers Keplinger, of Chicago. These chil-





M. L. KEPLINGER



dren and their mother, together with Mrs. John W. Smith, of Kidder, Mo., sister of the deceased, survive.

Mr. Keplinger was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Carlinville for about sixty years, and for more than twenty years he was superintendent of the Sunday School. There was no work of any kind in the church or in the municipality which had for its object the betterment of the community in which Mr. Keplinger was not actively interested.

He belonged to the Modern Woodmen of America, and it was the only fraternal organization of which he was a member. For a great many years and up to the time of his death, he was a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and rarely missed a meeting of that organization.

In politics Mr. Keplinger was a Republican. He was always an earnest champion and advocate of its principles and its candidates. He did not seek public office himself, but throughout his long and active career he helped many others to secure political honors. He cast his first vote for General U. S. Grant for President in 1868. At the time of his death he was public administrator in Macoupin county, a position he held through several administrations.

A message received by Mrs. Keplinger said: "His death brings to an end a most beautiful and useful life, full of love and good deeds. His memory will be an inspiration."

The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, January 13, at 2:30 o'clock in the Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. W. G. Lloyd, pastor, officiating. The members of the Macoupin County Bar attended in a body. Interment was in the city cemetery where the services were under the direction of the local camp of Modern Woodmen of America, and at which the ritualistic oration was delivered by F. C. Borman, the presiding officer of that organization.

**DEWITT W. SMITH****1844-1929**

DeWitt Wickliffe Smith, 84, pioneer resident and business man of Springfield, died at 1:15 A. M., January 23, 1929, at his home, 625 South Second street.

Mr. Smith had been ill at his home since Thanksgiving day, and for several days his condition had been regarded as serious. He is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Charles Carroll, city; Mrs. Henry L. Pindell, Peoria; Mrs. Emmerson Anthony, Peoria; Mrs. Stuart Broadwell, Jr., city, two sons, Sidney Smith, residing in Kansas, and William L. Smith, of Panama, Canal Zone, who is en route to this city from New Orleans.

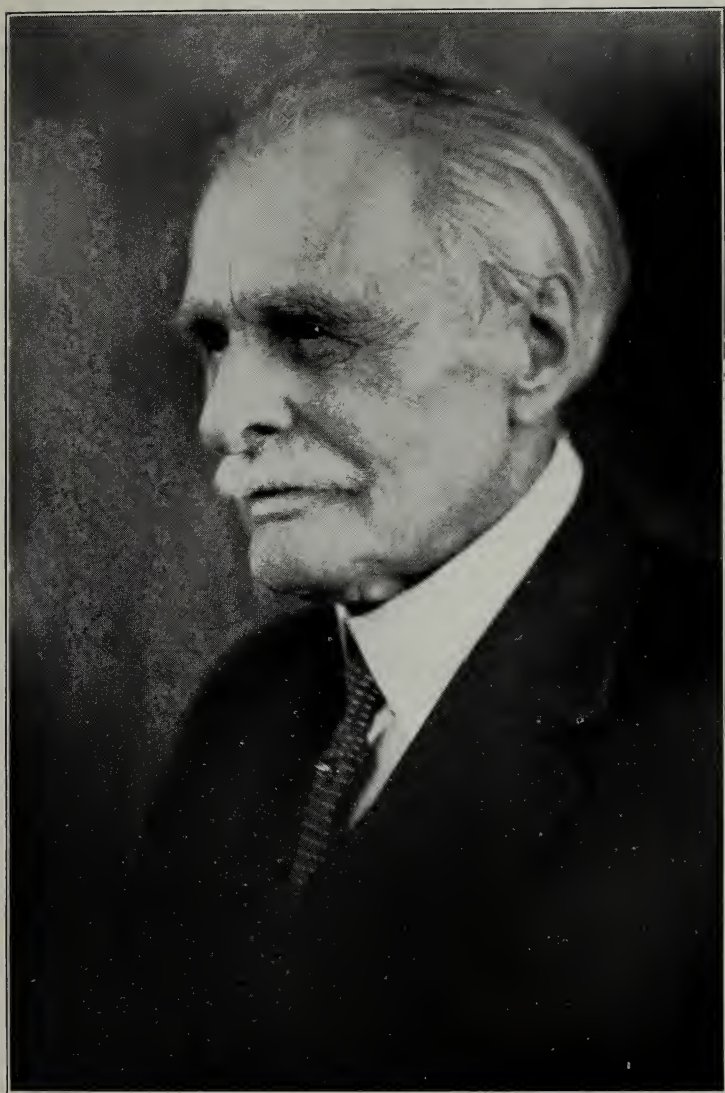
Mr. Smith was a native of Sangamon county, having been born December 13, 1844, in Cartwright township. His parents were Joseph and Sally (Taylor) Smith, who came to this county from Kentucky in 1835. He lived for a number of years on a farm near Bates and gave his attention to farming and cattle raising. His farm at that time contained eight hundred acres and was one of the best known places in the central west.

Mr. Smith became a stockholder in the Illinois National bank in 1886, and was elected president of that institution and served for many years. Also he was a director of the Bank of Williamsville.

In public life Mr. Smith was chairman of the county board of supervisors. Also he served two terms in the state legislature. Also he served four years as president of the National Cattle Growers' association and was largely instrumental in the passage by congress of the first bill for the protection of domestic cattle from contagious disease. Laws for the protection of cattle in the western states were modeled after the Illinois law, the passage of which Mr. Smith secured in 1881.

Mr. Smith was one of the commissioners of the Chicago





DeWITT W. SMITH



world's fair, and served several years as president of the state board of agriculture.

In later years, Mr. Smith practically retired from active business pursuits, although he had large interests in both farm and city property. He was the sole owner for a number of years of the office building at the southeast corner of Fourth and Monroe streets, now known as the Mine Workers' building.

Mr. Smith was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and had always been actively identified with promotion of historical and business interests affecting Springfield and the state of Illinois. He was an active member of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Rev. John T. Thomas, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, officiated at the funeral services held at the residence, 625 South Second street, at 2:30 P. M., January 25. Burial was in Oak Ridge cemetery.

**JAMES EDGAR BROWN****1865-1929**

Attorney James Edgar Brown, prominent in legal circles in the city since 1892, dropped dead of a heart attack on an Illinois Central suburban train, Chicago, Illinois, on Sunday morning, January 27, 1929.

Mr. Brown was born in West Virginia, February 8, 1865. He was a descendant of William Brown, who settled in Virginia in 1632. Thomas Brown, his great-grandfather, fought with General Greene at the battle of Cowpens, in the Revolution. His grandfather, Samuel Byrne Brown, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and his father, Granville Brown, was an officer in the Union ranks during the civil war.

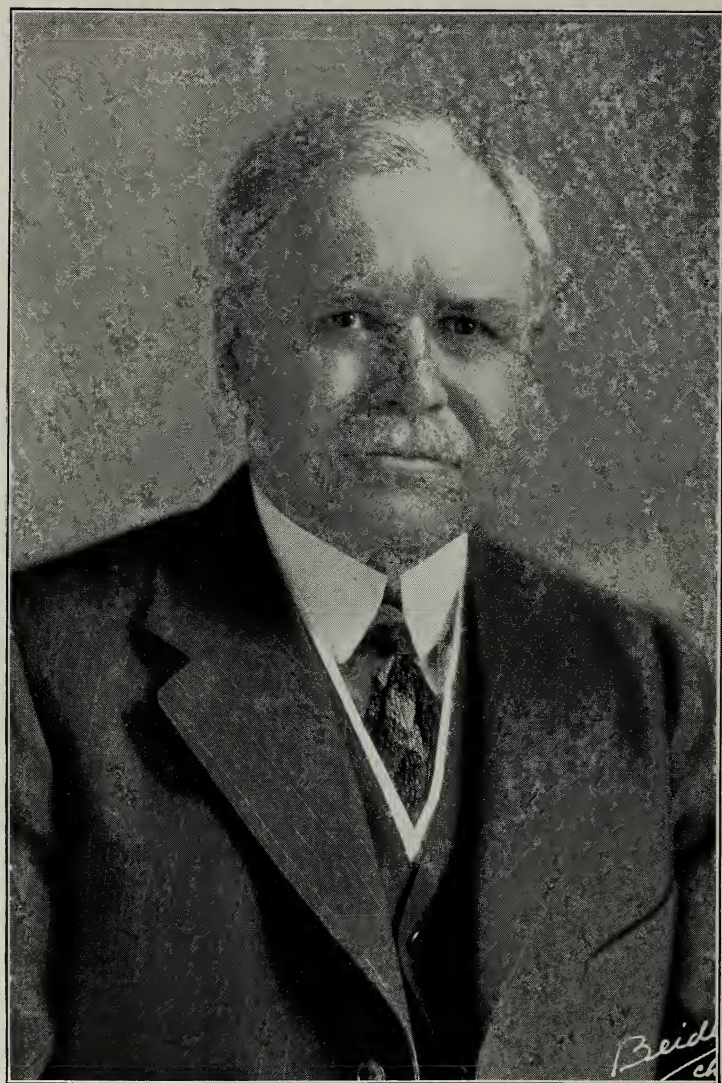
Mr. Brown was graduated from West Virginia University in 1889. In 1891 he completed his legal education and was admitted to the Virginia bar the same year, and to the Illinois bar in 1892, and since then practiced his profession in Chicago. He studied municipal affairs and the administration of justice in various courts of Europe, and was a contributor to a number of periodicals.

He was a member of the American Bar association, Chicago Bar association, Law Institute, Association of Commerce, National Geographic Society, the National and the Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Illinois State Historical Society, Sons of Veterans, and a director of the Hamilton club.

He is survived by four brothers and one sister living in the east. Funeral services were held Tuesday, January 29, at the Oriental consistory, 919 North Dearborn street under the direction of Kenwood Lodge, No. 800, A. F. & A. M. The Chicago Bar Association was represented by a committee of twelve. The body was sent the same night to Morgantown, West Virginia, Mr. Brown's birthplace, for burial.







FREDERICK C. DENKMANN

**FREDERICK CARL DENKMANN**

BY JOHN H. HAUBERG

Frederick C. Denkmann was born at Rock Island, Ill., March 25, 1859, and passed away at the same city, February 11th, 1929. He was the elder son of Mr. Frederick Carl August Denkmann and his wife, Catherine Bloedel Denkmann, both natives of Germany.

After graduation from the Rock Island High School, Mr. Denkmann received the A. B. degree at Iowa University, in 1878, and two years later, completed the law course at the same institution with the degree of LLB.

He was united in marriage, October 23, 1884, with Miss Rhoda Lee, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mylo Lee, one of the pioneer families of Rock Island.

Immediately on completion of his college studies, Mr. Denkmann entered the employ of the lumber concern which his father had founded in company with the latter's brother-in-law, the late Frederick Weyerhaeuser. To the end of his days, the subject of this sketch continued to be a leading spirit in the parent Weyerhaeuser & Denkmann Company and in its many kindred corporations.

Mr. Denkmann was a member of the Christian Science church, a valued member also of the Rock Island Chamber of Commerce; the Tri-City Manufacturers Association; the Rock Island County Historical Society; Illinois State Historical Society; a trustee of the Rock Island Young Men's Christian Association; was for many years president of the Board of Education; chairman for many years of the Park Board of Rock Island, where he contributed liberally toward the recreation of the city's people, the outstanding gift in this behalf being Denkmann Park. He held membership in almost every branch of the Masonic Lodge. His membership included Trio Lodge, No. 57, A. F. & A. M., Rock Island; Rock Island Chapter, No. 18, R. A. M., of which he was past high priest; Rock Island Commandery, No. 18, Knights Templar, of which he

was a Past Commander, and Kaaba Temple, Shrine, Davenport.

During the World War Mr. Denkmann acted as general chairman for the Rock Island War Camp community service, which provided suitable recreation for the soldiers of the Ordnance Department and the Infantry stationed at Rock Island Arsenal.

Gustavus V., King of Sweden, made him a knight of the Royal Order of Vasa, "In recognition of merit, good citizenship and generosity," for Mr. Denkmann had shown a substantial interest in the educational work of the Swedish Lutheran Synod. Among other evidences of interest he, together with his brother and sisters, built for Augustana College and Theological Seminary, a fine library edifice, known as the "Denkmann Memorial Library," in memory of their parents, who had passed to the great beyond.

The favorite recreation of Mr. Denkmann was golf. He was a member of the Rock Island Arsenal Golf Club and served for some years on the Board of Governors of that Club. He was also a member of the Black Hawk Hills Country Club; the Geneseo Outing Club and the Minikahda Golf Club of Minneapolis, Minn.

The deceased was of tall, stately appearance; of swarthy complexion and an avoirdupois of two hundred pounds. Wealth to him was but the measure of his obligation to society at large. He regarded it scarcely at all for his own selfish gratification. He never failed his home city in any call for its upbuilding and progress. No city had a better friend; Welfare and Character-building agencies of the country wore a trail to his door and always found a warm sympathizer and one who contributed in such sums as tended to keep Rock Island as one of the bright spots on the map.

Mr. Denkmann was not only an heir to the lumber business, but he likewise inherited the position in it, occupied by his father before him, namely, that of supervising the home base. The senior Mr. Denkmann had come to the New World after completing the exacting course of apprenticeship required by the Prussians, for those who aspired to be master



mechanics. In joining with Mr. F. Weyerhaeuser in the purchase, through a sheriff's sale, of a small saw-mill located at Rock Island, it fell to Mr. Denkmann to work out its salvation through highly skilled and indefatigable effort. It was he who initiated that energetic "Drive" of a mill and its personnel, through efficiency methods, which made his firm so successful throughout its years and which are urged by efficiency engineers today, in the leading manufacturing plants of the country. His young partner, Mr. Weyerhaeuser, meanwhile developed his rare genius for the purchase of timber and that of establishing happy and successful relationships with other outstanding lumbermen of the country.

Like his father before him, the subject of this sketch became the leading official at the old home base. Among the many positions held by him at the time of his death were the following: President of the Weyerhaeuser & Denkmann Company, the parent organization of 1859; President of the Rock Island Sash & Door Works; President of the Rock Island Lumber and Coal Co., operating a line of retail yards in the west; Secretary and Treasurer of the Rock Island Lumber and Manufacturing Company; Treasurer of the Rock Island Plow Company; Vice-president of Dimock, Gould & Co., of Moline, East Moline and Rock Island; President of Rock River Investment Company; President of Mississippi Valley Investment Company; President of Denkmann Lumber Co. of Mississippi; Director of Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Tacoma, Wash.; Director of the Sound Timber Co. of Seattle, Wash., and a director or official also in the following: Southern Lumber Co., Warren, Ark.; Potlatch Lumber Co. of Idaho; Northwest Paper Co. at Cloquet, Minn. In short, Mr. Denkmann held official relationship with about fifty corporations, in many of which he was the guiding factor.

There was universal sorrow in his home city when the news spread quickly that Mr. Denkmann had passed away. He had not complained of any illness, and his last day among us found him at his desk as usual, and leaving it at the usual closing time. Feeling indisposed at the time of the evening meal, he retired to the library where, a few minutes later, he

was found seated in an easy chair, but the spirit had flown. The high regard in which he was held is evidenced by the fact that some of the leading industrial plants were closed all day, and other factories, together with retail stores of the city were closed part of the day of the funeral. Of his survivors, those nearest and dearest to him are his widow, Mrs. Rhoda Lee Denkmann; his brother Edward P. Denkmann and his sisters, Mrs. John J. Reimers of Davenport, Ia.; Mrs. Thomas B. Davis and Mrs. William H. Marshall, both of Rock Island; Mrs. E. S. Wentworth, of Paris, France, and Mrs. John H. Hauberg, of Rock Island, Ill.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Maps, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6-35. Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1927. (Nos. 6-26 out of print.)

\*Illinois Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. clvi and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. xxxiii and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 1 and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. civ and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. cxviii and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. clxvii and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

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\* Out of Print.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. lvii and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xxviii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. cxli and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. xxxiii and 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. xxx and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. viii and 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI. British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xviii and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVII. Law Series, Vol. I. The laws of the Northwest Territory, 1788-1800. Edited with introduction by Theodore Calvin Pease. xxxvi and 591 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Statistical Series, Vol. I. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. lxviii and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

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\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 161 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.



\*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 182 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XXII, No. 1, April, 1929.

Journals out of print: Volumes I to X, inclusive.

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\* Out of Print.



## MEMOIRS.

RECORD OF EVENTS IN THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD WILLIAM  
WEST, BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS, A. D. 1895.\*

In compliance with requests made by some of my children I hereby attempt to put on record, a brief history of my uneventful life. It is a source of regret to me now, that I undertake the task so late in life being this twenty-fifth day of September, 1894, in my eightieth year.

Another regret is that I did not avail myself of the opportunity afforded me, while many members of my family lived, to obtain a more extended knowledge of my ancestors; and that I kept no memoranda of particular incidents of my life, so that after the lapse of many years, I must depend upon memory alone, especially for dates.

My great-grandparents both on my father's and mother's side were descendants of Old English stock.

The first representative of the family of West came with Leonard Calvert, brother to Lord Baltimore, to Maryland in the year 1632, and my great-grandfather John West lived and died in Maryland. His son, Benjamin West, my grandfather, was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, and was united in marriage to Miss Virilinda Hilleary. She belonged to a family of Welsh extract, of high social position, wealth and refinement, and which today embrace many prominent and worthy citizens in Prince Georges county today.

My father, Washington West, was born in Montgomery county, February 19th, 1778, being the youngest child of a family of eight, comprising four sons and four daughters; my uncle Henry Hilleary West being the eldest son. My grandfather, Benjamin West, served through the war of the Revolution, and endured as a firm and devoted patriot the hardships, at Valley Forge, and the sufferings incident to that protracted war.

He and his wife were members of the Protestant Episco-

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\* Edward William West died in Belleville, Ill., March 29, 1925.

pal Church or Church of England, in which faith they both lived and died, and in the funeral discourse delivered at his decease, by my grandfather, Rev. Edward Mitchell, after mentioning his many Christian virtues, pure and spotless life, he said "that whenever in the providence of God, he should be called hence, he should be satisfied, to enjoy that state of heavenly bliss, he believed his departed brother was then in possession of."

Although but a child, I remember his dress and appearance, his hat and long coat very much like those we see now representing the Quakers, his white hair falling over his shoulders, and with a long staff in his hand, kind and tender to us little children. My grandmother survived her husband several years, attaining the great age of ninety-four.

At the close of the war when the country was impoverished, and land was high in Maryland, great inducements were offered to settlers in the fertile valley of Virginia, between the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains, and my grandparents found a home near Fincastle the county seat of Botetourt county, and there I was born on Wednesday, the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1815.

My mother's maiden name was Frances Mitchell, daughter of the Rev. Edward Mitchell and Ann Haley Mitchell his wife. She was born in Virginia February 27th, 1791, and was married to my father Washington West April 30th, 1811.

Of the early ancestry of my maternal parents I know but little. My grandmother was a Marylander by birth and was married to grandfather August the 26th, 1784. They were blessed with a large family embracing five sons and eight daughters, all of them attaining mature age, and some to an advanced life.

My grandfather, Edward Mitchell, after whom I was named, was also a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and participated in the battles of Guilford Court House, and the Cowpens, in the State of North Carolina; he also served the country as commissary in the army. He and his younger brother, Samuel Mitchell, were men of distinguished presence, with



more than ordinary gifts and graces of mind and person, and were recognized leaders in their young manhood, of the most refined and brilliant society. Before the beginning of this century when Methodism was introduced into Virginia, they most ardently embraced the doctrines as taught by Wesley, and became standard bearers of that glorious denomination. Surrounded by good neighbors and in an intelligent and cultivated community, in the possession of an independence, with schools and church privileges, and associations the most attractive, our two families might have remained satisfied, with health and plenty, in a land magnificent for the beauty of its scenery, its rocky but fertile hills, sparkling waters and convenient markets.

In the year 1800, the Methodist Church had extended its boundaries both north and west, and had established societies through Kentucky and Tennessee, that were visited annually by the bishops of the Church, although the general conferences were held in Baltimore and Philadelphia. In 1806 one of the most remarkable, devoted and successful pioneer missionary preachers, this country has produced Rev. Jesse Walker, was appointed to the Illinois circuit. He was to the spread of the gospel, in the then great West, what Daniel Boone was to the settlement of the country. On his way to the general conference, he stopped at my grandfather Mitchell's, and in the most glowing terms described the vast resources of the immense territory, with boundless miles of natural meadows well watered, and with timber convenient and abundant. So captivating were these descriptions, and so desirous were they to free themselves from the institution of slavery, that my uncle Samuel Mitchell sold out his possessions, and in 1816, he emigrated to the Territory of Illinois, and settled in this county, entering a large body of land, comprising what is now known as Rentchlers Station.

In the year following Dr. Samuel Phillips who married my mother's elder sister Aunt Ann Mitchell in the year A. D. 1806, my uncle James Mitchell, and my father, came out West to make an examination of the country, passing through Belle-

ville and going as far as St. Louis which was but a village then.

Father was so well pleased that he purchased land about five miles southwest of Belleville, then a town of less than two hundred inhabitants, and contracted for the building of a double log house to be completed within the year.

The report of the brothers was so favorable as to the fertility and cheapness of the soil, the ease of cultivation, and confidence in its rapid and grand development, beside the satisfaction expressed by uncle Samuel as to the change he had made, that preparations were begun by most of the connections to sell out their possessions and bid farewell to the Old Dominion. The spring of 1818 (May) found both of my grandparents with their families and servants prepared to leave civilization and comfort, to undergo the dangers, hardships and privations of a journey of nearly one thousand miles, over mountains rough and precipitous, through forests almost trackless, over streams and rivers deep and rapid, unbridged and with but few ferries, to the wild prairies west of the Ohio river, with grass as high as a man's head on horseback, often with scarcity of firewood and water, and families twenty miles or more apart. But careful preparations, and competent provisions had been made by all the separate families, in strong wagons, excellent carriages with teams of powerful horses, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils in abundance, tents and wagon covers, to shelter, and the rifle for protection and to procure game. I have no positive list of the names of those who composed the company, but the entire number including whites and blacks, from the octogenarian to the babe of one year old was not less than sixty-five souls.\*

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\*Those comprising the company were: Great-grandfather James Mitchell, Grandfather and Mother Mitchell, Uncles Edward, William and Samuel Mitchell, Aunts Sarah and Eleanor Mitchell and cousins Mary and Ralph Crabb, children of Aunt Elizabeth Crabb deceased ten in number, with servants 16. Grandfather Benjamin West and wife. Washington West and wife, their three children Frances Ann, Edward Wm. and Benjamin Hilleary West, Uncle Henry H. West, and Aunts Fannie and Sarah West, ten in number with their servants, 20. John H. Gay and wife with their two children, Eliza and Edward Gay 4, with their servants 6. John Henry Dennis, wife and mother 3 and servant 4. Mr. Graves wife and children with servants, 6. Mr. Graves and Mr. J. H. Dennis' brother-in-law. Mr. Belt and family two, with servants 4. Benjamin, William and Hilleary Ripley, with their families eight, and Mr. Aikins and wife, Mr. Ripley's brother-in-law numbering forty-five white persons and twenty-one blacks and in all sixty-six souls.

My great-grandfather James Mitchell who must have been nearly ninety, was one of my grandfather Edward Mitchell's family; and my grandfather Benjamin West and my grandmother who were about eighty years old formed a part of my father's.

My uncle Henry H. West, and uncle Edward Mitchell performed a voluntary but most efficient service, in daily going before the caravan, procuring whatever could be purchased for the wants of all, and selecting the best places for camping.

A strict observance of the Sabbath day was enforced throughout the whole journey, and whenever a house could be found for the Sabbath service my grandfather Edward Mitchell would preach, and if no suitable place could be procured, religious services would be held in a tent or under the shade of trees, all the families uniting in the worship of God hallowing the day, and making it one of rest for man and beast. And the Lord blessed them, He threw around them all His protection and care, and enabled them to reach their destination in safety without the loss of life or property. We all arrived in the territory the last of May or June, and in the month of December following, 1818, Illinois became a State. Some notice in regard to the black servants, belonging to the several families who emigrated to the State at that time may be proper, and I now speak from my personal knowledge: that while my grandfather and uncle Samuel Mitchell and uncle Tilghman H. West set their negroes free, but retained for years several of them, my father and uncle Henry H. West retained theirs in servitude until by a decision of the Supreme Court of the state, slavery was abolished. They believed honestly that they had the perfect right under the Constitution of the United States government to own them and care for them, and the subsequent history of most if not all of them, has demonstrated the fact, that freedom has not brought to them the blessings anticipated. I wish however to make these positive declarations that both Aunt Betty the mother, Aunt Harriet my nurse from infancy were ever kind to the three motherless children my sister Frances Ann, my brother Benja-



min and myself. That I grew up to love them as I did Uncles Jerry and John and for their fidelity and tenderness, I hold their memories very precious. I ever treated them as members of the family, not as slaves, and when I had grown to manhood it constituted a part of my happiness to provide for their wants and repay the debt of gratitude I recognized as their due. When a boy I worked with them side by side, and I never employed them for a day that I did not pay them after they left the service of my father and brother.

The foregoing condensed statement concerning our family seemed necessary for a proper introduction to my own history.

The year 1819 was long remembered as a year of unusual sickness and fatality in all this section of the country. Beside the great change in climate, in the water, the prevalence of malaria, the absence of many comforts, lack of nourishing food, with exposure to the heats of summer, and especially the entire ignorance of our physicians as to the proper treatment of the diseases, made a sad record of deaths in our family. My dear mother died August the 24 A. D. 1819, and soon after my two Aunts Frances and Sarah West, with my venerable grandfather Benjamin West in 1820, aged ninety-one. At the age of forty-one my father was left a widower and so sacredly did he cherish the memory of my mother, he did not marry again, but ever spoke of her as a most beautiful woman, amiable wife, intellectually bright, perfect in form, winning in manners, a tender mother, a dutiful child, and a devoted Christian. At that time I was not four years old, my sister Frances less than six and my brother Benjamin less than three years; deep was the calamity that overtook us surviving children, and no doubt the whole tenor of our lives was changed. My grandmother's life was spared and she lived to be upwards of ninety-four, not called to her rest until about the year 1824. There being nothing attractive in the location or surroundings of the place first selected for our home, father made immediate preparations to build a house and put in cultivation land selected by mother, and in the year 1821 we removed to our new residence, about one and



a half miles south of Belleville where my youth was passed, and until 1835, when I left the paternal roof. In the year 1822, when about eight years old, I first started to school, my first teacher being William Gallop, a kind hearted man and for that time a fair scholar; he taught in a house that was owned by Mrs. Robinson afterwards Mrs. John Murray, which was removed in time to furnish a site for the present M. E. Church. In those days there were no public school houses built, and each teacher had to depend upon such as he could procure, with the aid of those who furnished him pupils. I remember going to school in a house built by Mr. John Murray's father on the corner of 2nd South and Illinois street near the spring over which Mr. R. Hinckley's mill was built, also in a house that had been used as a store on the north side of the public square about where the postoffice is now located. There were two other houses used for school purposes, a frame academy that stood very nearly where the German M. E. Church is located; there I went to an Englishman by the name of William Turner, a finished reader, and so masterly was his rendering of Shakespeare that he was believed to have been an actor in London. He boarded around amongst his patrons, and when with us the nights were often employed by him in giving us in true theatrical style many of the beauties of that incomparable genius, Shakespeare. The other house was built of brick called the Hall, that had been erected in the year 1819 by contributions from the most enterprising citizens of the town; this house stood for many years, and was used by Christians of the different denominations for religious services, as well as for school purposes, and was removed, upon the erection of Wm. Buchanan's house on the corner of High and Second South Street. In those early days one of the most successful and distinguished educators was my uncle John H. Dennis who was a graduate of Hampden and Sidney College in Virginia, who devoted the greater part of his life to teaching. Beside the ordinary branches, grammar, geography, arithmetic, writing and history, he taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the reputation of the school was so well estab-

lished, that scholars were attracted from St. Louis, and different parts of this State, and attachments were formed there which were as lasting as life. At his school there were two terms in the year and it was customary to close the sessions in the spring and fall with public examinations, and a general invitation was given to all to attend, and witness the progress made by the students in the several branches taught. These examinations were well patronized especially by the parents, and by those who felt a deep interest in education. And well do I recall the presence of Governor Ninian Edwards, Alfred Cowles and David Blackwell, lawyers, Rev. John M. Peck, my uncle Samuel Mitchell, ministers, and several distinguished citizens from St. Louis. Often have I seen the tears fall from the cheeks of those learned and venerable men, when the defence of Emmet, and Webster's address upon the laying of the corner stone at Bunker Hill, and others, were spoken with spirit and animation. In these exercises it was my privilege to participate, with my brother Benjamin, B. S. Edwards and my cousins Edward and William Mitchell; and I felt proud indeed upon one occasion, when Gov. Edwards complimented me upon my recitation of Webster's speech, and gave me a costly and beautiful illustrated copy of Roman History which I have always prized for the giver's sake. Amongst the most endeared of all my classmates was Benjamin Stephenson Edwards the youngest son of the Governor, who adopted the profession of law, and who became one of the most distinguished jurists in the state. For no one outside of my own dear kin, did I ever entertain a closer attachment than for him, whose noble elements of character and Christian virtues won from youth my highest respect and warmest esteem, which ripened as the years advanced, and amongst the few treasures I especially prize none are dearer to me than the life of his father, and his own picture and that of his father.

In my early youth I was subjected to many hardships, with very plain clothes, made of homespun jeans, our fare was coarse and hard, bacon for meat, and corn bread, with abundance of milk, wheat bread for years was a rarity, and

pies and cake but seldom seen. We children were early taught to work, and the bringing up the cattle at night was required of me; and for years I became the mill boy, making my way through thick woods, along obscure paths for miles, with hills to climb and creeks to ford; but it hardened my nerves, and frame, and made me almost insensible to fear.

My milling experience continued until I was quite a lad. We had no mill to grind our corn or wheat nearer than three or four miles and often in the earlier years, more than that distance.

In order to get our grain ground the same day, we had to start before day, without breakfast, cold and hungry, along cow paths, so dim it was easy to miss the way, my feet often torn by the briars or cut by the tall grass, often starting deer, which after running a few rods, would wheel and look at me, stamping their feet and sometimes whistling. In the timber squirrels were plenty and could be seen scampering up the trees, and seating themselves on a limb would bark at me manifesting their sense of safety. Fortunate indeed would we regard ourselves if by noon we had our grists ground, as that meant bread for the family, but when others, whose wants were more imperative or whose industry was greater than ours, and had gotten there first; when we found it a hopeless task to wait our turn, or make an exchange of our corn or wheat for meal or flour most reluctantly we would have to leave our bags, and return home to pound hominy as a substitute for bread.

The mills I most frequently went to were Rev. Hosea Riggs, on the road to Mascoutah near Merrils, Matthew Roach near McBride's south of the road to Millstadt about five miles, Wm. Phillips on the lower St. Louis road about four miles, Samuel Ogles, on the St. Louis rock road about six miles sometimes to a water mill on Prairie du Long Creek southwest of Georgetown about nine miles, and John Scott's located about four miles northeast of Belleville. I remember he had a fine apple tree that bore large white mellow apples, and he was generous with them when they were ripe; and



it was not until Rev. Thomas Harrison with his sons bought a tread mill in Belleville where Mrs. Halbert's house now stands that my milling days were ended. Most of the mills I have mentioned were called band mills propelled by horse power, and ground very slowly, but the tread mills were kept in motion by oxen walking on an inclined plane.

The kindest of all the millers to me, was father Matthew Roach who would sometimes have his good wife spread a slice of fair wheat bread with butter and honey to assuage my hunger, when the blackberries gave out, blessings on their memory, and his grandson who lives now near the same old place, and has a steam mill now inherits his honesty and kindness of heart.

In those primitive times hospitality was universally practiced, and a highly-prized treat was in store for us children, when some old pioneer would visit us, and speak of encounters with the Indians and the dangers of a border life, of men and women fleeing to the forts and block houses for protection from the tomahawk and scalping knife. The feeling of isolation in a wild uncultivated country was often oppressive, besides a sense of danger from being lost when a child and fear of wild animals and poisonous reptiles. The first settlement made by my father and where so many of our family died was near the eastern bank of Forbes fork, a small tributary of Richland Creek as I have stated about five miles southwest from Belleville. To locate near timber and water seemed to be the desire of the first settlers, and those selections were generally most fatal to health. Near the house persimmons and black haws were abundant, but the place was uninviting as compared with the surrounding country. Young as I was then I remember an incident connected with the place that marked its sad desolation. After mother's and my aunt's death, and while our new house was being built, father went back to Virginia on horse back to spend the fall and winter, to collect money and make a final settlement of his affairs there. Soon after he left one of our horses died, and his body was taken away about a half



a mile from the house, and as night closed in the lonely whistle of the whippoorwill, the hooting of the great owl, and the howling of the wolves as they gathered to their feast, was terrible indeed, young as we were a sense of utter loneliness at times would be felt by sister, brother and myself, even before we were able to realize our half orphanage. The fear of being lost by day if we ventured any distance from the house after strawberries or blackberries was held in terror before us, and the gloom of night was heightened by the howls and cries of wild animals that would approach near us.

When a boy, our games and sports were very simple, tops were a luxury, as very few cabinet makers had turning lathes, marbles of the most common kind were scarce and dear, but balls made of yarn and covered with leather we could make, as well as our cross bows, and plain bows and arrows.

We were not permitted to handle guns, until we were nearly grown and shot and powder were very expensive. At running and jumping both far and high, I had no superior at school, and at climbing I was an adept, which stood me in good hand in hunting coons and opossums, which in the fall was a common pastime. Accustomed to the horse from childhood, when grown I became passionately fond of hunting, and no ordinary fox could elude the sagacity of my pack of hounds. When deer became scarcer, and still hunting was pretty much abandoned, I lost my interest in the chase of the fox but turned my attention to the noble buck. Soon becoming accustomed to their coverts and runways, and thoroughly acquainted with the country, my brother and I went out often, I generally sending him to the stands, and rarely, for many years, did we return home without venison, for he was an admirable shot. Sometimes in driving through the timber I have found a bee tree, and that always furnished an additional treat for another occasion. I feel confident in making the statement, that brother Benjamin has killed more than one hundred deer, and I have kept a list in my diary of

fifty-six that I have killed and amongst them a buck that weighed 165 pounds net, when he was skinned and his head and neck cut off. In regard to the speed of the deer I have on two occasions overtaken and ran side by side with fat bucks on the level open prairie, and feel sure that they were not as swift for a mile or more as a fleet horse such as I then rode. The power of hearing and smelling in the deer is very acute, but their seeing often deceives them, and while they are shy and watchful, they do not possess the vigilance or cunning of the wild turkey. The quail that in dread of its chiefest enemies, the hawk and fox, sought protection and safety near the farms, we often trapped, and in the hazel thickets catching them in nets was rare and remunerative sport. When boys, brother and I, on the old homestead have set our traps within a few rods from the house, and sitting by the window have seen a flock of prairie chickens alight, when they would come from the prairie by the thousands to feed, and have seen them running at each other like tame fowls, then attracted to the traps by the sight of corn or wheat one or two would enter in, and touching the treadle the trap would fall, and we would wait with much impatience until they all fell. My uncle Henry once helped me to make an unusually large one that I covered with fresh straw, and set it in a buckwheat field and going to it in the evening I found five beautiful chickens caught at one time. I have caught frequently a dozen quail at one time, and during the winter season rabbits without number, one small owl, one hawk, but never a crow. When the wheat was sown in September, and later when the corn was being gathered the prairie chickens could be seen by the thousands, and the roar of their wings when alighting in the fields to feed, or rising to return to their resting place in the prairie grass was like distant thunder. Belleville then was but a small village with not more than three hundred inhabitants and only three or four brick dwellings. Game was plenty, and for the next ten years deer could be seen in droves, we have often seen them frisking and feeding on the farm of Mr. Ripley from our

yard; the woods were filled with wild turkey; the flight of wild pigeons from the pine forests of Michigan, and the vast territories to the north, in the spring and autumn was by the millions, I have seen flocks extending at least four miles in length of considerable depth, and flock after flock passing over for hours. The lakes, rivers, creeks, and the low prairies, were covered with wild fowl embracing the duck, brant, wild goose, crane, and swan, in their flight south in the fall, and to the north and lakes in the spring where they raised their young. There were no bears or panthers here then, but few wild cats, but the large brown and grey wolves were still destructive to sheep and small stock, and the prairie wolves often made night hideous; one or two making as much noise as a dozen dogs. One of my experiences with the wolf I may mention, for I can never forget it. I had practiced imitating their howl so frequently that I had become quite expert, and one afternoon father loaded his rifle, and called me to go with him and try to kill a wolf. Just west of our fence there was a dense thicket of hazel, vines, and young timber, and a favorite resort for these beasts, and beyond that a small prairie. Father and I secreted ourselves, in the western edge of the thicket, so that he might have a favorable chance to shoot, and directed me to call. I did so as loud as my lungs would admit, and in a few minutes, a reply was given, the sound indicating that it could not be more than a half a mile away. Again I responded and the answer followed much nearer; once more I repeated the call after a short interval, and almost immediately behind us in the thicket, came a howl so clear and piercing, that my hair rose on my head in perfect fright. We waited then to see if the wolf would venture from the thicket, and soon father whispered to me that he was crossing the opening to the west of us, but by that time it was growing dark, and the wolf having become suspicious, and keeping in motion, father refused to shoot, and our effort proved a failure. But the force of that howl that seemed to pierce my brain, satisfied me, as never before of the fierceness and power of

those animals, when urged by hunger or formed in a pack in pursuit of their prey. No one pack of hounds can tire them out, and one with a fence or wall at his back can keep off ten dogs by his ferocious snap which is as terrible as the closing of a huge steel trap. When a lad and not more than twelve or fourteen years of age I had an experience with a wolf that frightened me dreadfully for a few moments. We had missed a sow for several days, and as a heavy snow had fallen, father bade me go and hunt her. I took with me an armful of corn, and remembering that there was a chain of hazel thickets not far from our south fence, interspersed with grass, I started, the snow being about eight inches deep, as I hurried to the thickets beyond the lane, I heard a rush just before me, and a large gray wolf sprung almost on me, with the sow, in hot pursuit, grunting at every leap; my heart nearly stood still, I dropped the corn and ran home to tell my adventure, and get Uncle John, our black man, to the rescue. We hastened back to find the sow eating the corn, and not far off saw her bed with her litter of beautiful pigs covered up in their bed of grass, and the tracks of both sow and wolf, as he would repeatedly approach the bed to seize a pig and she to drive him away. There is no doubt but that he would have tired her out, or led her far enough away to have returned and got one, or have soon so exhausted her that she would have fallen a victim to his hunger. At nights we have often seen them in our meadow near the house, when the moon shown brightly, and have set the dogs on them, but they would not follow them far, and we would set steel traps for them but never with any success. One thing we learned, that a wolf will rarely climb a fence, but will scratch a hole underneath. I was at the killing of a large wild cat, that the dogs treed on the hillside south of Richland Creek on what is now Mr. Ripley's farm, it was a powerful animal, for its size, as he was able to whip three dogs after his fore leg was broken by shooting and was finally subdued by heavy clubs well laid on. In my youth snakes were quite plenty although many, no doubt, were destroyed every year by the



prairie fires, most of them were harmless, however, but the hiss of the moccasin or adder, and the warning given by the rattler when disturbed were often heard, and casualties from being bitten were seldom known. I will mention several adventures I had with them that I shall never forget, at different periods of my life. When father had new land broken up, we planted corn on the sod for stock fodder, on every third or fourth furrow, and muskmelon and watermelon seeds between the rows. These melons grew abundantly on the fresh soil, and afforded such ample supply that from the juice or water of the latter melon a syrup was made by boiling down, that was a fair substitute for molasses. Towards the last of August when the nights began to get cool, we were accustomed to go to the field early in the morning and gather our supply of both kinds, and when the air was calm the delightful odor of the muskmelon almost directed us to the vine. As I went in bare feet, through the summer days unless it was on Sunday, in my haste to reach a very fine melon I put my foot within eighteen inches of a rattlesnake lying coiled up, but fortunately for me, asleep. I sprang back instantly out of his reach but awakening and elevating his head, puffing up his body and flattening his head, he gave his warning note. I looked around carefully to see if there was another near as they often went in pairs, and selecting the largest stalk of corn I could find, struck him with such force as to disable him, and never stopped until I had killed him. I trembled like a leaf from the effort and was too weak to carry more than one big one home. On another occasion it was about the year A. D. 1838, I went up to Springfield on business in a buggy; soon after leaving Belleville I overtook my uncle Joseph Edmunson, a Methodist preacher, destined for the same place, he riding on horseback, we agreed to go in company, and exchange our mode of traveling as more restful to each. Before we reached Edwardsville, in the prairie where the grass was short and the hazel bushes low, I saw a large rattlesnake cross the road just in front of my horse, I stopped immediately and signified my intention to kill

the reptile. Uncle Edmunson dissuaded me from such a dangerous attempt, but I dismounted and followed it a rod or two, when it rattled furiously, and threw itself in the attitude for striking. I approached as near as I dared to venture, having nothing in my hand but his new cowhide; I made a feint as if to strike the snake, and he threw himself his full length at me, recovering his position for another attempt instantly, again I raised the whip, and he struck at me, but before he could recover his position, I brought down the rawhide on him with such force and rapidity as to break his back, and leaping on his head crushed it with my boot heel into the ground. I will only record one more adventure that affected my nerves, more than both the others combined. It was after I moved to my present home in the fall of 1846, I was plowing for wheat the second time in the portion of the farm near where Mr. Rogers' foundry stands, the day had been hot and there was but little moisture in the ground, and I was very tired, longing for evening to come, when on turning my team near the fence I saw a moccasin snake not very large but an ugly one crawling into the field. I stepped back to the fence corner, and broke off a strong weed in length not less than eight feet, and stripping off the leaves I followed him, and was surprised to see the effort he made to escape. I approached near enough to reach him with the point of the weed and never have I seen such viciousness and anger displayed, he puffed up his body, flattened his head, his eyes fairly sparkled and he looked terrible. I withdrew my stick and stood a moment when he turned again to escape me. Once more I touched him and coiling up he struck at the weed more savagely than ever this I repeated for the fourth or fifth time, when he seemed to have given up the hope of escaping, and watching me for a moment or two, with every vein and nerve in his body drawn to its highest tension, with the rapidity of lightning he threw his head round to his body, and buried his fangs in just below his neck. I stood still to watch the effect of the stroke almost in terror, nor did I wait long, the poison was doing its fatal work, for within five minutes I witnessed the most fearful contortions,

had his body been placed on burning coals his writhings could not have been more rapid or severe. In less than ten minutes more he was motionless and dead. I lifted the snake up and threw him over the fence by the side of the road, and by that time had become so nervous that I feared to see a moccasin in every clod, unable to plow longer, I unhitched my team and was glad to get from the field. The next morning I was all right again, and when I reached the plow, looking over the fence, saw the body lying as it had fallen, but swollen almost to bursting. I have ever believed that if that snake had struck me in any vital portion of my body, I would not have lived scarcely to have reached home. This was the only time I ever witnessed such an occurrence, and like the first hanging that ever took place in this county, that of Timothy Bennet, who killed Judge A. Stuart, in 1821, and I never wish to see such a sight again.

When a boy severe storms of thunder and lightning with heavy rains were much more frequent than of late years, as there was more moisture in the atmosphere from the great quantity of grass, leaves, and other vegetation, that prevented the rapid flow of water that fell, and because of the imperfect drainage before the land was brought into cultivation. On one occasion I remember, as brother Benjamin and myself were returning from school, a terrible storm overtook us as we reached what we knew as the mill hill just east and on the opposite hill from where Edward Flanagan now lives. The rain was falling in torrents, but we pressed on, when a sudden flash of lightning followed by a deafening clap of thunder, seemed to blaze around us, and a smell of sulphur was perceptible; I fell to my knees involuntarily but was unhurt, and springing up still continued on reaching home in safety, but thoroughly drenched however. The only tornado I ever saw was about the year 1830 and in the first part of July. The day had been exceedingly hot and sultry, and heavy ominous clouds began to rise about four o'clock P. M., coming from the southwest. We were dismissed from school a little earlier than usual, but by the time we got to the public square, we ob-



served several people watching the clouds, apprehensive of a cyclone. We stopped at Mrs. Anderson's, who lived on the west side of Illinois street between First and Second South, where the German printing press now stands, and she insisted that we should not start home then, when looking towards Bornman's hill we could see the blue cranes and other birds rising and flying hurriedly, with leaves and branches of trees borne upwards tossed about like so many feathers, moving with immense velocity at the same time eastward, with an appalling roar increasing in strength and violence as it approached. Old father Hays' family saw it and hastened to Mrs. Anderson's in whose cellar we took refuge, and from which place we watched it until it passed. That hurricane as it was called started near the bluffs passing through the Eymann and Stookey settlements striking the hill just south of old Mr. Miller's, then down where Waugh steel plant stands to the Cairo short line depot, then over the hill where Mr. Hinckley's residence is located, over Dr. Green's house which was unroofed, thence to turkey hill near where my uncle Tilghman West lived, tearing down fences, uprooting trees or twisting them off until finally it lifted or dispersed. The breadth of the cyclone was not more than two hundred yards, and fortunately the only house injured in its path was Dr. Green's; but when the storm abated and father sent a servant for us it was with difficulty we could get through for the brush and fallen timber, the line of its march made visible by the prostration of every thing in its course. Since that time we have had hard blows and heavy storms but no tornadoes near Belleville. In 1864 a violent cyclone passed over Mr. Gay's farm, Mr. Mellils' and through the prairie to Felix Scott's, where it nearly destroyed a fine young orchard of grafted trees, and much property was damaged and many hair breadth escapes occurred, but there was no loss of life that I remember. I have seen ravages made by these terrible storms, one that passed over East St. Louis and up towards Wood River; another near Queens Lake, through Okaw bottom, but never any for magnitude or destruction to life and property, that



equalled the one in Missouri that divided about twenty miles south of Springfield, the eastern half going up the Finley river, and the other half following the James river through the southern portion of Kickapoo prairie, and onward in a northeastern direction until it passed over Marshfield more than twenty miles away. In its devastating march, sometimes houses were lifted off their foundations, and scattered to the four winds. Men, women and children, besides stock of all kinds were killed or maimed and for several days the neighbors abandoned all work to help the distressed, nurse the sick, bury the dead, rebuild fences and gather up the scattered flocks of sheep and other stock. The evidences of ruin and destruction were perceptible many months afterwards, admonishing the building of storm cellars to furnish refuge, and I hope in the future to be spared such sights as demonstrate the awful force of nature's elements, and man's impotence to resist or evade them.

During these years roads were opened in the county, bridges were built, courts were regularly held, the population in the towns increased, farms were opened and enlarged, public lands were bought up, mills built, and marks of improvement were visible over the entire county.

In 1831 and 1832 the Black Hawk war was begun, and a call for soldiers was made, to protect the lives of the settlers in the northern counties and drive the savages from the State. A call for volunteers from this county was made by Governor Reynolds, and a day appointed for the assembling of the citizens at Belleville; and I remember with what pride I saw Alfred Cowles, who was the State's attorney for this judicial circuit, Robert Hughes one of the old rangers, and my father with several other prominent men step from the crowd, and following their example a company was soon made up. Neither one of those named expected or intended to go, but furnished substitutes with horse, saddle, blanket and rifle; and I am happy to say that the war closed, the Indians were conquered and they returned safely home, although two young men just grown with whom I had gone to school were killed, namely

Benjamin Scott and James Macomson, they fell near where Ottawa now stands.

Up to this time I had never stayed a night from home unless at my grandfather Mitchell's, or been outside the neighborhood, except twice to St. Louis riding on horseback behind my uncle Henry, and was awkward, shy and sensitive to a painful degree. Early in the year 1833, my cousin Edward Phillips Mitchell, received an appointment as cadet to West Point and my father was urged by uncle James Mitchell to send me. In May I started to Kaskaskia to make application for a cadetship through an United States Senator, Hon. Elias Kent Kane, who with his wife had visited us on their way to St. Louis, and who was a warm personal and political friend of my father. A favorable response was soon received and in a few weeks I was on my way east, the entire distance then to be traveled by stage to New York City. My uncle James Mitchell having been engaged in merchandise for years, had formed the acquaintance of the proprietors of many of the business houses in Philadelphia, and amongst others Mr. Tyndale, a queenware merchant. Cousin Edward Mitchell having preceded me several weeks, called to see Mr. Tyndale and family, on reaching the city and he was so captivated by the charms of his eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth, that after a short courtship he offered to her his hand and heart and was accepted. Bearing a letter of introduction to the family what was my surprize to find that cousin Edward had left for home, intending to form a partnership with his father, and return in the January following and take his bride to the far West. My disappointment was so great, I had but little ambition for a soldier's life, and at the expiration of seven or eight months, I tendered my resignation and came to Philadelphia, and from thence home with the bride and groom. I have often regretted the step, but realizing my disposition to be controlled by surrounding circumstances, and the power of temptation in my youth, the hand of a merciful providence no doubt guided me aright.

Then for another year after my return home I renewed

my studies under the instruction of the Rev. John F. Brooks, who being a superior scholar himself, inspired in all his pupils the ambition to learn.

During the year 1835 my sister Frances was married to Mr. John Flanagan, who was born near Winchester, Virginia, and who forming a partnership with Theodore J. Kraft, commenced merchandising in Belleville. In the following year they extended to me an invitation to begin clerking with them; and again the tenor of my life was changed. Coming from Heidelberg in Germany, where he had received his education, Mr. Kraft had no experience or practice in the sale of goods, but possessed the good qualities of love of work, devotion to duty, and the ability to speak the German language, that was becoming a necessity from the rapid immigration to this country of his nationality. Mr. Flanagan was wholly different in temperament and conduct; he was ambitious, enthusiastic, generous, impetuous, with manners captivating and a splendid salesman but he disliked the drudgery of labor, or the steady application to business, fond of excitement, he delighted in the race course, and often yielded to the fascination of the gaming table, nor could he refuse the social glass. With a temperament that painted success in every enterprise, disappointment caused an abandonment of the project, and the sacrifice of everything connected with it. With many fine and brilliant qualities, he had no real stability of character, or fixed principle of integrity or honesty. Popular in his address, convincing in his representations, while he commanded the admiration of men, a slave to his passions, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the fortunes of his dearest friends to extricate himself from financial difficulties, even betraying the trust of office. No greater temporal misfortune could have befallen our family, than his alliance to us by marriage, or affected my own fortunes by business associations with him, that finally resulted in bankruptcy to us all. At that formative period of my character, had I been trained by a thorough business man, I might have become a successful merchant, or if I had had

an advisor to direct me the whole tenor of my life might have been changed.

While I have never claimed more than an ordinary share of talents I am vain enough to believe that with devotion to study, I might have attained some distinction at the bar, for there was a powerful fascination to me in the court room, that often in the fervent appeals of the impassioned lawyer, the warmest sympathies of my nature were engrossed, or the keenest faculties of my mind were enlisted, in following the nicest distinctions of the judge in his judicial decisions. Nor could I listen to a fervent sermon, without wishing that I had grace and a call from God to present the unsearchable riches of salvation, and the love of Christ to a lost world. But I had no dear mother to encourage, warn, or direct me, and my father was not communicative, and while he was fond and proud of his three children, did not advise with us, or point out that avocation to pursue, best adapted to our several abilities or preferences. Blessed is that household indeed that possess a family altar and praying parents. The first years after I left home were to me as to most young men, years of temptation. I had but few intimate friends and many of my associates were men much older than myself, and the free use of liquor was common to all classes, and cards were played by most people, and dancing was practiced by the refined as well as the vulgar outside the church. I confess that the charms of the ballroom were most fascinating to me from the year 1836 to 1840; and that while I have shared in hilarity of a wine supper, and joined in the chorus of many bacchanalian songs, such as "Old Rosin the Bow," "Life Let Us Cherish," "The Reels Talligoram," and others, I record with thankfulness of heart, that these scenes were distasteful to me, and that I was never under the influence of liquor but once, that I never lost or won a dollar by gambling, and that I voluntarily broke away forever from those debasing vices. It is with shame and sorrow of heart however, that a faithful history demands the confession that during those years, I lost, to a great degree, my interest in



my religious obligations and duties. About the year 1826, there were revival services held in the old brick hall before mentioned, in which most of the Methodist preachers in the neighborhood engaged including my grandfather and my Uncle Samuel Mitchell with the Rev. William Blackwell, who had lately come from Kentucky. At that time I made a profession of religion, with several others, and shall ever believe that my sins were then pardoned, and my heart truly converted to God. I joined the M. E. Church and for years my associations were of the most pleasant character. In that household of faith of which almost all of my kindred were members, were spiritual attachments formed that have never been broken, that will grow stronger I trust through eternity, and although I deemed it best to withdraw from its fold in 1851, I have never ceased to pray for its prosperity and enlargement.

About the year 1838, I had secured several well-bred hounds, and in the excitement of the chase I often sought recreation after business closed at night and found greater satisfaction, mounted on my gray mare of matchless form, speed, and endurance, in the chase under the bright stars of Heaven, over hill and dale, than in the frivolities and dissipations of the town. Incomparable Ophelia, and noble old Troupe, amongst horses and dogs you had no superiors, and if fondness wins attachment, and excellence is determined by success, I could wish for little that I did not achieve with them.

Another source of enjoyment I had, always fond of books, I invested most of my spare money in the best magazines of that period, and Russel Hinckley, who had lately left the farm, and had been employed by my Uncle James Mitchell in the Postoffice, displaying an equal love for mental improvement we devoted many precious hours to those feasts of intellectual banqueting that not only formed our tastes for reading, but despite the disparity of about six years in our ages, brought about a regard that years strengthened, and withheld us from the temptations of the town. Bringing to

remembrance that period now it seems very brief; I had but few cares, my sister was married and living happily, my brother satisfied with the labors of the farm, and my father in affluent circumstances, was out of debt and enjoying middle life in comfort and ease. In 1838 and 1839, one of the most extensive and disastrous financial depressions this country has ever experienced overtook us. Business was paralyzed, all values depreciated, collection of debts almost ceased, land became worthless, fortunes were wiped out, and general bankruptcy prevailed. The firm of Flanagan, West and Krafft was dissolved, everything I owned was sundered to my creditors, and I became a "bearer of burdens," for myself and others. Judgments were obtained against my father's property, for sums of large amounts on notes he had signed as security, and owing to the depreciation of property, by the time they were paid he had become almost penniless. Great was the temptation to leave all here, our old home, friends, and kindred, and begin life as it were anew, and the suggestion was made so overwhelming was our misfortune. But as one who was innocently yet indirectly responsible for these disasters, I resolved the Lord being my helper, to struggle to repair the losses, live down all reproach, and to prove to the world, that indomitable energy and perseverance can conquer, and that character is more precious than riches. Few were the expressions of regret Mr. Flanagan uttered, and fewer the sleepless hours he passed in contemplating the ruin he had brought upon us, nor did reformation follow then, but in his desire to escape all responsibility, he sought to obtain an office in the gift of President Tyler as inspector of the lead mines at Galena, Ill., with the solemn pledge, that he would soon retrieve all that had been lost, and restore all that had been sacrificed. Trusting still to his apparent sincerity, father and I went on his note as security for the money borrowed to take him to Washington City, where he obtained his commission, and removing with his family to Galena he entered upon his duties. But he took his evil habits with him, and before the

expiration of three years, he proved to be a government defaulter, and father with the other securities was sued on his official bond, and besides costs and attorney fees we had to repay the money borrowed to secure his appointment to office.

This appalling condition of affairs confronted me, and in addition to self-reproach and deepest mortification, I realized my father's unfitness to devise means of rescue or relief, and that the retired and quiet life my brother had led, did not qualify him to aid me in the settlement of our tangled and wretched affairs. But I felt that all my air castles were shattered, that whatever pride I had was humbled, and the necessity was laid upon me to address myself to the stern duties of patient and untiring labor, both of body and mind. I felt besides the need of help stronger than man could give, and a wisdom and guidance from Heaven above. In my humiliation I sought the Lord, I confessed that all my afflictions were deserved, and were the fruits of my own follies, and my forgetfulness of Him. I also remembered the assurance that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and the injunction, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass" and the comforting promise "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him," "He also will hear their cry and save them." In my own experience I have found all these declarations true, and that all my temporal misfortunes have been mercifully overruled for my good, and for which I adore and magnify His great and holy name. Often my patience was tried, waiting for the accomplishment of my plans, often my hopes failed, frequently witnessed the utter selfishness of those I had esteemed my fast friends, the coldness and indifference of my own kin (always excepting my honored Uncle Henry). But I struggled on, gathering up the fragments and bringing order out of confusion, cheering up my father and encouraging my brother, sometimes testing the rapacity of heartless creditors, and occasionally receiving a word of kindness that melted my heart in gratitude.

But another important event in my life was approaching, an editor by the name of Joseph R. Cannon, with his young and accomplished wife from Wilmington, Delaware, came to Belleville, and established a Whig paper called the "Great Western" in the year 1839. It was well conducted, and deserved the excellent patronage it received, contributing to the election of General William H. Harrison to the presidency in the year 1840. At the early age of twenty-nine, August 10th, 1840, he died leaving his wife a widow aged only twenty-one, in a land of strangers, without a relative in the West, and in charge of the paper, as her only means of support. Mrs. Cannon's maiden name was Amanda Paul, she was the daughter of Jonathan Shoemaker Paul and Eliza Webb, and was born near Philadelphia, July 18th, A. D. 1819. Her father was a gentleman well connected, but from rather dissipated habits he died comparatively young. Her mother was a lady of refinement and culture, belonging to the Webbs, Graysbury, Shoemakers and other aristocratic families of Philadelphia, also died young leaving three children, Amanda the eldest, Camilla her sister and Edward her younger brother. Camilla Paul was noted for her rare beauty, she married a Mr. Smith but consumption early claimed her for a victim. Edward I saw in 1847, he was a young man of marked courage, his manners agreeable, but with feeble constitution he died early. Amanda possessed an amiable disposition, winning manners, attractive in form and features, but very small, in size, she had great energy of character, and devotion to duty, she soon won the esteem of many of our most refined families, and the sympathy and respect of all who formed her acquaintance. Amongst the many devoted friends she had, Mrs. Schrader, Miss Morrison, Mrs. Cabane, and others, none loved her more affectionately than Mrs. Mary Hughes, wife of Mr. Lee Hughes, both of whom treated her with the fondness of parents, and took her to their hearts and home. I felt it an honor and a privilege to perform any act of kindness for her, who appreciated every favor bestowed, and almost before I was aware of the true



state of my feelings, I found myself captivated by those true virtues that win the manly heart. She was a graceful and fearless rider and it was a pleasure to witness her delight in our excursions in the country; whether in the spring when all nature was in bloom, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the crab apple bloom and wild grape vine, in the summer to look upon the waving fields, or autumn with its enlivening breezes, and ripened fruits, I fought against those emotions of love, believing that I was in no condition to solicit the hand of a delicate and refined woman, to share my poverty. I was then in the employment of Mr. Benjamin J. West, in the capacity of bookkeeper and salesman, and doing more hard work, than I ever did before, on a monthly salary of \$20. While I was satisfied that my visits and attentions to her were not received with indifference, and felt that there were mutual attractions drawing us closer together, yet I believed that honor demanded that I should conceal nothing, but speak frankly of my embarrassments, and financial straits, for I had absolutely surrendered everything to my creditors. She seemed to discover in me the honorable purpose to do right, an energy that would surmount difficulties, and a disposition to render the object of my affection happy. I proffered to her the little I possessed, with the devotion of my life, with a confiding trustfulness I was accepted, and on the 18th day of October, 1842, we were married. Then another incentive to labor was added; and stimulated by the hope of rendering her contented and happy, my devotion to all my duties was increased; and well was I repaid for every additional effort and sacrifice by the tender embrace, and encouraging word I received on my return from the office and store; and the numberless testimonies of contentment and pleasure, gave a silver lining to the darkest clouds, and lightened my burdens if it did not remove them. On the nineteenth day of the following July, 1843, our hearts were made to rejoice in the birth of a lovely daughter, who we named Emma Paul West, and who still lives to fulfil admirably the noblest duties of womanhood, the wife of a loving and noble husband, Genl. William H.

Powell, a dutiful daughter and a great comfort to me in my old age. Soon after my wife and I commenced keeping house, my aged uncle Henry H. West who was living in the eastern suburbs of the town began to visit us, and formed such an attachment for my wife, as to be almost a member of our family; and we were only too happy to do all in our power to make his visits pleasant. Never having married, his blacks had been cooks, housekeepers, and workers of his farm; and through his kindness and generosity they had been enabled to accumulate property both personal and real. About that time slavery had been declared unconstitutional, and they were anxious to come to town and set up for themselves. No more gentle or kind hearted master ever lived, and when the parents Uncle Jo Young and Aunt Mary his wife, announced their determination to leave, and take their children also, which had grown up by his knees and fed from his table, he remonstrated against their ingratitude and demanded that he should have the services of at least one of the boys, while he lived, but that request was denied him, and he appealed to us to remove to the farm taking charge of everything, and attending to all his wants as children. My uncle Henry was dissatisfied with Illinois, after he sold out in Virginia, and would have much preferred to have settled near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, or in Tennessee, but having purchased land adjoining Belleville on the east about the year 1824, he had a house built and settled down for life. After he came to the country and until he removed to his own home, he had lived at father's and had always manifested the kindest love for us children; and from earliest infancy having been strongly attached to him, and knowing his most estimable qualities my wife and I resolved to come to the farm, and do all within our power to care for him in his old age, and make his last years as comfortable as we could and in the year A. D. 1845 we moved.

By this time I had succeeded in gathering up the fragments of father's estate; settled all the claims against him, and had saved the home farm of 160 acres besides two small

tracts of land and most of the stock. These years and several subsequent ones, were years of sacrifice and trial, with privation to brother and myself, as he had married the year before I did, in 1841, the young and amiable daughter of Rev. William Hill, but we were manfully meeting all our duties with renewed hopes, and with reconciliation to the dispensation of a wise providence. In 1845 an addition was made to our family and we named our lovely boy Henry Washington West after his great uncle and grandfather. In 1847 the health of my wife began to fail and believing that a trip to Philadelphia, and a visit to her relatives there, whom she had not seen since she left in 1838 would do her good we started from St. Louis by boat to Wheeling and crossed the mountains by stage to Baltimore and Philadelphia. There I saw Mrs. West's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Webb, who was in her 84th year, straight as an arrow, of noble appearance, and who told me that she had attended many balls when congress sat in Philadelphia and that she had danced with Genl. Washington, then president.

We made our home while there, with her son Mr. Edward Grasebury Webb, a cultivated and popular gentleman, and was at that time photonatory of the city. We visited several families of my wife's relations, belonging to the aristocracy, and found them refined and rich. At Wilmington, Delaware, we spent many delightful days, with an aunt Mrs. Somers, a Quaker lady, who had partially raised Mrs. West after the death of her father and mother. And also called to see Mr. Harker and family, who at that time and for years afterwards was conducting as editor and proprietor one of the most influential papers in the state. During our stay we visited many of the most interesting sights and places in both cities, amongst others, Fair Mount Water Works, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Girard's College, the United States Bank, the Mint, and Congress hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and saw the old bell that sounded the glad tidings of liberty and freedom to the inhabitants of that patriotic city. On our return home we stopped at Pittsburg to take a boat for



St. Louis, and while there at Alleghany City a nursery, where I procured a good variety of evergreens and others, such as the arbor vitae, Juniper, Box, Hemlocks, the Larch and Cypress, the two last still growing in our yard, now about forty-seven years old. My wife born and raised in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and baptised by the venerable Bishop White, which church she always held in high esteem, yet she became a member with me of the M. E. Church, and in its bosom died. Her health never very firm, as both father and mother had died in early manhood and womanhood with consumption, began to fail and on the twenty-ninth day of February, 1848, aged twenty-nine years, she quietly resigned her spirit to God, and joined the hosts of the redeemed in heaven. Thus was transplanted from earth to that celestial city above, a plant too tender for this world, leaving a stricken husband to mourn her loss; an aged and infirm uncle to cherish, and two dear children, one five and the other three years old, to care for, to nurse in sickness and watch over day and night. Bitter indeed was my bereavement, but the Lord raised up to me many kind friends, and amongst them there were none more true than Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, and that devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Mary Hughes.

At the advanced age of eighty-four years, on the second day of April, A. D. 1849, my uncle Henry departed this life, leaving a fragrant memory, and a remembrance of many excellent qualities worthy of imitation. To me he was all that a tender father could be and the love I had for him when a child strengthened with my youth and manhood, and his remains rest with the ashes of my loved ones, and in the same sacred grounds, do I expect my survivors to place my body.

In 1849 the great fire in St. Louis occurred, destroying many of the finest steamboats and the largest portion of the business houses. The terrible scourge, the cholera, made its appearance early in the year, and continued until late in the fall, and few places in the West could show a more fearful mortality than Belleville and St. Louis in proportion to population. My condition was a sad one, with a hired man to help



me on the farm, I had a very incompetent German girl to take charge of the household duties; but relief came most opportunely. Having heard that our minister, Rev. William J. Rutledge with his wife and two children just about the same age as mine, were anxious to leave the town, I offered them a home, with the free use of all on the farm; which they were pleased to accept to my great relief, thereby diminishing my cares and anxieties and adding unspeakably to social companionship and friendly intercourse. And they remained with me until after conference met, and assigned him to a new field of labor. The Lord's blessing rested with us, and my house was like that of Obbedom, blessed because of the Ark of the Lord. In the fall of 1848 a family came to Belleville from Louisville, Ky., but were formerly from New York state, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Hyde, with five children, William the eldest, Gregory, Clara, Hattie and Albert. He had been a teacher and professor in several eastern institutions of learning, and also in Louisville and St. Louis. While he was a ripe scholar and possessed eminently the qualifications to teach, he did not love his avocation, was restless under confinement, and ever ready for a change; and a large company was organized to go to California in the spring of 1849, he left his family in straitened circumstances for the gold fields on the Pacific coast. His wife was left almost entirely on her own resources, but with remarkable energy of character and superior accomplishments, she soon organized a day school, which was patronized by many of the best families of Belleville and the surrounding neighborhood. The reputation of her school became established by her thoroughness in teaching and diligent training of her pupils in the purest morals, and agreeable manners. In recognition of her amiability and many preeminent virtues efforts were made by some of the best families to draw her into society, for the adornment of which she possessed every qualification, but she declined nearly every advance only forming an intimacy with a few who are her cherished friends today.

In the autumn of 1849 after the cholera had subsided my

father's health being impaired, he desired me to accompany him to revisit for the last time his old Virginia home and the few friends and relatives that were left. In order to leave home, provisions had to be made for the care of my two children in my absence, and I found Mrs. Hughes willing to take them under her charge, and upon application to Mrs. Hyde she kindly agreed to teach them.

On my return home I found that Mr. and Mrs. Hughes had been persuaded to move to Texas, as she had a brother, Major Neighbors, living near San Antonio, who offered them great inducements to go there and live on one of his farms or ranches. With a hired man and very uncertain and indifferent help in the house, I found myself unable to meet the wants of my children, and after the departure of those dear friends I sought aid from Mrs. Hyde and she kindly consented, both to board and educate them. In this way my acquaintance with her began, and as I often called to see my children, my admiration for her increased by the display of the most inestimable qualities that adorn the female character. I learned that during the period of their marriage of about sixteen years, they had moved nearly every year from place to place, the wife teaching school the greater part of the time, to help support herself and family, also that after an absence of more than twelve months, no letter had been received from him, or any remittance of money for the payment of the debts he left or for the support of his family. Intelligence came however that he was dead, and after waiting another year, believing that the rumor was true and in remembrance of circumstances and acts that gave proof of the violation of his conjugal fidelity his wife instituted suit for a legal separation, that was granted her by the court without opposition.

Finding her free to marry again, and two years and six months having expired since the death of my wife, and needing the comforts of a home and a mother for my children, I offered her my heart, with the promise of my devotion to her happiness, and her children's welfare, and having been ac-

cepted, we were married on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1851.

And now after an union of more than forty-three years, I can truly say that my fondest hopes have been realized, that as a wife, mother, friend and Christian she has fulfilled every duty well. It may be said of her most truly, "her excellencies consist not only in acts but habits, in those thousand decencies which daily flow, from all her words and actions which conveys the idea of the purest conduct from the best principles, and makes her the associate of her husband, but the inspirer of his virtues."

The next few years were devoted to business, opening up the farm, planting both apple and peach orchards, and improving our home. As my patrimony was bestowed through the kindness of my uncle Henry by will, in the year of 1855, I had realized by the sale of town lots, and the products of my farm, a sum of money sufficient to enable me to see my old creditors in the eastern cities; so inviting my brother Benjamin to accompany me, we left in the early part of May and after a pleasant trip by rail we arrived safely in Baltimore. I called on Mr. Duval one of my heaviest creditors, and stated to him the object of my coming, and requested the privilege of inviting all those to whom I was indebted, to meet me in his counting room on a certain day. It was a source of surprise to all, as each affirmed, that the books were long since balanced, and that they had given up all hope or expectation of receiving a dollar. As I had never abandoned the purpose of paying a just debt, my gratitude to my God, for giving me the ability was sincere as the joy imparted when these claims were cancelled. While I was busy arranging and completing my affairs there, I was gratified daily by the recital of brother's enjoyments in visiting Dusseldorf's gallery of paintings that had been but recently opened, also Washington's monument, the shipping in the bay and other sights of interest. My visit to Philadelphia was of the same character, and in the house of those distinguished Quaker merchant princes, Messrs. Siter Price & Co. I found sympathetic friends

who furnished me every aid to meet my creditors there, and effect a satisfactory settlement with them. In reestablishing and maintaining a reputation for strict integrity, all the sacrifices one can make are richly repaid; and in reviewing my acts, in connection with debts I never personally made, or by which I was never benefitted but felt under moral obligation to cancel if it was ever possible, I rejoice that my hopes were consummated and that pleasurable emotions arise, which as a treasure far surpasses, all that the accumulation of wealth can bring without the sense of honesty and justice. I left these cities happy with the confidence and esteem of my creditors, and in the consciousness of having performed a duty commendable in the sight of God and man. Of that act I have never boasted, and to but few of my most intimate friends have I ever mentioned it.

I was anxious that brother should see New York also, and after a short visit there, and the purchase of some beautiful solid silver spoons, we took boat for Albany to see the beauties of the Hudson river, and from there to Ithaca where we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Moore, uncle and aunt of Mrs. West, and also of Mrs. Almira Gregory, her mother. As I knew that a visit from uncle Moore would be a delight to my wife, he accepted my invitation to accompany us home since he had never been farther west than Buffalo, N. Y., and had longed to see the great prairies of Illinois; and will add that although the morning we left there, then past the middle of May we encountered a terrible snow storm when we reached Niagara, which continued through the night, finding at Detroit that all nature was covered with a mantle of white, and that Chicago had her portion of the storm; yet when we reached St. Louis we met summer weather, and arriving at home we found the roses in bloom, and our yard white with the flowers fallen from the locust trees. Well do I remember Uncle Moore's delight when he beheld the beautiful prairies through which we passed from Bloomington to Alton, with thriving villages every few miles, the houses generally painted and looking fresh, with shade trees



around, and broad fields in a state of high cultivation stretching as far as the eye could see, green pastures over which flocks and herds roamed, with farm houses, and orchards dotting the plain, everything denoting prosperity, the fruits of fresh and bouyant energy. In the early spring when the breezes invigorated the body, and nature was displaying its charms, he seemed to drink in joy every moment and when he stood in our garden, and beheld the beauty of the George the fourth rose in full bloom, and remembered the bleak winds of his own home he was almost overpowered by the transition, and his enjoyment afforded us exquisite satisfaction.

In entering into the personal details and incidents of my life, it may be necessary to use the personal pronoun more frequently, but as I have nothing to boast of, I hope to avoid the charge of egotism, and shall aim to record simply facts. From my earliest recollection I have been a lover of trees, fruits and flowers, and can remember when a lad, of digging up with a knife the young peach trees, and transplanting them into the garden on the farm, and when grown sufficiently setting them in the fence corners where they lived for years bearing fruit nearly every year. But since 1845 especially, I have sought the best apple, peach, pear, quince, damson trees to be found as well as blackberries, currants, gooseberries and Japan wine berries, besides shade and ornamental trees and shrubs from northern New York to Georgia and Florida, patronizing our local nurseries, and those of this state, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio. When my eyesight was good I grafted and budded successfully, the apple and peach, and planted out orchards of my own growing and have distributed grafts and pits for the starting other orchards. I have always loved flowers, and taken great pleasure in their cultivation, loving the old fashioned way of cultivating them on the borders, as well as in beds by themselves, and still raise many of those with which I was familiar in my youth. As I pen these lines on the window sill on the sunny side of our sitting room with the trees covered with sleet and the ground with snow, I look on the azalia in bloom, the freesia, cyclamen, guava, junceae,

jasmine, amaryllis, Chinese lily, carnation and others, and have never failed for years to set out a vine, tree or shrub of some variety.

Raised as I was, when almost constantly, every function of my body was called into play, my eyes were keen and quick to see, my nerves steady and in an emergency to grasp instantly the true situation and circumstances, I have been able on several occasions to spring forward, seize the bridle, and check the speed of strong horses running away, although I have had to tiptoe it for several rods before I could check their headway. Once in Belleville by unfurling my umbrella before a team, I stopped them in their mad circuit round the public square. One bitter cold night I walked out to my father's to see brother, and after warming myself and conversing with them for a while, I went into the kitchen to see the black folks, the wind was blowing strongly, but I thought I heard the roar of fire, and looking up through the loft, saw the roof was on fire in a light blaze. Instantly I was up in the loft, and with a few buckets of water handed me, and a gourd I was able to extinguish it. In ten minutes more, it would have been beyond our control, and as the large kitchen stood within twenty feet from the house, the wind would have carried the flames directly to it, and nothing could have been saved, and the entire family would have had to find shelter in the barn as there were no neighbors near enough to have offered help, or afforded a refuge. On two occasions I believe that I was instrumental in saving life, both men were intoxicated and the nights were cold. One I helped into the town after arousing him from a dead stupor, requiring all my strength to support him. The other when I saw him and heard him snore lying in the road, having fallen from his horse, which was near-by, and his dog standing guard over him. I was in quite a dilemma, as he was a pretty heavy man, and the dog at first would not let me approach near him. I dare not leave the man as he was at least six miles from home, however by leading the horse close up to his master, the dog became reconciled to me, and having gotten away and sobered

up with great effort was able to help him mount, and walked by his side for a mile, to determine whether or not it would be safe to trust him to make his way home.

I have all my life felt the importance of faithfully fulfilling a promise, and remember a test to both the keeping of my pledge and the endurance necessary to accomplish it. My cousin Edward M. West, of Edwardsville was to be married in the year 1837 I believe, and in response to a pressing invitation cousin B. J. West, John Flanagan and wife and a personal friend Dr. Wm. M. Shepherd determined to attend. It was in early spring and business was very lively, so that I promised Mr. West that I would accompany him back the next day after the wedding, as his presence in his store was indispensable, and also pledged my word to Mr. Krafft that I would return by night of that same day. But the bride and groom had planned to have an infair at Alton the next day, so that a large cavalcade accompanied them, some on horseback and others in carriages, and the morning was spent in hilarity and glee, although every hour put us further from home. After an excellent dinner, the test came: the charming bride stood on the balcony, her proud husband by her side, her bride's maids and friends around them; and to excuse the purpose of my going, I pleaded the promise I had made to my employer, and the suggestion to cousin Benj. that I relied on his going with me, as he had solemnly promised to do. I confess that it was a trial to break away from such pleasant companionship, with the prospect of traveling thirty-five miles over very poor roads after one o'clock in the afternoon. However I ordered my horse, and mounting him raised my hat with the gesture of farewell, as they sent good wishes to me waving their handkerchiefs. Up to this time Mr. West seemed undecided, and I rode off believing that he would not resist their persuasions. After riding an hour I looked back, and saw him pressing his horse to overtake me and in the hope of fulfilling our mutual promises, after he joined me we cheered each other by the way. Night overtook us before we got to the foot of the bluffs on the St. Louis road and never will I

forget how thoroughly exhausted I was when I reached my hotel in Belleville, after ten o'clock at night, so sore that I could with difficulty dismount and without supper reaching my bed. But the next morning found me fresh and bright with the conscientiousness that I had redeemed my word, and felt repaid for the sacrifices I had made.

On my first trip East, 1833, to which I have already alluded, there were some incidents I think worthy of mention; and amongst them I will say that at Louisville I first heard of that fearful plague, the cholera, which was prevailing at Wheeling and along the river below to Cincinnati, and when I reached the place, instead of going up by boat, I was persuaded by a kind hearted old gentleman whose acquaintance I had made, to go by stage through Ohio, where for the first time I saw beaver dams and black squirrels in the dense woods. When we arrived at Wheeling we had difficulty in crossing as the ferry was making but few trips, as several of the hands had died, and at that time there were no bridges across the Ohio river. The town had a deserted appearance, it being filled with smoke from the burning of many tar barrels. When we began to climb the mountains, of which I had heard my father and uncle so often speak, and saw the pines and evergreens I was enraptured. The smooth and magnificent national turnpike with its fine masonry, was an astonishment to me, and the numerous inns for the accommodation of teamsters and travellers, with stone troughs by the way side filled and running over with clear cool water for the service of the public, was a picture so unlike any thing I had ever seen I was filled with delightful surprise. One scene of beauty I shall never forget: we had travelled all night and were toward the highest points of the Alleghanies, the sun was just rising, as we approached the hotel where we were to take breakfast; and as the driver sounded his horn announcing his arrival, I looked out to behold a sight of unsurpassed loveliness. Grand peaks were rising majestically in every direction, bathed in the early sunlight, before us to the right rose a large brick hotel with an avenue bordered with evergreens;



and to the left a commodious barn and stable, and on the fence surrounding them, near the gate, I saw a peacock, with his gorgeous tail fully spread, and before me an immense oxheart cherry tree in full bearing of ripe and luscious fruit. The whole scene was like fairyland to me, and I thought that all I had ever heard in regard to the glories of the mountains, streams and valleys of my native state was no exaggeration. Passing through Cumberland and Hagerstown we reached Harpers Ferry lying in beauty, where in ages past by a mighty convulsion of nature, the waters of the Potomac river forced a passage through the mighty mountain to make its way to the sea. Baltimore was the first large city I had ever seen, and I wandered around her streets in amazement, but it was not until I had ascended Washington's monument, and looked over the shipping in the bay, and the miles of streets lined with residences, and mammoth buildings filled with the products from all countries, that a full appreciation was realized of the vast difference between the quiet of a country home then in the far West, and the stir and rush of a great commercial city.

My early religious training was to a great degree neglected. My mother, who was a member of the M. E. Church, dying when I was but a little child my moral and religious teaching devolved almost wholly on my father, as my grandmother from her advanced age was unable to direct my thoughts or control my acts. Born and raised in the P. Episcopal Church, while my father was a man of strict morality, and a church goer, he never manifested any decided interest in church matters. Nor were there many privileges available until my early manhood. Ministers of the two leading denominations, the Baptist and the Methodist, would fill appointments made at irregular periods, and most frequently in private houses, where benches with but few chairs were provided, often without a hymn book to a whole congregation, the words embracing two lines being given out by the preacher, but the people joining with a hearty response. While the Methodist local preachers did a great deal of effective work, that body first established circuits where preaching at stated

times was regularly held, with their class meetings and presiding elders. They also held their yearly camp meetings at Shiloh where families would erect temporary houses and tents, remaining in camp for several days together, inviting neighboring ministers to assist in preaching to congregations gathered from many miles distant. My grandfather and uncle Samuel Mitchell were recognized leaders there. As a general thing the Methodist ministers were men of true piety and fervent zeal, capable of enduring great hardship and having the confidence and respect of the people. Amongst the first of that denomination I ever heard was the Rev. Hosea Riggs, my grandfather Mitchell and his brother uncle Samuel, John Dew, Samuel Thompson and Thomas Harrison. Rev. Deacon Smith, Mr. Hinckley's and Mrs. Underwood's grandfather was the first Baptist I ever heard, he preached at the house of Mr. John Primm, and I would go with my father riding on horseback behind him. Then I saw and heard those worthy and venerable brothers, James and Joseph Lemen, who subsequently built up a strong church at Bethel in ridge prairie. And that noble and distinguished bearer of the cross, the Rev. John Mason Peck, who preached salvation to a lost world, through the death of a crucified and risen Savior; and spread a free communion table to all who loved Christ. It was not until the year 1832 that Theron Baldwin and Albert Hale, ministers of the Presbyterian Church preached in the court house in Belleville. Up to this time no church edifice had been erected, the court house being used occasionally by all ministers as well as the brick hall. I regret to say that in those early times there was a great deal of animosity felt by the Methodists and Baptists towards each other, frequent discussions on doctrinal points were indulged in, and a combined antipathy against Presbyterians, and hard shell Baptists, towards the first because of doctrinal differences and jealousy of superior education, and towards the others because of their ignorance, bigotry and opposition to Sabbath schools and a paid ministry.

I confess to a strong partiality in my youth for the dis-

cipline and doctrine of the Methodists, most of my relatives belonged to that church; there was a fervor in their devotions, an earnestness in the presentation of divine truth, the exhibition of a faith that honored God in the bestowal of His blessing, and brought assurance of personal acceptance. And I am thankful that I have lived to witness harmony in the ranks of Christ's followers, and brotherly love towards members of all orthodox creeds and toleration towards the rest. Personally I have ever entertained a profound reverence for the sacred office of minister. I have endeavored to obey that injunction in the true spirit, "Touch not My anointed, and do My prophets no harm." I have sought cheerfully and conscientiously to meet my responsibilities in obedience to their injunctions, and loved to minister to their support. It was in my power to give aid to one of the first Presbyterian ministers ever settled in our town, the Rev. Thomas Lippincott in the year 1840 when I was a member of the M. E. Church. He had a family, was very poor, and was forced to go into debt to the firm of Flanagan and West for the necessaries of life; I assumed his debt of about \$65, then a large sum and writing him a kind letter, enclosed his receipt in full. To so unexpected a favor, so great a surprise, he in reply stated that in reading my letter over first, and looking at the receipt, he supposed it was intended as a rebuke for his forced delay in payment, but as he read it again and saw my evident sympathy for him, his wife and children, and thanks for the privilege of doing a deed of kindness in recognition of his calling, tears of gratitude filled his eyes, and the expressions of gratitude, couched in language that came from his heart, was to me the richest compensation, hallowed by his prayers for a blessing upon myself and mine. Another incident I recall, there was a marked interest in the services of the M. E. Church, and uncle Edmundson who was then living on his farm on Turkey Hill, had been invited to come in and preach, after services he dined at uncle Dennis', and the afternoon I called to see him there, we urged him to stay and preach again at night, he said it was impossible as he would have to leave his family unprotected,



his motherless children alone and his stock unfed; when the suggestion was made that I ride his horse out, attend to all things and stay all night. The weather was very cold, and the roads very bad but I agreed to go, but felt repaid by my enjoyment with the children, and bestowing a blessing on the church through the ministry of one of its devout and faithful servants. In 1888 our pastor Rev. C. T. Phillips had been chosen one of the commissioners from the Alton presbytery, to the general assembly that met in Philadelphia. I knew that he was very desirous to go, and felt anxious that he should, as he needed rest, his health being quite infirm. One morning he called to say that he had determined that day to write to his alternate, and inform him that it would be impossible for him to go. He could hardly conceal his emotions as he spoke. I asked him to tell me frankly the cause for such determination, expressing the belief that all hindrances could be removed. He replied that he needed a good suit of clothes, and besides his means would not justify him incurring the necessary expenses of such a journey. I requested him to defer writing that day, and that I would see him again. I immediately went over to Mr. Robert Rogers, who loved brother Phillips dearly, and laid the matter plainly before him, and the hearty response I met from him has always endeared him to me. He insisted that he must go, and agreed with me mutually to bear the expense, and would instruct his tailor to prepare a suit immediately. I will only add the letter was never written, and our presbytery was well represented, by one who dignified the august body, and at the same time fully appreciated the grand opportunities such an occasion furnished. To make glad the heart of a brother is a privilege every Christian should embrace even if it extends no further than his own personal gratification. Lofty is the standard that the Almighty raises for it is like Himself perfect, but He permits His own poor children to cancel the debt one to the other, with a cup of cold water given in His Name. In the year 1880 I was chosen of the commissioners to the general assembly from this presbytery, that met that year in Madison, the capital of Wis-



consin, beside the honor connected with the appointment, an opportunity was afforded me to see a portion of our great country, I otherwise would have probably never visited; and to associate with a class of Christian men, many of whom were distinguished for profound learning and eminent success as standard bearers of divine truth. For beauty of location, with the lovely lakes almost surrounding the city, the capitol building crowning the magnificent eminence, with wide streets, converging to it as the center from all points of the compass, with the state university in sight, and the State Hospital for the Insane and Blind across Winona Lake, hotels in abundance, with superior business houses and residences denoting comfort with taste and beauty. Madison is almost unsurpassed, and to its other attractions you find its inhabitants enterprising, hospitable and intelligent devoted church goers. A warmer reception, or more cordial welcome could not have been given to any body of men, than was extended to the representatives of the Presbyterian Church. The Senate Chamber and hall of the House of Representatives was thrown open for their occupancy, and in the presence of the Governor, the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court delivered the address of welcome, which was responded to by Rev. Dr. Crosby. There seemed to be great unanimity in the choice of a moderator. Rev. Cyrus Dickson was placed in nomination, in recognition of his long and faithful services, and his eminent abilities, but he declined on account of his infirmities and need of rest, and by acclamation Rev. William M. Paxton was chosen. Amongst the distinguished members of the assembly were Rev. Howard Crosby, Edwin F. Hatfield, Wm. M. Paxton, John Hall, E. R. Craven, W. W. Atterberry, E. L. Hurd, T. D. Skinner, Peter Stryker, Seldon Jackson and Henry Kendall, and amongst the elders, James Riddle, Theo. Strong, G. S. Drake, Wm. Rankin, Saml. M. Moore, Edward Bredell and many others. During the daily and nightly sessions, every moment was utilized, and the reports from the various committees and discussions following gave variety to the proceedings. One incident afforded me personal gratification; on the

evening when the subject of home missions was under consideration and the Indian question in regard to the division of their lands, and abandonment of their tribal relations, the chambers were well filled, and an intelligent native missionary was speaking, some one touched me on the shoulder, and looking up who should I see but my old friend, Hugh G. Harrison, of Minneapolis, but born in St. Clair county and raised in Belleville from childhood. It was pleasant to meet a friend there, and after the session closed, as we came down the Capitol steps arm in arm he remarked, "Edward when we walked the streets of Belleville as country boys could either of us have believed it, if told, that we would ever have witnessed such an event. I, now a banker in a great city; Brother Asbury a delegate to the Methodist general conference in Cincinnati, and you a commissioner to the Presbyterian General Assembly." Feelings of self-abasement almost overcame me, I felt as a pigmy amongst giants, unworthy of the honor conferred; but thankful that I was counted worthy to fill the humblest station in the service of the Master. Old associations were recalled, the revered names of those mutually dear to us were mentioned and with higher resolves of fidelity to every trust, and greater love for God, and our fellow men we parted. It was my privilege there to listen to an address delivered to the Elders by Dr. John Hall, so simple yet earnest, and so clearly defining the duties of the office that no one could have heard the charge without being inspired with more devotion to duty, seeking and laboring for harmony in the church, and the spiritual welfare of every member. Passing through Chicago on my way up I enjoyed a short visit with Clara and family, but while at Madison having received intelligence from home that Albert had a relapse I hastened back without stopping.

In January, A. D. 1876, the Rev. O. S. Thompson being our minister and David Swyer, C. T. Elles and Russell Hinckley being elders, soon after the death of Hon. Wm. H. Underwood who had filled the office of ruling elder with dignity and great acceptability to the church, my nomination to that office was recommended by the session to the congregation, and at a

meeting called I was chosen to take his place in the eldership.

Nearly twenty years have passed since the hands of my pastor and those of my official brethren were placed on my head, and while I am thankful to acknowledge the kindest manifestation of love and confidence, on the part of my brethren members of the church and congregation, yet I confess that I have fallen far short of meeting the solemn obligations of that exalted office, or filled satisfactorily its important duties. I have striven however to sustain the credit of the church financially, to cultivate a spirit of harmony and brotherly love amongst all to set an example of faithful attendance on all the ordinances of God's house, love for the prayer meetings, and service in the sabbath school. Nor has my love grown cold, or interest in the church's welfare abated. But my prayer is continually that the Lord would prosper Zion.

In the year A. D. 1824, the St. Clair County Bible Society was organized, auxiliary to the parent Bible Society at New York; and the Rev. John M. Peck was chosen president and my uncle James Mitchell was appointed secretary. Amongst the contributors and warm friends of that first society were my venerable grandfather Rev. Edward Mitchell, John H. Dennis, Tilghman H. West, Jacob Ogle, Wm. Scott, Samuel Redman, Joseph Lemen, John Stuntz and several others.

Those worthy fathers passed away, and interest ceased to be felt for the continuance for a cause so noble for several years; but in the year 1847 it was reestablished by the election of the Rev. C. T. Houts the Methodist preacher, president, Benjamin J. West, secretary, and Charles T. Elles, treasurer and librarian. From that time to the present yearly meetings have been held, and there has been no change made in the office of secretary and treasurer. Auxiliary societies have been established and maintained throughout the county, and colporteurs employed who have canvassed every neighborhood, city, town and family, supplying the Bible or testament to all who desired them, and copies donated to the destitute who were unable to pay. Upon the resignation of Mr. Russell Hinckley in 1881, I was chosen president, and have been con-



tinued in office since just fourteen years, January, 1895, Mr. West and Mr. Elles having completed their forty-eight years of continuous service. And with humility of spirit I make this honest record that I have felt more honored in having my name associated with so many pious and devoted men in a cause so truly noble and exalted, than in receiving any other or all other offices or marks of favor or distinction combined conferred on me by my fellow citizens. Two years ago I was very much touched by my re-election. When the Bible agent, Mr. Geisinger, just before the annual meeting called to see me, I was then confined to my bed, and believing that my health and strength were so impaired, I would be unfit for future service, I urged the nomination of several good men, either of whom would have made good and efficient officers, but the kindness and regard of the members were evinced by still retaining me in office.

Although a member of several clubs and associations during my life the last being the Octogenarian Club, I have never joined any secret society or one requiring an oath. And I would state it as a fact, without boasting or vanity, that in the preparation of resolutions, reports, or obituary notices or other documents, connected with the transaction of the business in the different associations to which I have belonged, although a prominent share may have been allotted to me, yet I have never evaded any responsibility, but discharged the duties to the best of my ability and that conscientiously. While a member of the M. E. Church I was superintendent of the Sabbath School about the year 1850, and afterwards secretary of the same. Since my connection with the Presbyterian Church, I have taught without intermission in the several grades during the past forty years, never missing a Sabbath voluntarily, and now have charge of the Bible Class. I have aspired to no higher honor on earth than to be thought to be competent and worthy of being intrusted with training the youthful mind in the knowledge of spiritual truths, and impressing upon their hearts the fear of the Lord and the love for His word, and have my heart made glad by being privi-



leged to welcome some to church membership, and others going out into the world as business or professional men, and estimable women filling their stations usefully and honorably.

For years I have served on the grand juries of our county, until I feared to be regarded as a chronic applicant or member, generally acting as secretary of the body, but since I was connected with those citizens who exposed the acts of what was known as the "court house ring" my services have been rarely needed; but that apparent neglect may be in consequence of my age; and it is pleasant to know that others younger and more energetic are able to fill up the places made vacant by death or disability. I have acted as a delegate to many county conventions, and a few congressional and state conventions, but almost always felt like a fish out of his native element. I could not witness with approval many of the schemes resorted to by politicians to effect their purposes, and raised my protest against dishonesty. I will mention one of my experiences at a state convention in the year 1861. I had received a letter from my old friend B. S. Edwards, in which he had expressed a desire to stand before the people as a candidate for governor. I fully appreciate his qualifications for that high office, and accepted the appointment as delegate from our county together with Jacob Knoebel, Col. Don Morrison and others. At that time Jas. W. Hughes known as Bud Hughes, was one of the best known and most popular politicians in the county, and he had gone up to Springfield a day in advance to make arrangements for the comfort of his friends. On my way up I found Edward M. West of Madison as a delegate, and when we arrived in the city, found every hotel crowded, and no promise at the Leland of even a cot. In our dilemma, the well-known voice of Mr. Edwards was musical and assuring indeed, as he gave cousin Edward, Col. Morrison and myself an invitation to accompany him home in his carriage. Col. Wm. R. Morrison, at that time was recognized as amongst the shrewdest and most influential men in the State, and at his request a caucus was to be held that night

to arrange the programme for the morrow. Don Morrison seemed to be as anxious for the nomination of our host as Mr. West or myself, he attended the meeting that night, we did not. The next morning after breakfast, over which the estimable wife presided, we with the family were ushered into the library, where Mr. Edwards with dignity and reverence read a psalm, and with devotional spirit offered prayer. At the hour of ten the convention was organized, committees appointed, and arrangements made for a vote to be taken for candidates in the afternoon. I remember Col. Morrison's tact and political sagacity at dinner as lifting his glass of wine, and looking to Mrs. Edwards he drank to the lady who would next preside in the governor's mansion; we could heartily enter into the spirit of the toast, if we did not that of the glass. Keen was my disappointment however, for when the nominations were made Mr. Edwards received only a flattering complimentary vote, but it was no doubt for the best eventually, as the tide had turned, and in the war frenzy that swept over the country, the nominee of the convention was overwhelmingly beaten.

Soon after this a meeting was held in Carlyle, to select a democratic candidate for Congress from this district. The delegates from this county were, Wm. H. Snyder, Spencer Kase, George A. Harvey, Peter Wilding and myself. We had to make an early start from here, to reach O'Fallon for the train on the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. and after arriving at Carlyle, the delegates were called together, and a motion was made to choose Snyder to represent our delegation, and also to cast the vote as a unit; that last I did not like, as it took from us a personal choice for the fittest man. In the organization of the convention, I could again discern the fine hand of Col. W. R. Morrison. He was anxious to go to Washington as a representative, but was fearful of being beaten; yet he did not wish the strongest man to be selected, because if his record proved good his constituents would demand his re-election. When the time therefore came for the presentation of candidates, Major Woods one of the most honest and prominent

citizens of Nashville, a hero of the Mexican war, a man who had been sheriff of Washington county and state senator, put in nomination Judge Amos Watts, in an appropriate speech. I should have voted for him with pleasure. Mr. Wm. Hartzell of Randolph county however was chosen, although he had only lately graduated from McKendree College, and had scarcely established a reputation beyond his county. And my chagrin was almost overwhelming, and my indignation severely aroused, when as we made our way to the hotel, Snyder with a loud coarse laugh asked Kase if he had witnessed the Major's disappointment upon the defeat of his candidate, and that night after twelve o'clock, as we were driven home by Baptiste from O'Fallon to hear the ribaldry of those statesmen inflamed with liquor, I resolved to part company with politics forever. I confess that at one time I was ambitious to go as a representative to Springfield, when the democrats in this county were largely in the majority, and a nomination by the county convention was equivalent to an election. My name was presented by an influential delegate from East St. Louis and seconded by another from Georgetown, when Dr. Kempf arose and opposed the nomination because I was "**a strong temperance man,**" and I have always regarded my defeat an honor rather than a misfortune.

In the year 1853 the St. Clair County Agricultural and Mechanical Society was formed and Joseph Griffin, Esq., was chosen president. Up to that time little had been done by the citizens of the oldest and at that time one of the richest and most populous counties in the state, to introduce well bred stock or new and valuable machinery. The establishment of such a society was a felt want and necessity, and met the enthusiastic support of most of the citizens from its inception. The beneficial results were made apparent each year, in bringing the inhabitants together in social and friendly relations, and creating an emulation in the display of all the various articles that are comprised in a fair. Within ten years so great was the change wrought, that those even who were most sanguine of ultimate success were over-



whelmed with surprise. Let the inspection then be directed wherever it might be the hands would be uplifted in wonder by visitants. It was a pleasure to see the fine horses in the ring or speeding around the course, the thoroughbred cattle of various breeds, the mules in their stalls, and sheep and hogs in their pens, the turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese and pigeons in their coops. Threshers, corn planters, drills, plows and presses with splendid machinery of all kinds covering the ground by the acre and vehicles combining beauty with comfort. The display in the horticultural department, of apples, pears, peaches, quinces, grapes and other fruits, with the products of the farm, wheat, corn, barley, oats and other grains with pumpkins and mellons, were fit for exhibition at any state fair, besides the most generous display of preserves, jellies, pickles, bread, cakes, butter, honey, lard, bacon and flour, and last but not least the textile fabrics, ladies' work with quilts and embroideries. I always felt it to be an honor to be associated with those gentlemen who so unselfishly contributed their time and money to the establishment of this association, and while for the first years I was only an exhibitor, I loved to see the grounds purchased as a permanent location, laid out and planted in trees to shade and beautify the place and all suitable structures erected for the comfort of man and animals. I remember one year, about 1870, the premiums were paid in silverware and my wife and I were contributors to the display, she with butter, preserves, cakes and needle work, and I in farm and orchard products, and so frequently was the name of West called, that some one suggested that I take a basket and stay until the premium list was completed. Although I had no ambition for office and did not seek it, I was elected to the directory, and having served as superintendent of several departments I was chosen president in the year 1874.

To make the fair a success that year as far as it was possible, I invited many of the leading citizens of Madison, Washington and Monroe counties to assist in filling the different departments, and extended to the officers of the St. Louis



Agricultural Society, a request on the part of our Society to be our guests on Thursday, our principal day, which was cordially accepted by them to our mutual gratification. Two other innovations were made at that time and both were well received and appreciated by the community: the first was a reunion of all the old settlers over the age of seventy, to whom free admission tickets were furnished, and Col. Don Morrison was selected to give them an address, when they were all invited to adjourn to a large dining hall, men and women, to partake of a bountiful dinner provided by Hiram Padfield, free of cost, and that feature was continued as long as the fairs were kept. The other was a baby show, and the keenest interest was manifested by many besides the mothers, and helped to draw a crowd for after the award was made, carriages were prepared to convey the competing babies around the ring with their parents, the premium baby in front. The fair proved a success, socially and financially, but my interest gradually lessened, as the object for which it was instituted had been attained and because the great St. Louis fair overshadowed all others near.

My association with the State Agricultural Fair was limited, as I never aspired to a place on the state board, but was instrumental in the election of my friend and neighbor, M. T. Stookey, as director from our congressional district. I received a letter from the Hon. D. B. Gilham, who had represented Madison county as State Senator, intimating that he would be an aspirant for the presidency of the Society, as the Hon. J. P. Reynolds would decline serving longer, and desired that I should see that our county and Monroe sent delegates. Mr. Stookey and I were chosen and in due time we went up to Peoria where the State fair was held. At the hour appointed for the election of directors, what was my most intense surprise, when Mr. Reynolds called the meeting to order, and nominated Edward William West of St. Clair county to preside. So unexpected and sudden was the announcement, I was nearly unnerved, and my fears were increased, because I had heard that some contention was predicted by opposing can-

didates in several districts, and a stormy session was anticipated. In taking the chair on an elevated stand, I dared not trust myself to take a survey of the vast throng composed of many of the most prominent and intelligent citizens of the state, but I had a hasty word with my friend and relative, A. M. Garland, who by several years of service as secretary of the State Board was entirely familiar with the perfect dispatch of business, and told him that my dependence would be wholly on him. After considerable progress had been made in the election of members, a gentleman by the name of Elsworth came to me and said, "I am informed that your county presents a Mr. Stookey, as a candidate to fill the vacancy in the board caused by the death of Samuel B. Chandler, who was one of our most worthy and esteemed members, and I request you to give me a true estimate of his character and ability." I answered his question so satisfactorily, that although Genl. Rinaker of Carlinville was also a candidate, after a hasty consultation of Mr. Elsworth with a dozen friends, when the nominations were made Mr. Stookey was elected. I need only to add that the work was done expeditiously, without any friction, and when we all met at the hotel in the evening I was surprised at the congratulations offered me, and was furthermore delighted that my friend Mr. Gilham was chosen president of the State Board of Agriculture at the first meeting of the members. In mentioning these personal reminiscences, I do so without a shadow of egotism, for no one realized more than I do the subordinate part I have filled in life but they being experiences through which I have passed, it may be proper to record them. And as I have been chiefly identified with farm life, and kindred associations I may be pardoned in mentioning my connection with the National Agricultural Congress. Soon after the close of the unfortunate Civil war, the South feeling that something ought to be done to arouse their people from an apathy that rested like a pall over their energies, issued circulars, and distributed them over the whole country, inviting delegates from all agricultural societies, and others interested in the general welfare, to meet in

Nashville, Tennessee, and interchange views looking to the harmonizing of the different sections, but more especially the development of the resources of the Southern States, under their altered condition. Mr. George C. Eisenmeyer and myself were selected to represent our county and in the autumn we repaired to Nashville at the appointed time, where we met with many cultivated and distinguished gentlemen, mostly however from the Southern States. The Congress was organized, and many subjects were discussed, and a pleasant feeling of fraternity pervaded the assembly from the beginning to the close of the sessions. The county fair was being held at the same time, and finer grains and vegetables I have never seen than were exhibited there. I saw corn of such size that 56 ears filled a bushel; pumpkins and melons of extraordinary size and excellence, and the largest assortment of foliage plants of the most varied and lovely colors. The most generous hospitality was displayed, and at the close of the meetings an invitation was given by Genl. Jackson to partake of a barbecue dinner at the residence of his father-in-law, General Harding, the owner of Bell Mead plantation, celebrated for raising the most famous thoroughbred horses in the South. This hearty invitation was accepted by many and amongst those of note I saw Genl. Marmaduke, Commodore Maury, Barbour of Virginia Jacob Thompson who was in president Buchanan's cabinet, Gov. Colquit of Georgia and others. The farm is situated about six miles from the city, and I thought the country through which we drove over a smooth macadamized road, the garden spot of the state. In a pasture embracing two hundred acres, surrounded by a stone wall five feet high, before the war the Col. had a herd of one hundred buffalo. We found the mansion large and commodious, and the stables well arranged and abundant with the faithful old manager who carried the keys proudly, and who took great pleasure in showing the imported sires, and native stock of all ages, and pointing out the superior excellencies of many. When we returned to the house, we examined a painting made by a distinguished French artist, of a favorite gray mare, that the Col. declared



to be the foundation of his fortune, and spoke of the pride he felt over her first victory, as the race was run in opposition to the advice of his uncle who had raised him. After the merits of that beautiful figure, with many others that adorned the walls were discussed, we were invited to a large sideboard, which was filled with glasses and decanters containing liquors and wines of every description and all were invited to help themselves freely. Then came one of those trials I could not evade and had to meet. The Genl. observing that I had not helped myself, and probably thinking that I needed an especial invitation, kindly asked me to join him in a glass of wine. Inclining my head politely I remarked, "I hope Genl. that you will not regard me as lacking in a true appreciation of your cordiality and kindness, in declining your request, but for years I have adhered to the strictest temperance and trust that you will excuse me." Placing one hand upon my shoulder, and looking into my eye, he said with his gentle but peculiar southern accent, "Sir, I honor your candor, and your adherence to your convictions of propriety, and know sir, that every gentleman in my house is privileged to act in perfect freedom, and I cordially accept your excuse." After a sumptuous dinner admirably served, when the toast were drank, Gov. Colquitt and myself placed our glasses with water to our lips and enjoyed the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" as well as the other guests.

Mrs. West accompanied me on that trip, and a visit to the State fair, the grand State house, Mrs. James K. Polk's garden and monument, and other places of note gave us great satisfaction. The following year the Congress met in St. Louis, where I renewed my acquaintance with several gentlemen I met in Nashville, and had Mr. Killibrew, the state geologist, to visit us and share our hospitality, and in looking over our country beyond Risdon A. Moore's, and learning the depth of our coal and the fertility of our soil his surprise was manifest. The last meeting I attended was at Atlanta, Georgia, and amongst other noted men I saw there was Genl. Duff Green then in his ninetieth year, the brother-in-law of Gov. Ninian



Edwards, who was a famous politician and editor in the days of the presidency of Genl. Andrew Jackson.

In the year A. D. 1869 the Farmers and Fruit Growers Association was organized in Belleville, April 3d, George C. Eisenmeyer, calling the meeting to order, and on motion David Miley was chosen temporary president and in the following month, Col. Adolphus Engelmann was elected president, G. C. Eisenmeyer and Isaac L. Terrell vice-presidents, Augustus Chenot secretary and Nicholas Boul treasurer. In August I became a member and was chosen corresponding secretary, which office I filled consecutively until 1876. For upwards of fourteen years, the history of the transactions of the society form a prominent part of the history of the county. While the object of the association was the advancement of agriculture and horticulture, it ultimately embraced every subject connected with the interest of the farm and the welfare of the county. I soon placed myself in communication with other prominent agriculturists, and invited them to attend our meetings and address us on the subjects of their own choosing; and able discourses were for several years afterwards delivered by Col. Colman, Wm. Murtfelt, Mr. Muir, Hon. W. C. Flagg, and Genl. Marmaduke besides essays from members of the society. Through the efforts of our Congressmen Col. Wm. R. Morrison, Jehu Baker and John B. Hay, and private contributions, a valuable library was formed, accessible to every member, and by the yearly distribution of seeds furnished liberally by the department at Washington, sorghum seed, and many excellent varieties of grains, fruits and flowers were introduced. Amongst the successful labors of the association, may be mentioned were appeals to the legislature that secured the present efficient collection of the taxes of the state, an improvement in the public roads, the enforcement of the stock law, throughout the county, and the doing away of all fences which has saved tens of thousands of dollars to the farmers, and the breaking up of what was known as the court house ring, exposing the corruption, that had grown into practice by many of the officers of the county, that met the ap-

proval of the mass of her citizens, by the retirement from office, those who had overcharged for their services, or betrayed their trusts. During my connection with the society I was often honored by being chosen president, secretary and librarian, and today it is a source of gratification to me that I was associated with such men as Samuel Barbour Chandler, Samuel Winn, Conrad Bornman, Joseph Ogle, Tom Winstanley, Fred Glaser, Dr. Schott, Joseph Penn, F. H. Pieper, James H. Scott, and many other honorable members of the St. Clair County Agricultural and Mechanical Society; and George C. Eisenmeyer, Isaac L. Terrell, Col. Adolphus Engelman, David Miley, Risdon A. Moore, Felix Scott, Col. John Thomas, Exter, Chanot, Miller, Helms, Joseph Smith Vellinger, and many others. It is with feelings of profound respect I record their names, most of them having already passed over the stream of death, but I treasure their memory sacredly, for many of them were noble and honorable men.

Another incident in my life I may mention, that is in the year A. D. 1875 I was chosen to serve on the United States grand jury; the Hon. Judge Samuel Treat presiding over the court; and when the members of the jury were summoned to appear and answer to their names, in looking over the body of men selected from most of the counties in Southern Illinois, and chosen for their general intelligence, firmness and excellence of character, what was my surprise when the judge appointed me foreman, and the accustomed oath administered to me, and then to the other members. When we reached the room assigned us, I expressed my regret, that the Judge should have appointed one whose ability and experience could not compare with that of many who were far more competent. When Mr. Hammond from Carthage remarked that he was satisfied with the choice, for he felt that he had already formed my acquaintance, having read Brother West's article in regard to the history of the introduction of the fruits in his county and which he had published in the records of the State Horticultural Society. Our sessions lasted about six weeks, it was a very clever body of men, we worked hard and faith-

fully; amongst the most important indictments found, was that against Driggs, the famous counterfeiter, and his accomplices; and several distillers who had violated the United States law. Our personal intercourse was uniformly pleasant, our actions harmonious, we met as strangers, but parted regretfully as friends and before adjournment every member sat in a group for their photographs. We were complimented by the Judge and the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Roe, for our assiduous labors and the rapid dispatch of business. While absence from home was always unpleasant to me, I passed many delightful hours in social visits to the hospitable homes of my old friend, B. S. Edwards, my relative, Mr. A. M. Garland, and the family of my uncle, Edward Mitchell, who was the first postmaster of Springfield, besides meeting many Christian friends at the receptions at the 2nd Presbyterian Church. During that time I was delighted with a visit from my wife and daughter, Emma, when we visited Lincoln's monument, the State house that was just completed, and rode around viewing the beauties of the city.

While I have seen comparatively but little of our Globe, I have made several journeys or trips from home. The first I made was in the year 1833 to West Point, and as the whole route was made by stage, there was no particular occurrences worthy of mention. I reached New York City. Genl. Andrew Jackson who was then President, had arrived only the day before on his tour to visit the Eastern States, and Black Hawk and the prophet with several braves were expected to come on the boat that brought me. And as long as memory lasts, I cannot forget the vast throng that filled every space around the dock, and every avenue near it. It was the first great mass of men I had ever encountered, and it was with difficulty I could get through the monstrous crowd and reach the United States hotel. In March, 1834, having resigned my commission as cadet at West Point, on my return to Philadelphia, I met cousin E. P. Mitchell, who having married Miss Elizabeth Tyndale, was ready to bring his bride home to the then far West. In our journey by stage over the mountains, we



saw a building near the road, and were informed that the water that fell from the roof on the east side made its way into the Potomac river and thence into the Atlantic ocean, and the water from the west side ran into the tributaries of the Ohio river, and thence into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. We also passed the grounds where Genl. Braddock was defeated by the French and Indians; and Genl. Washington then a young officer covered the retreat, and brought off the remnant of the army. Reaching Louisville in safety we remained a couple of days for a St. Louis boat, and a few hours before the departure of the boat, the captain, pilot, engineer and several of the crew, went in a yawl to take soundings, to learn the depth of the water over the falls, and I overheard the reply made to several who had taken passage, that there was not more than three inches of water more than the boat drew. That determined the action of most who procured vehicles to take them down below the falls, but Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell resolved to stay on board, and I determined to meet all dangers with her and her husband. And I bear this record in regard to that noble and dear woman, beautiful in feature, lovely in form with remarkable vivacity, high intellectual attainments, that would have distinguished her in any society; in addition to all these virtues, she possessed a bravery and fortitude I never saw surpassed. I shall not attempt to give a graphic description of that passage, but would say that when the boat rounded to the south, and entered the falls, it was fortunate for me that I stood near her, for while in the seething of the angry waters, as they were lashed into foam, tossed from the huge rocks that lifted their heads above the waves, and their fearful roar, with the pitching and plunging of the boat as it shot down the narrow channel, shipping water that passed across the main hall, I confess that my courage failed me, and I wished that I also had sought safety with the multitude, but her face was so radiant with delight, with her there seemed to be no sense of danger, and her exhilaration of spirits, was in proportion to the rush of the waters and the plunging of the boat. We rubbed but once or



twice, and when we were safely through the perils of that voyage, I felt thankful to a merciful providence and the skill of the pilot for deliverance. Our trip down the Ohio river was without incident but the water of the Mississippi was cold with some ice still running, the shores looked bleak and bare, many geese were seen on the sand bars, and thousands of ducks on the river. Our passage was slow, but with us there was no particular need of haste as we had good company on board and were well fed. There were some gamblers who spent most of their time during the day at the card tables, and we left them at their games at night when we left them and retired to our berths. The boat was one of the old fashioned kind with double decks, a stairway behind the dining hall, leading to the ladies cabin above, near this the pipe from the stove below passed out through the top of the boat. Just a little below St. Genevieve, almost immediately after dinner, the passengers seated in groups, the cry of fire was heard, and several of the ladies ran down the stairs. As soon as I could make my way up I saw that the flames had burst out around the stove pipe, that was red hot, and coming down called cousin Edward to help me; we ran into the pantry, seized a large pan of water, and with cups soon extinguished the flames, and put the fire out. When the alarm subsided, the indignation of all on board the boat was keenly aroused, when it was discovered that four gamblers had taken possession of the yawl, with two seated at the oars, one in charge of their baggage, and the other with a formidable knife in his hand ready to cut the rope that held it to the boat. They were permitted to crawl back but there was to be no room for them there, such supremely selfish wretches, for a committee soon waited upon the captain and officers demanding their expulsion, and they were compelled to leave at the first wood yard we reached. A little presence of mind and quick action saved all from imminent peril, and the rest of our journey was made in safety.

In 1851 directly after my marriage to Mrs. West, we went to St. Louis in a carriage driven by that faithful driver

black Baptiste, there we took boat to Ottawa by the Illinois river, and from thence to Chicago by canal, then a small city. Crossing Lake Michigan we took the railroad to Detroit, and from that point by boat over the calm waters of Lake Erie to Buffalo, where we spent the Sabbath and had a delightful day of rest. Driving down Niagara river so placid and calm long before we reached the place where the terrible plunge is made of one hundred and sixty-four feet, we heard the roar and witnessed its power, and wonderful majesty and grandeur. We crossed over the river just below the falls in a boat to the Canadian side getting a full view of its sublimity,\* and while there visited a very extensive museum, and returning we took stage for Lake Ontario, witnessing the beauties of Louisburg, Genl. Brock's monument, where the battle of Lundy's lane was fought and Genl. Winfield Scott won the beginning of his fame, thence to Oswego by boat and from there down the lovely Merrimac to Albany, where we spent several very pleasant days with Mrs. West's brother, Mr. Wm. U. Gregory and his wife and two beautiful sons, Wm. and Frank. While there I accompanied him up to Troy, and saw the immense iron and nail mills there. We then went to Cayuga lake bridge by rail, and up that most charming lake by boat to Ithaca, called the forest city, the home of her uncle and aunt Moore, and where Mrs. West's early childhood had been passed. On our return home we visited New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cape Girardeau arriving in St. Louis safely.

About the year 1839, Mr. Flanagan sent to a relative of his living near Winchester, Va., for a blooded horse, and his nephew, Wm. J. Smith, brought out one, a large and well-formed blood bay, named Industry. He having friends who had moved from Va., to Boonville, Mo., was anxious to see them, and the country also, and requested me to accompany him there which I did. It was in March and the weather was rather cold, but we enjoyed the trip as we went by boat. Jefferson City had been selected as the Capital of the State, and the public buildings were just being erected, it looked then

to be a bleak, uninviting location, but there has grown a flourishing city since. The scenery on the river where the Osage and Gasconade rivers empty into the Missouri is quite grand, and we found Boonville a good shipping point, sending to St. Louis great quantities of tobacco, hemp and grain. The land around and in the country seemed to be fertile, and the people satisfied and contented. When I proposed that we continue our trip to St. Joe, Smith said "that he was far enough from home, as he did not want the Indians to take his scalp," and we returned having had a safe and pleasant journey, but seeing little of the country which was then new.

One of the most unpleasant trips East I ever made was in the winter of 1839 with Mr. B. J. West. We left in the stage the latter part of December, but so horrible were the roads, that the coach was abandoned at Carlyle, and the mail bags, and we as passengers were dumped into a kind of crate mounted on two wheels exposed to the weather and the bleak winds across the prairies, until we reached the Wabash bottoms and Vincennes. Thence over the White river region encountering the most execrable roads imaginable until we reached Louisville, where we hoped to have found a boat for Cincinnati and Wheeling. In that we were disappointed, as all boats had ceased running in consequence of the ice, and we were compelled to resume our journey by stage to Lexington, Paris and Maysville, at that place crossing over to the Ohio side to make our way to the National turnpike, riding the greater part of each night, through pitch darkness when the driver had to get down frequently to find the way amongst the hills, rocks and deep ravines, every minute for hours our lives being imperilled, and the weather growing intensely cold. I remember that cousin Benjamin persisted in sitting in the middle seat so that he could look out, and in one of the terrible lurches of the coach, his hat fell off, and he aroused me from a sleep produced from sheer exhaustion, to realize our fearful condition; but I was in no frame of mind to console him, and the first time in my life I experienced an utter indifference as to whether I should live or not, so



thoroughly was I worn out. Before day we stopped to change horses, and we prevailed upon the driver to remain long enough to enable us to get to the fire, and have breakfast, when I succeeded in getting at my trunk, where I had a new sea otter cap, which I gave to Mr. West to wear until we reached Baltimore, and which I subsequently exchanged with uncle Dennis for the excellent copies of Shakespeare I now have. On our return when we got into Indiana, we had more mud, the teams often sticking fast, compelling the passengers to get out and stand until the mail bags were carried to high ground and the coach pried out. All the discomforts of the journey going East we had to endure but with milder weather and without the danger. And it seems wonderful to me indeed that within my own experience, so great a change has been made, between the tedious, expensive and uncomfortable mode of travelling, in those years, and the safe, rapid and luxurious way by rail now, as by advertisements in the papers of this date, a passenger may leave St. Louis at 1:30 p. m. today and tomorrow reach New York City at 6:00 p. m., making the trip in less than thirty hours.

Another trip that Mrs. West and I took in 1858, in company with D. H. Murray and his sister was one of the most pleasant of my life. We left East St. Louis in the morning, reaching Cincinnati at night on our way to Berkley Springs, now in West Virginia. We found the place crowded, and among the guests was our old friend Andrew Christy, who kindly secured a place for us at his table, and introduced us to a choice circle of acquaintances, as he had attracted no little attention, being estimated a man of great wealth. Our stay there was very delightful, the waters and baths were fine, the scenery picturesque and grand, the table very good, band superb, and it was the home of Colonel Strother, embellished with many pictures drawn by his son, a distinguished writer, under the name of "Porte Crayon."

We remained in Washington City long enough to visit the Capitol, Washington's Monument, the several departments, the Smithsonian Institute, and departed for Richmond



by way of Aquia Creek, Mount Vernon and Fredericksburg. At Richmond we saw many attractions, amongst them the Capitol and grounds with their monuments, Assembly rooms, and a life-size statue in marble of General Washington, portraits of Madison, Marshall, Patrick Henry and other worthy sons of the Old Dominion, and the celebrated building afterwards known as "Libby Prison." From thence by rail passing through Lynchburg we arrived safely at Liberty, where our relatives, the Davises, Phillipses, and Mitchells lived. Having seen most of them, when I visited there with my father, 1849, we were very kindly received. The morning after our arrival I made arrangements with our landlord to furnish us with a carriage, driver and lunch as we intended to visit and climb the peaks of Otter, two of the spurs of the Blue Ridge mountains, rising up like a sugar loaf 4,500 feet in height. The day was perfect, and as we ascended, circling round the mountain, the views were continually changing until we reached the summit, which we did with difficulty, after we left the carriage, but when through exhaustion we were nearly ready to stop, looking up we saw the waving of a handkerchief by one who had preceded us on horseback, and taking courage by a renewed effort we too also reached the top.

There we found a small house, that had been built to accommodate those visitants who wished to remain all night to behold the rising of the sun. The top was only a rod or two square, and in the center there was a large rock of oval shape, that seemed so nicely poised, that it might have been hurled from its position by the strength of a couple of men. I determined to mount it and stand upright upon it, but I must confess that after making several vain attempts to stand upright I was unable to do so; it appeared as if I stood upon the cone of a ten-story house and a false step would precipitate me to the bottom. We felt thoroughly repaid for our efforts in reaching the summit, for a most glorious panorama was spread out all around us. We saw the steeples of churches in villages nearly forty miles away, and the town

of Liberty about seven miles off, seemed to lay near the foot of the mountain, and the plain below though rough and broken appeared to be as level as a floor. It was near noon and we could distinctly hear the sound of the horns calling the laborers to their dinner, and the silvery voice of a hound in the chase. Clouds, however, soon began to gather, and as we looked down upon the plain below, the clear sunshine falling one moment upon the fields of stubble made them look like gold, to be immediately followed by the dark shadows gave us a picture of peculiar beauty. Then soon the mists began to boil, moving in whirling masses, a flash of lightning lighted up the mass, followed by a roar of thunder, and the fall of rain was distinctly heard below. Wife and I stood enraptured at the scene, until warned that the driver was waiting our return nearly half a mile below, we started down gathering some pebbles, ferns and flowers. When we descended to the magnificent spring between the two peaks, and having enjoyed our lunch; continued our journey to the town, we found that the shower had laid the dust and cooled the air. Thus I regard the falls of Niagara and the peaks of Otter the grandest natural objects I have ever seen. On arriving at the hotel our surprise was great, to find that our trunks had been removed to the house of cousin Micajah Davis, where we were most cordially received and hospitably entertained, and at Mr. Robert C. Mitchell's, during our stay in that most delightful portion of Virginia. The remembrance of aunt Anne Phillips, my mother's eldest sister, then nearly eighty, and those interesting families, with their refined manners and true southern grace is precious still, and my love for them was only intensified when I visited them in their sorrow and poverty immediately after the close of the war. On our return passing through Richmond and Washington City again, when we got to Baltimore; Mrs. West suggested, that as we had visited my relatives south, we run up to Ithaca and see hers. We passed through a lovely portion of Pennsylvania and New York by way of Elmira, and at Ithaca enjoyed all the comfort and pleasure

we had anticipated in earnest Christian and social intercourse, in the midst of scenery that possessed all the charms that belong to noble forests of pine and hemlock, with lovely falls of water, embellished by the charming Cayuga Lake. With all its attractions that journey would have been incomplete without that delightful sojourn in the forest city near the banks of the Caskadilla Creek, the murmur of whose waters, lulled into restful sleep my wife in her infancy and has ever been a dear spot to her. Aunt Amanda Moore, of precious memory, accompanied us home, to be followed by her husband in a few days. While she was here we visited the great St. Louis fair, examining the various departments that gave evidence of a wealth in the products of the mines, farms, mills and other industries that seemed to embrace the wealth of the nation rather than of a section only of our great country. Grand and imposing indeed was the sights within the great arena crowded with cattle, mules and horses of the finest grades, and looking around upon the vast amphitheatre closely packed with its ten thousand people, so overcome was aunt Moore by the exposition she could hardly control her emotions. Just as the ferry boat that brought us over the river was leaving the wharf, the steamer from Alton that had on board the Prince of Wales with his suite standing on the upper deck was rounding too, and thus we had a view of royalty. After the arrival of uncle Moore, joined with sister Almira, who came from Missouri to visit us, and brother Benjamin and family, we had a delightful picnic near McBride's in the woods, where with meats and vegetables in abundance, cakes and pies, apples, with sweet cider and coffee, we had a fine repast, then gathered wild grapes, black haws and persimmons and hops, the ladies enjoying themselves, and the children running, climbing, making swings, all were happy and pleased. When hitching up our teams we drove out into the prairie, the children filling many baskets of hazel nuts from the bushes that grew there in great profusion. In due time that dear Christian couple returned home, but it gave completion to one of the most pleasant trips we ever made.



In 1866, I went up as far as Lathrop, Mo., with brother to see some land near there that he had purchased for his children, and thought it well located, and the soil unsurpassed for fertility, returning we came back by way of Kansas City, passing through Clay county, famous for the finest mules brought to the St. Louis market before the war.

In 1884, I accompanied General Powell and Emma to St. Paul and Minneapolis, there seeing my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. James Krafft, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Murray and their families, and also my old friends William Hughes, Asbury and Hugh Harrison and their sisters, Mrs. Green and Goheen. The falls of the river at that place furnishes power to put into operation the largest saw mills and the most complete and grandest flouring mills I ever saw, unsurpassed by any I presume in the world, and furnishes water and power for the most effective system for the suppression of fires. At lake Minnetonka I enjoyed several days with our pastor, the Rev. Charles T. Phillips, and the memory of that trip is still pleasant. Twice Mrs. West and I have had a delightful sojourn of a few days each time at Eureka Springs, the last time having had the companionship of our daughter Emma and her husband, General Wm. H. Powell. Both times visiting our relative George West and his family and forming the acquaintance of many charming friends, enjoying the waters of the various springs, far-famed for their curative powers amid scenery almost matchless for its beauty, with the unsurpassed accommodations of the Crescent Hotel, and many other attractions.

During the life of Mrs. Jackson, sister to my wife, when she lived in Cape Girardeau, Mo., we made several pleasant excursions by boat before the war, and before the railroads were built, while travel by those swift and gorgeous steamboats was a luxury and delight, and found a society there cultured and refined. At the house of Mr. Gardner who was principal of a select school under Presbyterian control, I heard for the first time those famous southern melodies, "Old Folks At Home," "Way Down Upon the Swanee



River," and others so full of pathos, rendered with feeling and in highest artistic style, that the charm has not departed yet. To look back upon those days, it seems almost like a dream, circumstances all changed now, and those dear ones whose lives and presence gave zest to the place and surroundings have passed away, leaving us to mourn the separation.

But the saddest journey I ever made was at the close of the Civil War, to Liberty, Va., in response to a letter from my aunt Phillips, whose crushed heart was craving sympathy, as she beheld the devastation the armies had created, poverty for affluence, military rule for liberty, mutilation and death for manhood and health. Almost without bread or nature's barest necessities, with no money or credit, no resources upon which to build, despondency rested like a pall upon every person and family. I mingled my tears with theirs as around the family altar we joined our prayers. I strove to cheer them up. Oh how thankful I was, that my God had given me the ability to help them, then the barrel of flour was filled, necessities supplied, sympathetic words and kind acts brought back brightness to their eyes, and hope to their hearts. They said that my visit was that of an angel, but I felt myself only to be the happy dispenser of my Heavenly Father's bounty. - One contrast I will mention: when Mrs. West and I were there in A. D. 1858, cousin Robert Mitchell who was cashier in the bank in Lynchburg, sent his carriage and driver to take us to his beautiful home at Wheatland, a few miles south of Liberty, where we saw every evidence of wealth, intelligence and refinement. During the war, one of his sons, cousin Frank Mitchell, was taken prisoner and confined on Duncan's Island; he wrote to me his condition, suffering for food and clothing, and I had a box made up for him of clothes and bedding and besides sent him money. In order to reach the family Mr. Davis furnished me with a cavalry horse so poor he could scarcely go out of a walk, and was escorted by cousin Ellen, a sweet cousin of sixteen, on an animal no better than mine with saddles and bridles to correspond, on such an outfit I

had never ridden before. But when we dismounted, what a greeting awaited me, the entire family met me, words seemed too feeble to give expression to their gratitude, they embraced me and covered me with thanks; then I felt as I had never felt before, the mighty power and truth of the Word of the Lord. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." On my return home I brought cousin Thomas E. Davis with me, who is now one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune.

In the spring of 1843, I went by boat to Owensboro, Kentucky, on business and having completed it, went on to Louisville and Lexington where I saw the celebrated citizen, Henry Clay. The State Bank of Illinois having failed, the legislature passed a law, authorizing the bank and its branches to pay out to all holders of its notes, a pro rata in silver and gold, on the whole amount issued and unredeemed, and for the balance, certificates of indebtedness, that were receivable in payment for all debts due the bank, and for the purchase of any property held as security. I had been intrusted with a considerable amount of the Shawneetown Bank paper by Messrs. S. B. Chandler, Amos Thompson, and B. J. West. On my return I reached that point about 10:00 a. m., in time before dinner, to make the exchange and reach the hotel. As I felt the greatest anxiety to proceed on my journey home I requested the waiter to apprise me of the arrival of the first boat for St. Louis, and had scarcely left the table when a boat was announced coming down the Wabash river. I found my valise very heavy, as all the coin I had received had been paid in silver, but I was soon on board congratulating myself upon the little delay I had met with although the boat was a small one and in the salt trade. In the course of the afternoon I became acquainted with three well dressed and intelligent passengers destined also for St. Louis, who proved to be Mrs. Carr Lane, wife of Dr. Carr Lane, one of the most distinguished citizens of that city, he having twice been mayor, besides being an eminent physician, his daughter, Mrs. Harrison and her little son, and her brother Mr. Lane, all returning from a visit to their relatives and friends in

Vincennes. The afternoon wore away, and about night we reached Cairo, but our progress was very slow when we encountered the rapid current of the Mississippi, which was quite high, overflowing its banks in low places. The night was passed quietly, until just before day when a tremendous crash, ringing of bells in the engine room, and breaking of queensware was heard. I sprang up and dressing hastily, went forward to learn the nature and extent of the disaster. I found out that the hull of the boat was not injured, but one wheel house had been partially torn off, with the pantry and steps leading down to the lower deck, for one of the passengers attempting to step down had fallen in the water, but one of the firemen hearing his cries, ran to the side and reaching out had rescued him. I thought of my valise, and my responsibility, and ran back to my berth but found all things safe. As I was thinking of our narrow escape, I heard a loud scream and looking towards the ladies' department, saw Mrs. Lane under great excitement, standing in the door way wanting to know what was the matter. She was a very large lady, weighing more than 250 pounds, dressed in her robe de chambre, she was very unlike a ghost. I was happy to relieve her mind, with the assurance that our boat was being made fast to the trees on the bank, and there was no immediate danger. It seems that under a high pressure of steam, and being near the shore the powerful current swerved the boat so that the projecting limbs accomplished the damage. Day dawned and to our dismay, we found the pantry with every dish, knife and spoon, had been torn away, and no prospect for a mouthful to eat and with no town near. To our great relief within an hour, however, we saw the smoke of what proved to be a noble New Orleans steamer, that soon came in sight, and which answering our signals of distress, sent a yawl to take us aboard. And our joy and thankfulness may be imagined when in reaching the deck in safety, we found the captain, James P. Darst, in command, who was a relative of Mr. S. B. Chandler, with whom I had hunted prairie chickens in our prairie, and who apologized,



saying that if he had known that Mrs. Lane and daughter had been on the disabled boat, he would have placed his boat alongside and taken them off. When we reached St. Genevieve, Mr. Lane placed the ladies under my care, he stopping over to attend to business of importance, and in due time we landed at St. Louis, where Dr. Lane and several friends met his family, with mutual congratulations for their safety and thanks for the attention it was in my power to bestow. This was the most alarming accident that ever happened to me, in all my trips by land or water, by stage or railroad; and about six hours by rail has been the longest detention to which I have been subjected in travelling; once from a snow storm at Detroit, in Michigan, and in 1865, returning from Virginia, we were delayed by a freight wreck before we reached Columbus, Ohio, where we found the city thronged awaiting the arrival of General Grant on a visit from Cincinnati.

One other journey I made with my father in the year 1849, who wished once more to see the old friends in Virginia, and that I may write out if my health will permit at some future time. Of late years my wife and I have paid yearly visits to see our children and grandchildren in Chicago and in Springfield, Missouri, but I have given the general outlines and most noted incidents connected with the trips I have made.

My love of home, and the comforts of the same together with growing infirmities, have of late years greatly interfered with my faithful attendance on the Synods, and presbyteries to which I have frequently been chosen a delegate, often begging to be excused, and seldom remaining until the close of all the business, and yet never regretting that I had gone, as it afforded the opportunity of forming new acquaintances, or renewing old ones with estimable families, generally members of the church, whose hospitality was proverbial, and intercourse with them delightful. My pleasure, however, has been mingled with pain, because I have been gratified in witnessing the fidelity and devotion of many, and



especially of those who have grown old in the Master's service, watchful of the best interests of the church, sound in the faith, making duty their watchword; and sorrow in missing the presence of others to whom I had become strongly attached, their names no more called from the roll; some having removed to other states and presbyteries, and others answering to the roll call in Heaven; new faces taking the place of those who with dim eyes, feeble steps and impaired strength, retired from active labor, are waiting for the summons of their Lord, "Come up higher, enter into the joy of the Lord."

Raised as I was on the farm and seeing but little of the outside world until I was in my eighteenth year, yet I remember that those who were visitants at my father's house were amongst the well-bred and refined, Rev. John M. Peck, Gov. Ninian Edwards, Gov. William Kinney, U. S. Senator Elias Kent Kane, Hon. Emanuel J. West, minister to Bogota, Colonel Clemson and many others were my father's personal friends. Having, however, never visited Washington City when Congress was in session, or at the inauguration of any president, I have had but little opportunity of seeing many distinguished men of national reputation. But I will mention some of the most prominent. In 1833, I saw the eccentric and famous Lorenzo Dow, a Methodist preacher, and listened to his address, delivered to the cadets at West Point, standing at the base of the monument of Kosciusko, the noble Pole, and thought him a fair type of John the Baptist.

That same year in New York City I was introduced to President Andrew Jackson, by Mr. Pemberton, who was at that time collector of the port at Philadelphia and the father of Genl. J. C. Pemberton, who was the Confederate defender of Vicksburg during the Civil war. In Lexington, Ky., in the spring of 1843 I saw the Hon. Henry Clay in his law office, and he made me feel entirely at my ease, and like Genl. Jackson, addressed me on topics with which I was familiar. I was at West Point when Hooker, Sedgwick, Bragg, Gunnerson and others who rose to distinction, were cadets; and there I saw

Genl. Winfield Scott, and Genl. Wool, and in later days Generals Grant and Early. Gen. James Shields was a warm personal friend of mine and was present at my marriage to Mrs. West in 1851, and Genl. William H. Powell is a cherished member of our family.

Of the great civilians, Douglas and Lincoln are the most illustrious I have ever heard speak, although Carlisle the present U. S. treasurer is not inferior to either. But for true greatness and goodness no class of men can compare with those in the ministry; and John Hall in the Presbyterian Church, Bishop Matthew Simpson, in the M. E. Church North, and Dr. Capers, Pierce and Marvin of the M. E. Church South stand preeminent. Peter Cartwright I have seen and heard, also bishops Morris, Bowman and Rev. Dr. D. McAnally. I have looked upon our State Legislature in session at Springfield, Ill., when Col. Wm. R. Morrison was one of the most prominent members and Judge Wm. H. Underwood our Senator. I also visited St. Louis before the war, when the M. E. Church South was in conference and saw Rev. Dr. Lee and Early of Va., bishops Kavanaugh and Bascom of Ky., Wightman and many others famed for their piety and brilliant talents, as also the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in session at Madison, Wisconsin.

It has been my privilege also to visit the offices of the Harper's establishment in New York City, the New York Observer, Gales and Seatons of the National Intelligencer at Washington City, and while examining their library, pointing to well worn seats and chairs Mr. Gales said, "Many have been the times when Clay, Webster, Clayton, Mangum and other famed statesmen have sat here and handled these books you see." I felt that it was almost a hallowed spot. I have stood in the sanctum of the Richmond Enquirer, and Prentiss' Louisville Journal.

The grandest monument I have ever seen is that of George Washington at the National Capitol, and one of the wonderful works, displaying man's skill and power is the Eads bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis, Mo.,

and the Union Station at the same place, that for the accommodation of passengers in grandeur and beauty has no superior in the world.

It may be proper to mention some facts in regard to my personal appearance and habits. I am now upwards of six feet in height, and was in the days of my youth, six feet, two inches high, quite erect in form, not corpulent, my weight never exceeding 178 pounds; my hair was dark brown, and my eyes blue, my step was elastic, and I was capable of enduring much fatigue and hardship more from energy and ambition, than by the power of physical strength. My features were well formed, without anything to denote a forcible character. I never was regarded as belligerent, or overbearing, was rather a lover of peace, quick however to resent an insult. Ever forgiving in my disposition and never treasuring up hatred. If ever intemperate it was in eating but not in drinking. Always fond of the excitable, my sympathies were easily moved, and the pathetic aroused my keenest sensibilities. Very susceptible to love, ardent in temperament, my attachments were always governed by the virtue and the intrinsic worth of the object, as beauty alone did not captivate me. As a lover of music I prefer the human voice first of all and the violin next, and sacred music and sentimental songs as "Home Sweet Home," rather than the artistic or operatic. I have always loved reading and the old masters, Homer, Milton, the Spectator, Pope, Cowper, Hannah Moore and other standard works have been my choice, rather than those of a lighter or fictitious character.

The foregoing sketches of my life history have been made in haste, and almost without revision, and no one can realize their imperfection more than myself. My anxiety to complete my task is apparent from the fact that I have written when my nerves have been comparatively firm and my hand steady, and again when the formation of the letters demonstrated my tremulousness. It is possible that there may be other incidents recurring to my mind, which may be added if my days be prolonged, but in closing this brief review I would do vio-



lence to my conscience and feelings if I failed to confess, that while in the examinations of my life, I acknowledge my many mistakes, wasted time and neglected opportunities, yet I am permitted to rejoice, that the Lord in his mercy has made me a subject of his divine grace, and I humbly trust an heir of glory. That he has counted me worthy of a place in his church, and that in accepting the offices to which I have been chosen, no unworthy ambition has influenced me. That while I entertain an humble view of myself, I have an exalted conception of my dear Saviour, and that my highest privilege has been a discharge with fidelity every duty devolving on me inspired by his love. There is not a member of my church whom I do not love and my heart goes out in Christian fellowship to every true child of God of all denominations. In all that I have written for the press, whether on political, social or moral subjects, I have sought no personal aggrandizement but desired that my influence should be recognized on the side of honesty, virtue and right. While my life has been full of imperfections, He has restrained me, and withheld me from many sad falls. He has raised up to me many choice friends, and given me the social graces and faculties to enjoy true friendship. I have tasted the depths of poverty, that has brought me in association with the needy and my heart has been softened rather than hardened by the contact, and He has granted me a competency without vanity and pride which so often accompanies it, and for all these exhibitions of his mercy I adore and magnify his great and holy name.

EDWARD WILLIAM WEST.

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After an interval of five years, I am still permitted to add another chapter to my life, and fill up the period with some incidents that have transpired, and that have marked God's infinite goodness to me. Since giving the most authentic history of our family on the West and Mitchell branches that I then possessed, I have come into possession of much that I have transcribed, and forms a part of this record.

While several members of our family have died, yet a



great majority have been kept. William Hyde, my wife's eldest son departed this life November 1st, 1898, and my brother's son, Hilleary West, in 1899. On the 18th day of February, last, Benjamin J. West and Louisa A. West, his wife, my wife and myself were invited to join my brother Benjamin H. West to celebrate his eighty-third birthday, and the united ages of all were 420 years and eleven months. Through the mercy of my heavenly Father, although I feel the usual infirmities of old age, oft times with great weakness of body, yet my eye sight is fairly good, my hearing not impaired, and my memory perfect. I have lived to see great improvements through the city, fine houses erected, streets paved with vitrified brick, sidewalks and guttering laid in granitoid, electric cars running all over the city, and electric cars leaving the city every fifteen minutes for East St. Louis. Amongst the events of national importance that have transpired, the war with Spain cannot be omitted. The injustice, inhumanity, butchery and insolence of that imperious, but effete nation, maintained against her own colonies, against the protests of the civilized world, were persisted in, until public sentiment in America was aroused, and a cessation demanded by the citizens of the United States. The culmination came when the U. S. war vessel Maine was blown up on the 16th of February, 1898, in the harbor of Havana, and war was declared. Thousands of volunteers entered the service and an army placed under the command of Genl. Wm. R. Shafter was landed near Santiago on the island of Cuba.

Admiral Dewey with a portion of the American Navy entered the bay of Manila, where a large Spanish fleet lay, and giving battle entirely destroyed the vessels of the enemy, with the loss of but one man killed and but a few wounded, and with but slight damage to any of his ships.

Admiral Cervera's fleet having taken refuge in the harbor of Santiago, endeavoring to escape, was met by our squadron under the command of Admiral Sampson, and every vessel was captured after a most brilliant engagement, almost without loss of life or vessel. These two victories, achieved by the

skill and valor of our commanders and marines, may be recorded as unsurpassed by any similar achievements in the history of the world.

The battle of San Juan was fought; Santiago was surrendered to our victorious troops, Cuba was free and Spain's power broken.

In these battles in Cuba, I felt a profound interest, for the lives of two young men, who were reared in our Sunday School, and both of whom were members of my Bible Class, and who rose to merited distinction. Col. John D. Miley was chief adjutant on the staff of Genl. Shafter, and drew up the articles of surrender of the Spanish General, Toral. Edward G. Affleck, one of the chief engineers served on the flag ship *New York* in the memorable battle in Santiago bay; and sent me a beautiful picture of the vessel in aluminum, with a portrait of himself. I have felt repaid for my deep interest in their spiritual welfare, and rejoiced when I knew that the promise in them was fulfilled. "For them that honor me I will honor." I have been enabled to keep up a correspondence with relatives in Virginia and cousin Tom E. Davis in New Orleans, besides several friends, and former pastors, together with my children and grandchildren. I am still associated with the Octogenarian Club, and have been called on to preside over our meetings, and prepare obituary notices of several honored and prominent members who had passed to their reward, and who when departed were younger than myself. On our last annual meeting in March, 1900, of the St. Clair County Auxiliary Bible Society, I tendered my resignation as president which was kindly accepted, but was made honorary member while I lived.

Although from feebleness and repeated attacks of indisposition, I have been of late years unable to attend regularly the services of the Church, especially at night, and prayer meetings, yet my connection with the Church is very precious, and my interest in her growth and spiritual prosperity unabated. Elder Charles T. Elles and myself, three years ago, were chosen to prepare a full history of the First Presbyterian

Church and Sabbath School of Belleville, Ill., and after a careful examination and compilation of all the records, together with our personal knowledge, the two histories were completed and submitted to a congregational meeting, by which they were accepted and approved and ordered to be printed, with a vote of thanks to the committee.

My attachment to the Bible Class more ardent each year, and my heart has been made glad to see former members now teachers, surrounded by interesting classes, and to welcome others into the fold of the Church. I have felt well repaid for whatever services I have been enabled to perform, by the good attendance, willing obedience to the rules, and earnest attention on the part of the scholars, but the tangible proof they have lately given me of their personal regard and devotion, by the presentation of a beautiful and costly reclining damask upholstered rocking chair almost overwhelmed me, and awakened the deepest gratitude on my part, thus the Lord repays us by the way. Among the many other signal blessings, conferred upon my wife and myself by a kind providence I most gladly mention our ability each year to visit our children and grandchildren in their homes, and witness their social and domestic happiness. And we are made happy by welcoming them to the home of their childhood, around the old hearthstone, and the family altar. The trees just from the nursery, planted in their infancy, now towering toward the sky mark the great change, but are endeared to them by the pleasant memories of youth. The shrubbery in the garden has not lost its beauty nor have the flowers and roses in the garden lost their loveliness or fragrance. These visits that we treasure so much, are not like oases in the desert, but are rather like the daily abundant comforts, with the manna added.

Thus have I endeavored to place on record another chapter of my life, and to bear my humble testimony, with gratitude of heart, to the unfailing goodness and mercies of my God to me.

Belleville, Ill., September, 1900.



A year ago I supposed the chapter then written would be my last, but I have been spared to witness other changes and incidents. The assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, New York, September, 1901, that brought profound grief to the whole nation.

We have passed through the most prolonged drought, that has ever visited this section of the country, having had very little rain since May, with great damage to all crops except wheat. My wife and I have had even more than usual enjoyment from the visits of our children this year, and the testimonials of their affection have added to our happiness. On the 26th of August, 1901, we celebrated the anniversary of our golden wedding, and called to mind with grateful hearts the tender care of our heavenly Father, through all the years we have lived together with hearts and hands more closely united now than ever. This event so uncommon in married life, was followed on the 20th September, 1901, by the celebration of my 86th birthday, which was made the occasion of many kind remembrances and congratulations from children and friends, by letters, calls, flowers and other marks of kindness. Truly I can say with the Psalmist, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

Wonderful have been the changes, in all branches of science, art, manufactures, and domestic economy since my remembrance. Instead of the lamp of oil and wick, or the candle, the beautiful chandelier, supplied by either gas or electricity, fills the halls and chambers with safe, cheap and brilliant light. By telephone, I can call up the butcher, grocer, doctor or friend, delivering a message in the ordinary tone of voice, and receiving an immediate reply, so plainly as to recognize the speaker.

Another marvelous change I have seen; when my parents came to Illinois in 1818, this was a territory containing not more than thirty thousand inhabitants at that time, it numbers now nearly five millions, and is the third state in the Union. Then upon the extreme borders of civilization with the vast expanse of territory to the Pacific ocean, almost un-



known, inhabited by thousands of Indians, with herds of unnumbered buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, and wild beasts, now it possesses cities of great size, with railroads running in every direction, and the city of St. Louis at our door, now maturing plans to hold in the year 1904 a national fair to celebrate the centennial purchase from France the great Northwest territory by Thomas Jefferson to which all the governments and people of the world are invited to attend.

It is to be regretted that universal peace has not begun its reign, disturbances have ended in China, but England is endeavoring to subdue the noble Burgers of South Africa, and we to conquer the inhabitants of the Philippines.

But God reigns and will triumph all opposition, blessed be his holy name.

March the 25th, 1903. That my life has been preserved to add another chapter to my record seems marvelous indeed, and with unfeigned gratitude I acknowledge God's mercy to me. The year 1902 was a year of sad bereavement to the Church, and a source of personal sorrow to myself. Elder Charles T. Elles a charter member of the Presbyterian Church fell asleep in his 92nd year. Mrs. Emma Halbert, a faithful member, and James Affleck in his 87th year; and my brother Benjamin Hilleary West entered into immortality February 9th, 1902, in his 85th year. Long years of intimacy and church work had bound our hearts together, and the severance of those golden chains has left a painful void, alleviated by the assurance that they are in the enjoyment of a glorious and eternal inheritance. The year 1902 was a delightful one, very seasonable, the earth yielding plentiful harvests, and general prosperity abounding. My wife and I enjoyed visits to our children and grandchildren, and to receive them to our home and hearts in return is a delight.

The season passed without any marked incident, and on Thanksgiving day we were permitted to unite with a large assemblage of Christian worshipers to return thanks to our bountiful benefactor for the abundant mercies that crowned

our lives, and the year closed in peace; we dined with Emma and Genl. Powell.

The year 1903 was ushered in with many blessings, the health of my wife and my own, and that of our children was good, and many tender congratulations on the attainment of the dear mother's 86th birthday on January 4th were received. The history of the Church which had been prepared by Elder Elles and myself and accepted by the church was printed and enough copies secured to supply the entire membership.

With some interruptions, I have still been enabled to meet the Bible Class in Sabbath School, and attend morning services. As the winter wore away, surrounded with so many mercies, weekly messages of affection from our loved ones, the intercourse of kind neighbors and congenial friends, the abundance of papers and magazines, and the treasured Bible, that brought such cheer to our hearts, brightened our lives, and we anticipated the coming of spring with gratitude and joy. The endearments of our home were never sweeter, our contented lives never ran more smoothly, nor was there ever a more cordial union of thought, interest, desire or affection. Jesus was our common Savior, and faith in him the source of our spiritual life, and only hope of heaven and eternal blessedness. On the 16th of February Mrs. West fell on the ice, with concussion of the brain, with intense pain in her head, our family physician, Dr. West, was immediately summoned and appropriate remedies applied, she received relief, and after the first forty-eight hours, was able to sit up, receive her friends, and her condition was encouraging. On the 26th a great change occurred, her strength failed, a state of drowsiness began, up to that time the most assiduous attention was paid, the tenderest nursing with daily visits from Dr. West. Emma Powell, Mary Grossman and I by day and night, when my son Edward telephoned her sister Hattie to come who responded at once, and messages were sent to Clara, Hattie Hyde, Theodore and Myra Krafft informing them of the critical condition of the dear mother. With increasing insensi-

bility but with entire absence of pain the last word she uttered was to my enquiry on the morning of the second day of March, do you feel better, she replied "better." As midnight of the third of March approached Clara Barnum came in time to see the loved mother still breathing and then surrounded by her children, and faithful night nurse Aunty Woods, her work on earth finished her spirit took its departure, to the realms of bliss, to be forever with the Lord. Calm in death no one looking upon that placid face, would have believed her to have been more than sixty years of age, and pillowed in exquisite flowers, furnished by devoted and loving hearts, her husband and children, took their last fond look here, surrendering soul and body to the keeping of the infinite Father. On the afternoon of the 5th after most impressive services, attended by sorrowing and loving relatives and friends, her remains were deposited in Green Mount Cemetery to await the resurrection morn. In my great sorrow words of consolation have come from very many friends, who rejoiced in her acquaintance, who appreciated her invaluable worth, and in them have found comfort. God has added other blessings, the affection of our children, her beautiful character, our loving companionship so long, and his sustaining grace. "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but the things which are revealed belong unto us," thus I have no desire to raise the veil of futurity but to exercise a daily trust in the mercy of my heavenly Father. Although my pathway may be lonely, He will make provision for all my wants, and comfort me by his presence. I have prepared a brief tribute to the memory of my beloved companion, for my children and a few intimate friends, as a memento to her pure and noble life, and make it a bright page in my history. I realize that the time of our separation cannot be long, and should I never add another line to my life, my living and dying testimony is that God is a covenant keeping God, and will fulfill all his promises to his saints, Amen and Amen.

EDWARD WM. WEST,  
In his eighty-eighth year.

## PASSING OF E. W. WEST.

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**Well Known Citizen Expired Thursday Morning At His  
Oakland Home.**

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES CAUSES DEATH OF A GREAT AND  
GOOD MAN

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“He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

The immortal words of Hamlet might be said of Edward William West, who passed over to the other side at 9:00 o'clock Thursday morning, at his home 120 Pennsylvania avenue.

The Bard of Avon's words placed in the mouth of the stricken son of the dead king of Denmark, however, do not express enough of the goodness and sweetness which were a part of E. W. West's character.

First of all he was a man, true to himself and therefore false to no one. He was a Christian in belief and daily living. He was a patriot, and a man whose every nobleness and goodness had won for him among the older residents the name of “Sweet” William West.

He came from a family of sturdy Virginians who fought for their country and worshipped their God. His grandfather, Benjamin West, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and when he returned from that great conflict, to his home in Virginia found that a son had been born to him. He named him Washington West, after the Father of his country. This child grew to manhood, and his marriage and fatherhood followed. Two children were born to him, Edward William and Benjamin H. West.

Edward William passed away Thursday morning. His younger brother, who was the father of Dr. Washington West, Sr., of this city, died several years ago.



When Edward William West was three years of age, his parents and grandparents gathered together their slaves, their horses and their cattle and emigrated with 66 other persons westward. Illinois was then a sparsely settled country with great promises for the future, and in May, 1818, the family settled in St. Clair county, where Edward William remained all his life.

He grew to manhood, and on October 12, 1842, he was married to Mrs. Amanda Paul Cannon, who died 5 years later. Of the two children born to that union, one is living, Mrs. Emma Powell, widow of the late General Powell, of Belleville.

On the 26th day of August, 1851, Mr. West was married to Mrs. Amanda N. Hyde, who died in March, 1903.

Two children were born to this union, Edward Warren West, of Belleville, and Mrs. Myra Krafft, of Springfield, Mo. Two step-children also survive, they are Miss Hattie Hyde, of Belleville and Mrs. Judge W. H. Barnum of Chicago.

Edward W. West was one of Belleville's best citizens. His courtly manners and sweet disposition endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact. He was a devout christian and one of the most active members of the Presbyterian church of this city. In his early life he was associated with the Methodist church, but after his second marriage identified himself with the Presbyterians.

In all departments of church work his loss will be felt. His was not the blatant work of much noise and small effect, but of the quiet kind that was great for lasting good. His advice and counsel was always sought by pastors and layman alike, and he always gave the best he knew.

For many years he was president of the Octogenarian club of this city and when able, was a regular attendant at its meetings.

For 19 years he was president of the St. Clair county auxiliary of the American Bible Society, of which his father

and grandfather were the founders. He was also president for many years of a number of agricultural societies.

During his early life he was engaged in a mercantile establishment but later moved on a farm and was a successful farmer all his life.

The funeral will take place Saturday afternoon from the family home, 120 Pennsylvania avenue, to the Green Mount Cemetery.

## HISTORY OF THE SPRINGFIELD FAMILY WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

*By* MISS JANE LOGAN BROWN

Springfield people, from the earliest period, expressed a spirit of helpfulness. The inhabitants were settlers, individualists who had come into a new country prepared to look out for themselves and taking for granted that others would do the same. Still they had a great willingness to lend a helping hand to those who had a bit of hard luck, such as getting stuck in our good prairie mud, or having their horses die as they passed by westward. Often these immigrants were stranded here, or there was some emergency among the permanent members of the small community, and clothing and food were needed to meet their temporary need.

To deal with such problems a "body of church women of all denominations associated to give their strength and labor for the benefit of others less fortunate, and called themselves the Dorcas Society."

As the population increased and a more highly-developed social life arose one might expect to find that other channels of benevolence would be originated but it takes a great demand or aroused mass feeling of some sort to really "start anything."

Wars provide a community of interest and of thought which can be useful as a generator. The Civil War united Springfield in many things so that when it was discovered that there were many refugees, orphans and widows coming up from the devastated regions of the South who were in desperate need, action was concerted and quick. The Home for the Friendless began. The Womans' Relief Corp was another product of this enthusiasm. Another sort of public excitement was provided in the revival meetings of the time, and the Y. M. C. A. sprang from that source. The Ladies Benev-

olent Society grew up through the pressure of a disastrously hard winter when commercial depression affected the population as a whole, and brought the question of need to everyone's mind. This was probably in the early 80's. Representatives of the various churches and districts gave their time to distribute the supplies which were collected in a room of the Y. M. C. A. The Ladies met Tuesday afternoons and Wednesday mornings in this room to sew together. Mrs. Emily DuPleaux was the secretary of the organization. She remembers that Mrs. Samuel Rosenwald, Mrs. George Black, Mrs. Dr. McBarney, Mrs. Hinlow, Miss Lucy Starne, and Miss Ellen Jayne were prominent members of this group which is of special interest in this account because it was the embryo out of which our present F. W. A. was to grow. The moving spirits of this organization, according to an account in the July 25th, 1911, number of the State Register, mentions Mrs. Jacob Bunn, Mrs. B. H. Ferguson, Sr., Mrs. O. M. Hatch, Mrs. Charles Lanphier, Sr., Mrs. J. H. Vincent, Mrs. A. L. Converse, Mrs. George Chatterton, Sr., Mrs. Charles Ridgely, Mrs. Hannah Lamb Kimball, Mrs. Joel Dalbey, Mrs. L. H. Coleman, Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Lina Lamb Black, Mrs. J. B. Bryce, Mrs. W. E. Shutt, Mrs. George Miner, Mrs. Martha Hicklen, Mrs. M. A. Nutt, Mrs. G. B. Hemenway, Misses Sue and Frances Chenery, Miss Sue Enos and Mrs. O. H. Miner. The article goes on to say "this society was not sectarian and included persons from every church in the city, working in harmony with the City Overseer of Poor and the County Supervisor, so that in one sense and to a degree, it was an associated charity."

The procedure of this Ladies' Benevolent Society was simple. The "needy" showed up with a voucher from some well-known person, guaranteeing their "worthiness" and were fitted out with whatsoever was at hand. The merchants sent materials and groceries, and there were always quantities of old clothes brought to the office.

While Springfield was going through these rudimentary stages of relief work the older and larger centers were re-



sponding to a more developed idea of social work. A brief statement of the general development which led to the charity organization movement will enable us to see where Springfield received a new conception of charitable work. The first general charity work in the large cities in response to the desperate need after the Civil War and the Panic of '73 was material relief such as soup kitchens and bread lines. It was soon apparent, however, that such wasteful and untrained charity did more harm than good to the people who received it. In Germantown, Buffalo and Boston, almost simultaneously, there had been originated new methods of organization, instinct with a new ideal of far reaching and constructive rehabilitation. These societies and those like them which were begun at this period were generally called Charity Organization Societies. They were so named because they hoped to co-operate with existing channels of benevolent impulse. Their aims were three-fold: first of all, family rehabilitation not only physically but in social attitude, then the education of the community as a whole toward correct principles of relief administration, and third, an aid in eliminating the causes of poverty.

The Charity Organization Movement spread to all the cities where the inadequacy of the old undirected charities was patent. Each new community found in Charity Organization methods such an improvement that, in spite of the mistakes, the ideal spread quickly. The most disastrous mistake was insufficient recording and lack of co-operation, which meant that pauperism increased to an alarming degree, and it was natural that in many places the attempt to obviate this evil should engender a negative spirit which was embodied in such expressions as "the worthy" and "not worthy", which appear continually in old records.

The larger cities were experimenting all through the 70's and by the next decade the smaller cities were beginning to see the value of the idea. By 1895 there were 150 societies using organization methods.

That Springfield was among the first of the smaller towns

to receive this larger conception of charity work should be a satisfaction to us now. As early as 1887 we read in the *Daily Journal* of March 4th:

A number of the ladies interested in the work of charity met in the Supervisor's room in the Court House yesterday afternoon to listen to Mr. W. A. Johnson, Secretary of the Organized Charities in Chicago, explain the workings of that institution and the benefits resulting from it. Mr. Johnson spoke of Organized Charity as the clearing house for all charitable societies: it handled no money; disbursed no clothing or provisions. It merely kept a record of the needy people in such a way as to prevent duplicate giving and to expose imposters." He explained card catalogue and stressed the fact that existing societies need not be changed but could keep the central organization posted through their own investigating committee. What could be done toward associating the charities of Springfield was to be investigated by the following committee: Mrs. F. L. McBurnie, of the Benevolent Society, chairman, Mrs. S. P. Mooney of the Auxiliary Society of the Y. M. C. A., Mrs. Charles Ridgely of the Episcopal Church, Mrs. Johnson of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Herman of the Catholic Church and Mrs. J. C. Conkling of the Home for the Friendless."

This committee worked for over a year to engender enthusiasm for the new idea of charity organization.

The Rev. Frederick H. Wines, D. D., was the most ardent advocate of the new plan. He had been for some years Secretary of the State Board of Charities and had seen the benefits of such organizations in operation in larger cities. Finally a mass meeting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church, then on 4th and Monroe Streets. The question was discussed as to whether it was advisable for Springfield to have such an organization. Many of the churches objected to the plan, because they wished to aid their poor individually but there seemed to be enough popular support to justify the formation of a society designed to carry out the clearing house, record keeping ideas advocated and still continue dispersing relief.

Accordingly on March 18, 1888 in the Supervisor's room in the Court House, the Springfield Associated Charities was formally inaugurated. The Thirtieth Anniversary Number of the Illinois State Register gives the following data about the society:

"The first officers were, President, Hon. Milton Hay; Vice-President, the Rev. F. H. Wines; Treasurer, Mr. F. W. Tracy; Agent, Miss Lucy Starne; Secretary, Miss Alma Hill, who was succeeded by Mrs. Mary J. Stadden who continued in that capacity during the existence of the organization. The board was made up of one person from each church and charitable organization in the city. Mrs. Emily Du Pleaux and Mrs. C. M. Stanton were Assistant Treasurers and both were tireless in their efforts for the good of the work."

The first year Miss Lucy Williams was superintendent, the second year Mrs. Mary Redick Bayly had the position and the last year Mrs. J. J. Smith officiated. Mrs. M. J. Stadden and Mrs. Lotus Niles were especially active in the work the last year and in demonstrating what might be done, did a great service. Others interested at this time were Mr. R. Frank Ruth, Mr. J. W. Bunn, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Converse, Messrs. W. O. Converse, John Bressmer, S. Benjamin, S. R. Thayer, Ozias Hatch, Mrs. W. S. Shutt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Vredenburg, Mrs. McGory, Mrs. George Pasfield, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. S. P. Mooney, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. L. H. Coleman, Mr. Henry Latham, Mr. B. R. Hieronymous, Capt. and Mrs. T. W. S. Kidd, and Mrs. O. H. Miner.

The first years of this early Associated Charities had rooms on the east side of the square, but part of the time the old Y. M. C. A. room made their headquarters. During the last year the office was in the Hartner Building on Monroe Street between 5th and 6th.

The records kept at this period have been burned and there was practically no publicity in the newspapers. The only bit of evidence we have of what was being attempted during these years is a letter from Mrs. M. J. Stadden to Mr. L. H. Coleman. We include this communication in toto be-

cause it presents so clearly and well the whole situation at the time of writing, October 1, 1890.

“L. H. Coleman, Esq.

Dear Sir:

I am instructed by the Council of Charity Organization to ask if you together with your committee (as named in records of January 17th, 1889) consisting of the following persons: L. H. Coleman, Chairman, S. E. Prather, C. C. Brown, Thomas C. Smith, and S. Benjamin will undertake to solicit for funds to pay expenses of said organization for the coming year? Please bring or send the answer to Council Meeting Monday next at 8 P. M. at Y. M. C. A.

(Signed) M. J. STADDEN, *Sec'y*.

The personal bit appended to this first official document continues:

“It does seem too bad to let this organization die for want of funds to run it; it certainly has done much good, though now in a crude state, but its possibilities seem great, and what has proved so successful for over twenty years in Great Britain and the larger cities of our own country, ought to succeed with us, in proportion to the demand for it. Objectors say that more money is expended to pay agent than is spent for charity, but as there must be someone ready at all times to investigate cases, as presented, (so as to recommend help, or expose fraud) it would appear necessary to have someone that can give all of their time to it.”

Apparently in response to this letter funds were raised for one more year, but there was not sufficient support to warrant continuing after that. The ladies interested carried through Christmas in '91, but then the work lapsed.

In spite of this break the idea and hope for some intelligent and concerted work for the poor was not dead. The revivifying impetus needed came through the Philanthropic Department of the Woman's Club.

This organization was launched in Springfield in '94. Mrs. James W. Patton, receiving inspiration from contact



with the Lady Managers of the World's Fair at Chicago in '93, had returned to spread the spark of her enthusiasm to her friends at home. The new club formed a nucleus for discussion of civic affairs as well as literary and made possible another wave of that community thought which we have noticed so often as a generative factor in social work.

It was not until November, '97, that this more progressive thinking bore fruit in the usual mass meeting preliminary to a reorganization of some sort of Associated Charity. In December several meetings were held and finally a committee was appointed to shape a plan. There were ten members on this committee: Mr. Charles Ridgely, chairman, Rev. M. F. Troxell, Mr. Henry Mester, Rev. E. B. Rogers, Dr. D. C. Hanna, Mrs. J. W. Patton, Mrs. M. J. Stadden, Mrs. E. A. Baxter, Mr. S. Benjamin, Mr. W. A. McCullough, Mrs. A. J. Kavanaugh and Dr. F. H. Wines.

Their report was presented on Sunday evening, January 2, 1898, at a mass meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church, and accepted. This meeting then elected the officers for the first year of the reorganized Associated Charities: Dr. A. L. Converse, President; Mrs. J. W. Patton, Vice-President, Rev. M. F. Troxell, Secretary, and Mr. Charles Ridgely, Treasurer. The first board consisted of Messrs. G. N. Black, John T. Capps, E. A. Hall, James R. Miller, Dr. F. H. Wines, H. C. Latham, Rev. T. Hickey, J. M. Graham, S. Benjamin, and Mrs. M. J. Stadden. There was also a further committee of five composed of Messrs. R. R. Miller, C. T. Mills, L. H. Coleman, Mrs. A. J. Kavanaugh, and Mrs. G. Clinton Smith whose function was probably collection of funds. Miss Olive Eggleston was the first executive secretary, supported by an executive committee of Messrs. E. A. Hall, J. R. Miller and J. T. Capps.

The office was opened February 1st, 1898. Some of the records of the Associated Charity gave us an idea of what type of work was being done. The first entry in April, '98, written in long hand by Miss Eggleston reveals a pride in these record books. She says, "For a long time we scarcely knew what we

needed in the way of records but we now have a set of books which we think covers all the ground."

The books lists clothes and orders for food given and show that some investigation of the recipient was made. This "detective work," as Miss Eggleston calls it, was done to ascertain whether the applicant was worthy and served to some degree as a safeguard against pauperization.

Another step toward progress which we find illustrated in these records is a willingness to learn. Heretofore we had "great hearted and benevolent people" who apparently felt that the problem of relieving poverty was a very simple one and that one fulfilled one's whole duty by giving material aid. But by this time some conception of the largeness of the problem and the difficulties facing the executor of a charitable organization began to be felt. Miss Eggleston always "A good and conscientious lady" was sent to New York to a conference of Charity Organization Societies to get some new insight. She says in her report of this trip, "I wanted to know what people from the big cities meant by organized charity."

That some of the replies seemed vague she found disappointing, but was finally satisfied by Dr. Edward T. Devine of New York who told her "Organized charity, as I understand it, is love coupled with discretion."

Miss Eggleston brought back with her a determination to extend the efforts toward co-operation here and to try to make the Associated Charities office a "central bureau or clearing house of charities where the result of the investigation should be at the disposal of all charitable organization."

Though these efforts did not succeed in any large way the ideas were growing and the interest and enthusiasm of Miss Olive Eggleston and her Board of Directors kept the organization going through that difficult first period when much energy is needed to keep an enterprise of this sort from dying.

From this time on we can notice the continuity of development which is insured by such intelligent interest and support so that when, in 1901, the Associated Charities lost the superintendence of Miss Eggleston who married and

left active work, Mrs. T. F. Stacy was able to step in through the support of the Board, which consisted of Dr. A. L. Converse, Rev. J. Elwood Lynn, Mrs. J. W. Patton, Mr. Charles Ridgely, Mr. E. A. Hall, Mr. J. R. Miller, Mr. John T. Capps, Mr. George N. Black, Mrs. John Pierik, Mr. L. H. Coleman, Miss Jennie Myers, Mrs. E. A. Snively, Mr. Stuart Brown and Mrs. C. V. Hickox, and work on the same lines of conscientious endeavor.

By 1903 when Mrs. Stacy left there were new elements represented on the Board. Dr. E. A. Converse, Mrs. Patton and many others continued vitally interested and found joy and increase of power in their association with younger spirits like Miss Mary Coleman, Mrs. Frank Ide, Miss Mary Humphrey, and Mrs. Stuart Brown.

September 1, 1903, Mrs. H. A. McKeene became superintendent. Through her close association with the Board and her natural aptitude she was able to enlarge the scope of the "Charities" tremendously. During the ensuing ten years many changes of thought as well as of administration developed. Mrs. McKeene herself had no technical training but in her as in all those interested in civic activities of Springfield at this time is evident a broader conception of social responsibility in other lines as well as in charity work.

The State Welfare was enlarging its sphere of usefulness, not only in establishing state institutions, but in stabilizing the organization of those already existing. The County met a need in our ever more complex society for Juvenile Court work and established a Probation Officer, a Miss Mildred Coffman, the first trained worker Springfield had. The City installed a visiting nurse, Miss Anna Tittman, and the School Principals co-operated with the Charities as they never had done before. The Springfield Business Men's Association, as the Chamber of Commerce was then called, was helpful in many instances also.

Besides these public developments there were other organizations for different purposes which brought new resources for workers in benevolence. The Tuberculosis Asso-

ciation was one of the most important of these nationally. Dr. George Palmer was the leader of this movement in Springfield. Other movements developed locally, such as the agitation for playground facilities about the schools, in which Miss Lucy Bradford was a leader, developed here with the Big Brother and Sister movements, of which Vachel Lindsay and Miss Mary Humphrey were sponsors, and Christmas Club activities through the fraternal orders brought inspiration and aid from these sources to the Associated Charities. These things were all evidences of a more generally awakened social conscience.

Another very noticeable difference in public interest is reflected in the increased amount of publicity we find in the newspapers. There are many human stories, repeated denunciations of frauds and continual public expressions of new aims for charitable work.

In 1909, a revival year, a huge mass meeting of churches, fraternal organizations and clubs was held for the purpose of collecting funds for the Associated Charities. This was the largest scale battle for subscriptions yet attempted and showed how much more general the support was than when only a few benevolent people gave \$5.00 a year for the maintenance of the first organization.

At this meeting there were speeches by Mr. E. S. Scott, who had been elected president of the Association in 1908, Hon. W. A. Northcott, Mr. Peter Collins, Dr. A. L. Converse, Rev. Hickey, and a very interesting report by Mrs. McKeene which struck the keynote of the aspiration of this period. She stressed self help as the summum desideratum and explained "the old charity work was relief only; the new, organized charity is continuous education."

Mrs. McKeene at her installation was only asked to work half a day but for the execution of the ideals which the self-help idea imposed, not only more time, but more workers were needed. She found that even when she spent the whole day at work there were untouched and hitherto unrealized responsibilities which an Associated Charities should handle.



Although an untrained assistant was secured, Miss Flora Shutz, and a group of intelligent volunteer Friendly Visitors<sup>1</sup> provided further assistance, the field of work was widening so continually that the demand always exceeded the possibilities of fulfillment.

The increased interest that this extension of work brought is reflected by the increase in membership in the association. By 1911 there were 325 people who paid \$5.00 for membership in the Associated Charities without considering those who subscribed more.

One "Special Fund" which was practically unlimited in its scope was given by Mr. John Bunn throughout this period and was especially indicative not only of his own unflinching generosity in any good cause, but of the recognition which the organization was attaining through its own efficiency.

The officers of the association in 1911 were Mr. A. D. Mackie, President, Mrs. J. W. Patton, Vice-President, Mr. P. E. Hatch, Secretary, Mr. Joseph E. Bunn, Treasurer. The executive committee at this time consisted of Mrs. J. W. Patton, Mrs. Stuart Brown, Mrs. Arthur Pasfield, Mrs. H. T. Morrison, Miss Mary Humphrey, Mrs. E. A. Hall, A. D. Mackie and P. E. Hatch.

When Mrs. McKeene resigned in 1912 the "News" of November 27th says "The Associated Charities is now a thoroughly organized institution" and continues, "when Mrs. McKeene assumed charge of the association 15 families were under its care. The number has now increased to 130."

Though no growing thing is ever "thoroughly organized" the Association was certainly well launched during the nine years from 1903 to 1912 and could point to definite advances. First the greater conception of effort toward developing self-help was in itself a tremendous improvement in attitude. Then in method the fight for co-operation and concerted effort was the public through the newspapers and with

<sup>1</sup> Friendly visitors of this period included: Mrs. Arthur Pasfield, Mrs. Ralph Rickerman, Mrs. Roy Ide, Mrs. W. T. Lewis, Mrs. B. L. Kerby, Mrs. Nathan Cole, Mrs. John Plerik, Mrs. George Kreider, Miss Mary Coleman, Miss Mary Humphrey, Mrs. E. H. Turner, Miss Grace Humphrey, Miss Alice Orendorff, Miss Alice Bunn, Miss Mary Shive, Miss Catherine Mackay, Mrs. F. P. Ide, Mrs. Emanuel Salzenstein, Mrs. Walter Allen.

the various state agencies and the police coupled with more thorough knowledge of human nature, made the Associated Charities of this period something very different from the old relief associations.

After 1912 Miss Flora Shutz, who had been Mrs. McKeene's assistant, carried on the work with Mr. Pascal Hatch as President of the Board, Mrs. J. W. Patton, Vice-President, Mrs. H. A. McKeene, Secretary, and Joseph F. Bunn, Treasurer. Miss Mildred Coffman succeeded Miss Shutz as secretary, and for two years there was no vital change in the functioning of the Association but there was ripening during this time among the socially minded people of our town a feeling that many changes in many lines must be made to meet the ever-increasing need and freshly realized responsibility. Mrs. Stuart Brown and Mr. Logan Hay were especially influential in directing this impulse toward something really constructive.

On March 5, 1912, a meeting of the ministers of the city, representatives of the school board, Associated Charities and press was held to hear Mr. S. M. Harrison, of the Russell Sage Foundation, talk about a "Social and Educational Survey." He explained the advantages of "taking stock" of the social agencies existing in a city through the help of trained investigators as a basis for planning progressive improvement. The result of this meeting was that a committee consisting of Messrs. L. Hay, Frank P. Ide, A. L. Bowen, George Pasfield, Jr., J. H. Holbrook, E. A. Hall, F. C. Swedtmann, Duncan McDonald, Victor E. Bender, Lewis Miner, V. Dallman, W. A. Townsend, E. S. Scott, Dr. George T. Palmer, and Rev. G. C. Dunlap was empowered to begin the formative work toward such a survey for Springfield.

The original committee expanded by the addition of Mrs. Stuart Brown, Col. Henry Davis, Mr. Henry Dirksen, Mrs. F. P. Ide, Mr. Robert C. Lanphier, Mr. R. E. Woodmansee, Senator H. S. Magill, Jr., Gov. W. A. Northcott, Dr. L. C. Taylor, and lost no time in completing the preliminary arrangements for the work.

The Survey had been so clearly and completely recorded and explained in the book which the Russell Sage Foundation got out in 1918 called "The Springfield Survey" that we need not review it here. However, I do want to quote from the introductory note by Mr. Shelby Harrison:

"The Springfield Survey was aimed at action, something affirmative, at control of social conditions for the good of the community. Its purpose was not only to furnish a record of the social phenomena of this typical American city but to gather such a budget of facts as would be a check and criticism of conditions and tendencies and would ultimately afford a sound basis for recommending measures of improvement. It aimed further to give such a wide currency to its facts and recommendations as would stimulate the public to constructive action."

The work of investigation began early in 1914 and was ready for presentation to the public in an exhibition in November. The planning and direction was in the hands of the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation and with the "co-operation of six other departments of the Foundation, five other national, five Illinois State organizations, the Springfield Social Agencies and six hundred local volunteer workers, the stupendous undertaking was accomplished in record time."

The effects of the Survey were immediately perceptible particularly in the Associated Charities. Before the investigation work was completed an experienced trained worker, Miss Mary Bergan, was placed at the head of the work and "a wider policy and better method of administration of the Associated Charities" inaugurated.

The Charities Report of the Springfield Survey gives this definition of the main function of the Organized Charity in the Community. "The essential feature of the Charity Organization movement and a policy to which all well organized societies are committed is that of leadership in developing preventative and community measures which the day to day family work shows to be necessary for the improvement

of social conditions." This is a larger ideal even than the self help program of the preceding decade for it takes for granted the effort toward rehabilitation of the family group and stresses in addition the responsibility of using the conclusions arrived at through working with those family units to find and remedy the causes of dependency. It was with this larger ideal in view that it was recommended by the experts of the Russell Sage Foundation that the executive of the Associated Charities serve as secretary of the Central Conference of Social Agencies which was regarded as the *sine qua non* of effective execution of those recommendations of the Survey which predicated joint action of several or all social agencies. The establishment of such central conference was not so much urged as taken for granted as essential.

To prepare our Association for its larger sphere of usefulness in this connection certain definite measures were recommended. First of all even with a trained executive at the head, an assistant and an office worker were urgently needed and for the future as the work expanded a ratio of one field worker to 150 families per year was recommended.<sup>2</sup>

Secondly, there was imperative need for a confidential exchange. This would provide an identifying record only; just the name and what agency was dealing with the case. The purpose of this would be not only to prevent overlapping of relief, but to enable various agencies to get in direct touch with each other so as to utilize all knowledge and experience and make a constructive plan for the treatment of the case.

The third recommendation was the foundation of a "Discussion Committee" composed of workers and volunteers to bring to bear on a case both the professional and lay attitude which each has its peculiar value.

In the fourth injuncture we find the advice is to relegate the clothing distribution bureau (once the main function of the embryo society) to some place away from the executive

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<sup>2</sup> After a period of ten years the standards recommended by experts in social work have become higher and the ratio now recommended is one field worker to 125 families per year.



office where its less prominent situation would continually stress the principle of its relative unimportance.

Lastly the pressing need of a finance committee of real effectiveness was emphasized.

The period following the survey can be traced by noticing the fulfillment of these recommendations.

We must first note, however, the fact that the Associated Charities became a corporation in December of 1915. This has not only enabled the Association to receive bequests but was important as an expression of the same idea which prompted the survey; that a charitable enterprise is as important in community life and as answerable to the laws of the land as any association of individuals for business or other purposes. The incorporation of the Associated Charities was a formal recognition of the principle which had been emerging during the past twelve years and received its final clarification in the efforts and work during the survey; that every phase of community life is vital to the welfare of the body politic. The realization of this leads from this time on to think of the function of the Associated Charities as social work rather than philanthropy.

From this point of view Miss Bergan's regime from 1914 to 1918 was interesting, not only in the advances made in following the definite recommendations of the survey as to method but in the diagnosis she was able to make of the causes of poverty in Springfield. She made a study of the types who came to the Charities for aid. The Chronic paupers; the cases who were dependent because of mental disease or deficiency, or physical illness; the transients and many other types she classified and grouped for consideration of the fundamental social lack behind their failure so that not only the individuals under her care profited but through the formulation of this knowledge the thought of those interested in the work was directed toward a more scientific attitude.

During the winters of 1914-15 and '15-'16 the unemployment problem was acute in Springfield. Through the co-operation of the Associated Charities with the Washington

Street Mission and the police, a woodyard scheme to provide work was evolved. Men applying from door to door were sent to the Racine Sattly Plant where wood had been collected, props from the mine, boxes from stores, etc., to chop. They were paid fifteen cents per hour in orders on the Mission for food and lodging. In this way employment was given to out of town men temporarily here and wanting work and to smaller degree to single men living in Springfield who applied to the agencies for aid.

The city co-operated in using as many local married men on street work as possible. This system did temporarily relieve the situation in those especially bad years before we went into the World War. Mrs. Frank Ide was instrumental in working out this device for relieving to some degree the unemployment situation.

In permanent constructive work some of the definite recommendations of the Survey were almost immediately carried out in the Associated Charities. A confidential exchange was begun and, though most of its potential value was lost because many organizations were lacking in exactness in registering cases, the system was ready for their realization. Clothing distribution was relegated to a separate establishment under the efficient management of Mrs. V. Y. Dallman, so that the atmosphere of the Associated Charities' office was not impregnated by the alms-giving aura which its presence implies. The Discussion Committee recommended was organized under the leadership of Mrs. Stuart Brown as the Case Committee, where the principles as well as the technique of giving intelligently were discussed and worked out by representatives of the various organizations and volunteer laymen. This pooling of thought on difficult problems proved very stimulating and valuable for some time.

For over a year after the Survey recommendations were published, the people interested in better social work in Springfield were attempting to discover what type of organization for the Central Conference of Social Agencies would best fit

our community. The Board of Associated Charities<sup>3</sup> in close co-operation with the leading spirits of other welfare organizations finally brought about the first conference meeting in November of 1916. The discussion was rather general and no definite action was taken at this time or later in the spring of 1917 when the second conference took place. The reason for this was that war preoccupation swept other interests aside.

But in the war activities the Associated Charities took a leading part also. From the first organization of the Sangamon County Chapter of the Red Cross which Mr. Robert Lanphier, a prominent member of the Associated Charities,<sup>4</sup> headed, Miss Bergan took a leading part in the development of its community service program. She was on the executive committee and also on the Civilian Relief Committee of which Mr. O. G. Scott was chairman. Through her this committee became the well organized Home Service Section which is still functioning. Miss Bergan was the secretary of this Section from August 1917 until her resignation. The Home Service Institute for the training of young workers was already under way at this time under her tutelage. The Misses Louisa Stericker, Josephine Monroe, Maria Petefish, Alice Wood, Anne Lynd, Mary Prince, Louise Hickox and Mrs. A. D. Stevens were some of the volunteers who proved the value of this school. By December of 1917 Mr. Scott felt that Miss Bergan was expending so much of her time and service for the Red Cross that that organization should assume the payment of part of her salary. Since this time it has continued to seem advantageous to utilize the head of the Associated Charities' office as the director of the Red Cross Home Service Activities as some of their functions are so similar, though their organizations otherwise remain distinct.

<sup>3</sup> Board of Associated Charities, December, 1915, Officers: President, Mr. P. E. Hatch; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. W. Patton; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Walter Allen; Secretary, Mrs. H. A. McKeene; Treasurer, Mr. Joe Bunn.

<sup>4</sup> Board of Associated Charities, December, 1915; Mrs. J. H. Brinkerhoff, Mrs. Stuart Brown, Dr. A. L. Converse, Dr. B. L. Kirby, Mr. B. H. Luers, Mrs. Jerome O'Connell, Bishop E. W. Osborne, Mrs. J. W. Patton, Mrs. E. H. Turner, Rev. F. W. Allen, Mr. S. A. Barker, Mrs. S. Leigh Call, Rev. Geo. T. Gunter, Mr. E. A. Hall, Mrs. H. T. Morrison, Mr. High S. Magill, Mrs. Elizabeth Pasfield, Rabbi Sidney Tedesche, Mr. A. L. Bowen, Mr. W. L. Conkling, Mrs. Logan Hay, Mrs. F. P. Ide, Mr. Robert Lanphier, Mr. John H. McCreery, Mr. Frank Workman, Mr. J. P. Springer.

During the war there were two separate headquarters; the Associated Charities carried on in the City Hall while the Red Cross officiated first on the second floor of the Sangamo Club which was dedicated at that time to the various departments of the Chapter, later in Mr. Lewis Wiggins' office at 321 South Fifth Street. The Board of Directors were distinct also. Messrs. O. G. Scott, Jesse K. Payton, Stuart Brown, W. H. Conkling and Fred Wanless acting for the Red Cross, while Messrs. Hatch, Springer, Bloom, Gunter and Lanphier and Mesdames Stuart Brown, W. Allen. F. P. Ide and H. T. Morrison were prominent on the Associated Charities' Board.

How closely they were allied in work, however, is shown not only by their joint chief executive but by the fact that Miss Mary Prince did visiting for both organizations and Miss Alice Hill, who was engaged in 1917 to assist Miss Bergan, was busy in both fields.

The rallying of public interest to the war crisis facilitated many new departures in the Associated Charities which are of value in all times—a visiting housekeeper, Miss Jennings, was introduced in 1918 to teach proper principles of home economics to families whose incapacity in that science contributed largely to their distress, and there were other additions to the staff.

At no time, however, was the staff really adequate. This was particularly true during the six months of 1918 when Miss Hill had another position in Boston and she only returned in November, 1918, to take charge of the office when Miss Bergan resigned, so that the force was consistently short.

During this period the hope for forming a Central Council of Social Agencies was not dead, but the final impetus came from outside social work. The Chamber of Commerce wished some action taken to avoid the multiplicity of demands for money which the growing conception of welfare work in different lines made upon the business man. They felt willing to support all the agencies doing worth-while work, but there



was confusion and waste of time and energy in the separate collections. They hoped that a Community Chest such as many cities had during the war would obviate this.

After a very thorough investigation of all aspects of the question it was decided by the committee in charge that to inaugurate a Council of Social Agencies would serve the purpose of the Chamber of Commerce and also be more useful for the agencies themselves than a Community Chest. A mass meeting was held and such a central council was established. Its purpose was defined as follows:<sup>5</sup>

1. By developing better team work between the different agencies, thus securing greater economy and efficiency of effort on the part of all of them.

2. By bringing about improved methods, policies and ideals in the work of the various individual social agencies.

3. By demonstrating the need for new social agencies, either public or private, or the need for an extension of work of existing agencies, and working to accomplish the meeting of these needs.

4. By study and report making clear the unwisdom of unnecessary, wrongly planned or unbusinesslike social agencies or departments of existing agencies.

5. By developing joint action for the advancement of reforms of public administrative departments, or for the passage of new social legislation.

6. By holding conferences, by circulating information of general interest to the various agencies such as improvement of publicity activities and other plans for education the community as to methods and purposes in social work.

7. By inaugurating and carrying on joint activities that are for the benefit of several, or all, of the agencies of the Council, and especially by the administration and conduct of the Social Service Exchange.

8. By developing plans for the raising of funds for such

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<sup>5</sup> Quotation from History of Council by Miss Hill.

agencies as may be approved by the General Board for such activities; for the holding and distribution of these funds.

9. By setting up in all agencies adequate accounting systems and by assisting with the bookkeeping.

10. By study, research and the adaptation of knowledge developed in other communities, to help to make plans for the systematic development of private and public social service in Springfield and Sangamon County.

The importance and value of the Council goes far beyond the avoidance of annoyance to subscribers through its Joint Fund Raising. For the details of its organization and some of its earlier definite accomplishments we must refer to the History of the Council written by Miss Hill.

For the individual agencies that Council affords at once a definition and so a fuller appreciation of the part they should play in relation to the problem of community work as whole and a medium through which they effect such changes in the systems for welfare work as their day to day contacts necessitate.

It was partially due to this work of delineating carefully the essential points of difference in the work of the existing organizations that the function of the Associated Charities became understood as it is now. There are separate agencies for the care of children, for old people and for single men and women and it was necessary to put into words just what field the Associated Charities did cover.

The name Associated Charities seemed to be too inclusive and yet the scope of their work demanded a broad term. The answer was patent to those who realized that the stress of the Associated Charities as it had developed was primarily on the family as a unit. As other problems had been presented, distinct developments to meet the need had arisen; for the central problem, the basic need must always remain for the rehabilitation of families in their homes. This conception was implicit in the work of the modern Associated Charities, but it was well to make it explicit in the name of the organization. So it

came about in 1924 that the Associated Charities made official record of change of name to Family Welfare Association.

At the time of the change of name another step forward in general community work was inaugurated in which the Family Welfare Association had a large part. This was the Children's Bureau. In the 1914 Survey some county program for child guidance and child placing was advocated. The Home for the Friendless had a committee to inaugurate some such work and by 1925 had living in the home to direct child placement, Miss Mildred Scofield, an Illinois Home and Aid Worker.

The real impetus for the establishment of the present Bureau, however, came through an appeal made by Mrs. Sherman, then the Attendance Office, and Miss Bessie Grant, Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court, to the Family Welfare Association for some work for children which would remedy some of the problems of truancy and delinquency with which they had to deal. A committee was appointed on which Mrs. Walter Allen, and Mr. A. L. Bowen represented the Family Welfare Association, Mr. Lloyd Davis the City interest, and Mr. A. J. Davis of the Y. M. C. A., the boys' work field, and Mrs. Gwendolen Sherman the School System. They presented their conclusions before the Council and, as a result a mass meeting was held at which Dr. Herman Adler spoke, stressing the value of the examinations of psychologists and psychiatrists as a basis for recommendation for remedial and preventive methods of treatment in children's problems. Through the general interest engendered at this meeting it was possible to institute the Sangamon County Children's Bureau which was to function as a department of the Family Welfare Association with Miss Scofield as Children's Worker. So in February 1925 the office was inaugurated in the Family Welfare Association's quarters in the City Hall. The Children's Committee, of which Mrs. Walter Allen, was chairman, was directly responsible for the direction and development of the Bureau that was composed of equal representation from the Family Welfare Association and the Home for the

Friendless. It was in May of this same year that the first Child Guidance Clinic under the supervision of the Institute for Juvenile Research of Chicago was inaugurated here, through the efforts of the Childrens' Bureau and the Family Welfare Association.

After a year the Bureau was sufficiently well established to stand on its own feet, as was hoped at its inauguration, so the history of its subsequent development becomes a separate matter. It is, however, an important instance of what the modern Family Welfare Association stands for in the progressive development of social work.

In the beginning period of this history we noticed how great the force any community excitement, such as war or disaster brings, is, in stimulating charitable action. These factors have still noticeable effects but there is now, in addition, the stimulation from which good, individual, day by day case work which points the need and indicates the most effective way of meeting the need, supplies as no undirected impetus in the past could do.

That there is this suo-genetic power within our organization now is due to the wisdom of its executives, its sponsors and its social-minded supporters. Although some names have appeared in this record it would be impossible to name all the individuals who have and are contributing to this spiritual endowment. What Mr. Francis McLean said of this factor in speaking of the Survey Committee of 1914 is equally applicable to other times and aspects of its manifestations. He said, "The most important thing to be borne in mind is the spirit in which the Survey Committee led on to the Survey itself. There had been that long period of discussion, incubation, cultivation, and gradual ripening of the conception, and out of it all a pretty strong and increasing current indicating that Springfield desired the best no matter at what cost and she anxiously desired that the experienced ones should show her the ways to the best. That is, she sought approbation in nothing but programs of development which aimed high."

Through all our early efforts in charitable enterprise



there is evident this spirit which was groping for the best method of expressing that impulse toward helpfulness.

As our community life became more complex it was often difficult to know what the best way was but through all the stages; through the time of the helping hand to a fellow pioneer, then through the step of noblesse oblige, condescension to the worthy poor and then to the struggle toward business-like self-help and followed by effort toward analysis of social problems and now in the present attitude of concentrating these accumulated resources for the rehabilitation of the family unit by individual case work, this groping toward the best, the ideal way of helping is manifest.

It was in 1926, just after Miss Hill's resignation and the inauguration of our present secretary, Miss Laura Jean Kaiser, that Mr. Francis McLean reviewed the progress in social work since the survey at the request of the Board of the Family Welfare Association. His just evaluation of the progress which we have reviewed was gratifying and his further recommendations enlightening.

For the Family Welfare Association his chief stress was the necessity for more adequate staff as a way of attaining a better level of individual case work. In general he stated, "The distance traveled since the Survey is considerable, but always the road is opening up ahead."

In reviewing even so incomplete a record as this, we hope that we may in some measure attain the attitude which Margaret Rich has stressed in a recent editorial in "The Family." She considers it important "through all differences of methods and approach to recapture the spirit of the founders, not necessarily their objectives and methods which rightly change as the times demand, but their convictions respecting the brotherhood of men, of essential democracy (the spirit of it, not so much its forms) and the coming of the kingdom of good will. The call of adventure now is for pioneers into the field of thought, with moulding the minds of men toward a liberal approach to social problems as objectives."

**MANUAL FOR THE COMMUNICANTS OF THE PRESBY-  
TERIAN CHURCH AT BELVIDERE, BOONE CO.,  
ILL., COMPILED APRIL, 1853.**

BELVIDERE: PRINTED AT THE STANDARD OFFICE, 1853.

'This pamphlet was found among the papers of Mrs. Juliet Gilman, (widow of William Holt Gilman), whose name appears in the list of original members. She was the daughter of Joel Walker, Ruling Elder in 1841, and Mrs. Alice (Houghton) Walker, of Peacham, Vt., and Belvidere, Ill. Joel Walker was a real son of the American Revolution, as his father, Joel, served with Massachusetts regiments; and Alice Walker was a real daughter, her father, Israel Houghton, of Keene, N. H., having served with New Hampshire regiments.

**HISTORICAL SKETCH**

The Presbyterian Church of Belvidere was organized by the Rev. John Morrill, at the Log House of Stephen Burnett, three miles north of the village on the 17th of March, 1839, four years after the first settlement of the place.

The church at first consisted of 23 members; 8 male and 15 female. Ezra May, Sen., and Austin Gardner, were chosen Ruling Elders, and Rev. J. Morrill, missionary of the A. H. M. Society, labored with the church half of the time until April, 1840.

In August, 1840, Rev. R. N. Wright, then just from Lane Seminary, commenced his labors with the church, and was ordained and installed as Pastor, on the 23rd of June, 1841. He was removed by death, Oct. 6th, 1849.

In the fall of 1840 the church was, at its own request, taken under the care of the Presbytery of Ottawa, since divided into the three Presbyteries of Ottawa, Chicago, and Belvidere. Austin Gardner, Ruling Elder, deceased Feb., 1843.

The house in which the Church now worships was completed and dedicated in August, 1843, and was the first edifice erected exclusively for public worship in Boone County.

On the 14th of April, 1850, the Rev. Charles Fanning, a Licentiate of the 3d Presbytery of N. Y., commenced his labors in the church, and was ordained and installed as Pastor, Oct.

23d of the same year. On the 1st Nov., 1851, the church adopted the rotary in the place of the permanent eldership. The bench of elders, consisting of nine, was divided into three classes of three each, the elders of one class to retire every year for a new election.

Since the organization of the church, the following individuals have been elected to the office of Ruling Elder: Joel Walker, Feb., 1841; Marcus White, April, 1842, and dismissed to another church, Sept., 1850; David Dickey and Sydney Avery, Jan. 3rd, 1846—the former was removed by death, Dec. 31, 1850. Johnth. Mitchell was elected Sept. 18, 1850; Theron Linsley, Seymour Gookins, John Lawrie, and Eli Foote, Sept. 23, 1851, and Henry W. Avery, Sept. 21, 1852.

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## ARTICLES OF FAITH AND FORM OF THE COVENANT.

### FORM OF ADMISSION.

*Beloved Friends*:—You have presented yourselves before God, and his people, and the world, to make a solemn profession of your religious faith, and to take upon you the bonds of the everlasting covenant. We trust you have well considered the nature of this transaction, and feel prepared to give yourselves away, a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ. Having examined and assented to the Articles of Faith, adopted by this Church, you will now profess the same before these witnesses.

### ARTICLES OF FAITH.

Article 1. You believe there is only one living and true God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—self existent and infinite in every perfection; the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the Universe.

Art. 2. You believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, were written by holy men, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and are the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

Art. 3. You believe that our first parents were originally holy, and that in consequence of their apostacy, all their descendants become sinners, and until renewed by the Holy Ghost, are enemies of God, and under the curse of the divine law.

Art. 4. You believe that Jesus Christ, our Mediator, is truly God and truly man; and that by His sufferings and death on the cross, He made atonement for the sins of the world; so that the offers of salvation are sincerely made to all men, and that all who repent and believe in Him will be justified and saved.

Art. 5. You believe that those who are justified through faith in Christ, are renewed by the Holy Ghost, according to the eternal purpose of God, and will owe their preservation in holiness, and their final salvation to grace alone, and not to any works of righteousness which they have done.

Art. 6. You believe that the children of God are created in Christ Jesus unto good works, and that a renewed heart will evince itself in the various acts and duties of an obedient and holy life.

Art. 7. You believe that the Sacraments of the New Testament are Baptism and the Lord's Supper; that Baptism is to be administered to none but believers and their households—and the Lord's Supper to be received by His disciples.

Art. 8. You believe that Jesus Christ will appear at the end of time, to raise the dead and Judge the world; that the wicked will go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

These things you believe?

(You will now enter into covenant with God and this Church.)

#### THE COVENANT

Believing it to be your duty to profess Christ before men, you do now, in the presence of God and this assembly, solemnly avouch the Lord Jehovah, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to be your God and portion forever; receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as your Prophet, Priest and King, and



the Holy Ghost as your Sanctifier, Comforter and Guide. You humbly and cheerfully devote yourselves to God in the everlasting Covenant of His grace; you consecrate all your powers and faculties to His service and glory, and relying upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, you engage to walk in all the statutes and ordinances of the Lord; to assemble yourselves with His people for His worship; to keep holy the Sabbath day; to maintain family and secret prayer; and to honor your high and holy vocation, by a life of piety toward God, and benevolence toward your fellow men.

You do join yourselves to this Church and covenant to walk with its members in chairty, faithfulness and sobriety; to submit to its government and the discipline which Christ has appointed, and to strive earnestly for the peace, edification and purity of the Church.

All this you promise and engage?

We, then, as a Church [here let the Church rise], do affectionately receive you to our communion. We welcome you to this fellowship with us in the blessings of the Gospel, and promise to treat you with Christian affection, to watch over you with tenderness, and to offer our prayers to the Great Head of the Church to incline you to fulfill this solemn covenant.

And now, beloved in the Lord, let it be impressed on your minds, that you have entered into obligations from which you can never escape. Wherever you go these vows will follow you, and will abide upon you to eternity. You have deliberately committed yourselves, and henceforth you must be the servants of God. Hereafter the eyes of the world will be upon you, and as you deport yourselves, so religion will be honored or dishonored. If you walk worthy of your profession you will be a comfort and a credit to us; but if it be otherwise, it will be an occasion of grief and reproach. But we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though we thus speak.

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up

His countenance upon you and give you peace. "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy, to the only wise God and our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. *Amen.*"

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COVENANT

(Entered into by Persons received on certificate.)

As you are already members of the family of Christ, you are now entering into no new relations to *Him*. But the relation which you have hitherto sustained to the particular churches of which you have been members, is now transferred to this Church. You, therefore, now renew with us the solemn covenant into which you entered when you first united with the people of God. You promise to walk in cordial fellowship with us, in all the ways of God's worship and ordinances, ever striving for our peace, prosperity and edification in holiness. And we, the members of this Church, do cordially welcome you to our communion; promising on our part, to walk with and watch over you in Christian tenderness and charity, to seek your edification and growth in grace, and to treat you as members of the body of Christ. And may God enable us, by His grace, to be mutually faithful to our covenant and to glorify Him with the holiness which becometh His house for ever.

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COVENANT

(Entered into by Parents at the Baptism of their Children.)

Baptism was instituted by the Lord Jesus Christ, to be a seal of the covenant of grace under the New Dispensation, as circumcision was under the Old. It is a sign of consecration to God. When it is applied to believers, it denotes their voluntary consecration of *themselves* to the Lord. When applied to their children, it denotes the consecration of them by their parents to God and His Church, and involves an obligation to train them up for His service and glory.

The water in this ordinance implies guilt and pollution,

and represents regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. But remember, no *outward* FORMS can cleanse the soul. The blood of Christ must be applied to the conscience for the removal of guilt, and the truths of the Gospel, rendered effectual by the Divine Spirit, must renew and sanctify the heart. As soon, therefore, as your children are capable of receiving instruction, it becomes your duty to have them taught to read God's Holy Word—to instruct them in the principles of the Christian religion, of which there is an excellent summary in the Shorter Catechism—to pray *for* and *with* them—to set an example of piety and godliness before them, and by all the means of divine appointment, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

By presenting your children in this ordinance, you do solemnly renew the professions and engagements involved in your own baptism. You express your desire that “the promise may be confirmed,” not only “unto you,” but also “to your children.” You engage to bring them up in the faith of the Gospel. You bind yourselves, as they grow up, to explain to them the nature and import of their baptism; the blessings it signifies, the obligations it imposes, and the guilt of deliberately refusing to render obedience to the authority and commands of God.

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#### QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

The following questions for self-examination, in connection with the covenant on another page, ought to be frequently and prayerfully perused, especially previous to every communion season.

1. Am I thoroughly convinced of my lost condition by nature, and of my entire unworthiness in the sight of God?
2. Do I trust in Jesus Christ as my only Saviour? Do I love him supremely, and earnestly strive in all things to follow him?
3. Do I hate all sin, and strive continually to overcome it, avoiding even the appearance of evil?

4. Do I sincerely desire to know and do my whole duty?
5. Do I pray in secret frequently and fervently? Do I love communion with God, or am I drawn reluctantly to my closet by a sense of duty, or driven by the rebukes of conscience?
6. Do I keep the Sabbath holy, and do all in my power to promote its sacred observance?
7. Do I diligently and prayerfully study the Bible, to find principles and motives of action? Are its truths my light, my treasure, my joy?
8. Do I perform all my duties to the Church? Do I cherish Christian feelings towards all its members and officers? Do I attend to all its stated meetings when it is in my power to do so? Do my example, my prayers, and my conversation tend to promote its purity, its peace, and prosperity?
9. Do I believe that my unconverted relatives and neighbors are exposed to eternal death? Am I doing all that I can to awaken them to their condition and persuade them to escape for their lives? Have I, during the past day, or week, affectionately and faithfully urged any sinner to repentance? Is it owing to my neglect that so few are converted?
10. Do I realize the wretched condition of the heathen? Do I, as a servant of God, devote my time, my influence, and my property to the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world?
11. If I should continue to live as I now do, till called to give up my account, could the Judge then say to me, "Well done thou good and faithful servant?"

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CHURCH NOTICES.

1. There is public worship on the Sabbath regularly, morning and afternoon, and a prayer-meeting in the evening.
2. The sacramental seasons occur on the afternoon of the first Sabbath in the months of January, March, May, July, September, and November.



3. A preparatory service is attended in the church, on the Saturday next preceding each sacramental occasion; and on the Saturday next preceding the first Sabbath of every *other* month a general meeting for prayer and conference held in the church. *At these meetings every member of the church should be present.*

4. The ordinance of Baptism is administered to the children of believers, when either of the parents are members of this church, at the meeting preparatory to the sacramental season.

5. Prayer-meetings are held every Thursday and Saturday evening, from which no one should consent to be absent when practicable to attend.

6. The monthly concert for prayer is held on the first Sabbath of every month; on sacramental Sabbaths in the *evening*, on other Sabbaths in the afternoon, when missionary information is communicated, and a collection taken up in aid of the missionary cause.

7. The Sabbath School and Bible classes are held every Sabbath immediately after the morning service.

8. Members removing from us are requested always to take letters of dismissal and recommendation, and present those letters immediately to the Church within whose bounds they take up their residence. Although dismissed by us, they are still under our care, and subject to our discipline, until received by some other Church.

#### PRESENT OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. Charles Fanning, Pastor.

#### RULING ELDERS.

Ezra May,	Jonth. Mitchell,	John Lawrie,
Joel Walker,	Theron Linsley,	Eli Foote,
Sidney Avery,	Seymour Gookins,	H. W. Avery.

## ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

[N. B.—Those who discover errors in the Catalogue, are desired to make them known to the Pastor.]

## EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES USED.

P—Received by profession.

L—Received by letter.

A—Deceased

B—Dismissed.

C—Excommunicated.

D—Long contin. absence.

Billings, A. H. (B)	Gardner, Mrs. Mary (B)
Blood, Mrs. Hannah (B)	Gilman, Mrs. Juliet
Bristol, Chauncey	Hicks, G. D. (B)
Burnett, Stephen (A)	Hicks, Mrs. Abigail (B)
Burnett, Mrs. Abigail	May, Ezra
Caswell, David	May, Mrs. Dorcas (A)
Cunningham, Mrs. Ruth (A)	May, Mrs. Lovisa
Cunningham, Mrs. Nancy	McBride, Mrs. Rulena (A)
Dubois, Mrs. M. C. (A)	Rollins, Mrs. Louisa
Enoch, Mrs. A. E.	Sheldon, F. S.
Fisk, Mrs. M. L.	Shelden, Mrs. H. C.
Gardner, Austin (A)	

## MEMBERS SINCE ADDED.

Abbe, Amzi (P) 1849	Avery, Mrs. L. G. (A) (L) 1845
Abbe, Mrs. Sybil (L) 1843	Avery, Mrs. R. P. (L) 1849
Abbe, C. E. (P) 1849	Avery, Miss F. M. (L) 1845
Abbe, J. D. (P) 1849	Avery, William D. (P) 1849
Abbe, Miss E. M. (P) 1852	Avery, E. H. (P) 1849
Amsden, Noah (L) 1844	Ball, Miss E. C. (B) (L) 1846
Amsden, Mrs. S. S. (P) 1847	Bartlett, Miss P. (L) 1845
Amsden, J. N. (L) 1851	Bement, F. B. (P) 1849
Amsden, Miss H. N. (L) 1851	Bement, Mrs. M. A. (A) (L) 1844
Amsden, Miss L. A. (L) 1851	Bement, Mrs. M. W. (L) 1849
Amsden, Miss A. L. (L) 1851	Bement, Theodore (P) 1849
Amsden, Miss F. P. (P) 1852	Benham, Ansel (B) (P) 1841
Amy, Mrs. Cornelia (L) 1851	Benham, Mrs. A. (B) (P) 1841
Avery, Mrs. Clarinda (L) 1841	Bennett, Mrs. M. (B) (P) 1842
Avery, Sidney (L) 1845	Benson, Mrs. C. (L) 1848
Avery, Mrs. Mary (L) 1845	Birge, E. M. (A) (L) 1845
Avery, H. W. (L) 1845	

- Birge, Mrs. C. (B) (L) 1845      Curtis, Mrs. C. M. (A) (P)  
 Brainard, Albert (B) (P) 1841      1840  
 Brainard, Mrs. S. (B) (P) 1841      Curtis, Mrs. Mary (A) (L)  
 Bristol, Mrs. A. (P) 1842      1840  
 Brown, L. B. (P) 1845      Curtis, Mrs. M. R. (L) 1844  
 Brown, Mrs. M. (L) 1845      Curtis, Philo (P) 1843  
 Brown, Mrs. H. C. (B) (L) 1846      Dailey, Mrs. Abigail (A)  
 Bull, Mrs. Emily (B) (L) 1851      (L) 1846  
 Burnett, Miss Cath. (L) 1850      Dana, Chas. (L) 1851  
 Burnett, Miss Lorain (P) 1848      Davis, Thaddeus (A) (P) 1841  
 Bush, Mrs. S. A. (B) (L) 1851      Davis, Mrs. Cath. (P) 1841  
 Campbell, Dr. E. T. (A) (L)      Davis, Miss A. E. (P) 1843  
     1840      Davis, John (L) 1852  
 Campbell, G. W. (P) 1849      Davis, Mrs. Mercy (L) 1852  
 Campbell, Mrs. C. T. (L) 1849      Davis, Miss Mary (A) (P) 1852  
 Caswell, Mrs. Mary (P) 1847      Dean, Bradford (L) 1842  
 Caswell, Miss S. M. (P) 1850      Dean, Mrs. Relief (L) 1842  
 Caswell, Miss S. L. (B) (P)      Dean, G. E. (A) (P) 1843  
     1849      Dean, Mrs. H. (P) 1852  
 Caswell, Miss Elvira (P) 1849      Derthick, N. H. (B) (P) 1843  
 Caswell, John (P) 1852      Derthick, Mrs. E. (B) (P) 1843  
 Chandler, J. L. (B) (L) 1850      Dickey, David (A) (L) 1846  
 Chandler, Mrs. C. (B) (L) 1850      Doolittle, Mrs. E. (L) 1849  
 Clary, Miss R. L. (B) (L) 1850      Doty, Mrs. M. (B) (L) 1840  
 Cline, Mrs. Nancy (L) 1843      Enoch, Mrs. C. J. (P) 1843  
 Cline, Miss A. E. (P) 1849      Fanning, Mrs. E. R. (L) 1850  
 Cline, Miss H. D. (P) 1849      Farwell, D. P. (P) 1853  
 Collins, Mrs. Alice (L) 1846      Farwell, Mrs. F. (P) 1853  
 Conklin, E. B. (B) (P) 1849      Fletcher, Miss H. M. (B) (P)  
 Conklin, Mrs. A. E. (B) (L)      1849  
     1849      Foote, Mrs. M. Y. (B) (L)  
 Cooper, Mrs. Grace (B) (P)      1845  
     1849      Foote, Eli (L) 1845  
 Culbertson, W. P. (L) 1847      Foster, A. B. (B) (P) 1844  
 Culbertson, Mrs. M. C. (A)      Foster, Mrs. Avis (B) (L) 1844  
     (L) 1847      Foster, Miss A. (B) (L) 1844  
 Culbertson, Mrs. H. M. (L)      Gilbert, Mrs. (L) 1839  
     1851      Glassner, J. M. (P) 1849

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|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Glassner, Mrs. M. J. (P) 1845     | Lacy, Gersham (L) 1851          |
| Gooding, Dr. M. A. (B) (L) 1847   | Lacy, Mrs. M. (L) 1851          |
|                                   | Lacy, D. W. (L) 1851            |
| Gooding, Mrs. H. M. (B) (L) 1847  | Lacy, Mrs. S. R. (L) 1851       |
|                                   | Lawrie, John (P) 1849           |
| Goodrich, A. (B) (L) 1845         | Lawrie, Mrs. C. (P) 1849        |
| Goodrich, Miss S. (B) (L) 1844    | Leonard, Daniel (P) 1849        |
| Gookins, S. (L) 1851              | Leonard, Mrs. S. A. (P) 1845    |
| Gookins, Mrs. F. (L) 1851         | Leonard, Mrs. M. L. (L) 1849    |
| Gookins, Miss H. (L) 1851         | Linsly, T. (L) 1851             |
| Hamlin, F. B. (P) 1849            | Linsly, Mrs. C. (L) 1850        |
| Hamlin, Mrs. L. (P) 1849          | Linsly, F. (L) 1851             |
| Harris, Mrs. C. (B) (L) 1848      | Linsly, Mrs. E. C. (L) 1851     |
| Harrison, Miss M. R. (L) 1851     | Linsly, T. H. (L) 1851          |
| Hart, Thos. (A) (L) 1844          | Linsly, Chas. (L) 1851          |
| Hart, Mrs. H. (B) (L) 1844        | Loomis, G. (B) (L) 1846         |
| Hart, Mrs. S. (A) (L) 1839        | Loomis, Mrs. E. (B) (L) 1846    |
| Hart, Chester (P) 1852            | Loop, Mrs. C. (A) (L) 1840      |
| Hinman, Wm (B) (L) 1848           | Loop, Mrs. S. (A) (L) 1840      |
| Horan, Mrs. C. H. (P) 1849        | Lundy, Mrs. E. A. (A) (L) 1842  |
| Hoyt, Mrs. H. P. (B) (L) 1847     |                                 |
| Hubbard, E. (L) 1851              | Mallory, Mrs. A. W. (L) 1852    |
| Hubbard, Mrs. L. P. (L) 1851      | Mallory, Miss H. A. (L) 1852    |
| Hubbard, N. (L) 1852              | Marsh, Miss L. W. (B) (L) 1840  |
| Hubbard, Geo. (P) 1852            |                                 |
| Hughs, Miss M. (B) (L) 1844       | Marshall, H. (B) (L) 1844       |
| Hulbert, Miss A. B. (P) 1849      | Marshall, Mrs. M. (B) (L) 1844  |
| Humphrey, Mrs. E. M. (A) (L) 1844 |                                 |
| *Idells, A. G. (D) (P) 1845       | Matthews, P. (A) (P) 1843       |
| Ingersoll, S. (D) (P) 1849        | Matthews, Mrs. R. (A) (L) 1840  |
| Jones, Mrs. M. (P) 1841           | Matthews, Mrs. E. (L) 1840      |
| Johnson, J. P. (B) (L) 1851       | May, Mrs. E. (L) 1844           |
| Johnson, Mrs. M. (B) (L) 1851     | McCartney, Mrs. J. (A) (L) 1844 |
| Jones, Wm. (P) 1852               |                                 |
| Kelly, Mrs. J. (P) 1849           | McConnell, Miss E. (B) (P) 1841 |
| King, John (D) (P) 1843           |                                 |
| Knox, Mrs. M. J. (L) 1847         | McEwen, D. (L) 1847             |





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|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Taylor, Miss E. (P) 1851         | Whelden, Mrs. H. (P) 1842          |
| Terwilliger, J. S. (L) 1849      | White, Marcus (B) (P) 1841         |
| Terwilliger, Mrs. E. M. (L) 1849 | White, Mrs E. (B) (P) 1841         |
| Terwilliger, Mrs. F. (L) 1851    | White, Miss M. A. (A) (P) 1843     |
| Thayer, W. A. (L) 1850           | Whitney, Mrs. A. (B) (L) 1847      |
| Thayer, Mrs. F. S. (L) 1845      | Wilcox, Mark (C) (P) 1843          |
| Thompson, Mrs. M. (B) (L) 1846   | Wilcox, Mrs. H. (B) (P) 1840       |
| Tongue, Orrion (L) 1847          | Wilcox, Miss R. A. (B) (P) 1849    |
| Tongue, Mrs. A. (L) 1847         | Williams, Jas. (P) 1849            |
| Tongue, S. H. (A) (L) 1847       | Williams, Mrs. J. E. (L) 1844      |
| Tongue, L. N. (B) (L) 1849       | Wing, J. V. (L) 1850               |
| Tongue, Miss A. (P) 1850         | Wing, Mrs. S. A. (L) 1850          |
| Tripp, Israel (L) 1844           | Woodruff, Mrs. C. R. (P) 1849      |
| Tripp, Mrs. E. A. (L) 1844       | Woods, Mrs. P. T. (B) (L) 1840     |
| Tripp, J. D. (L) 1851            | Woodworth, H. P. (D) (L) 1845      |
| Tripp, Mrs. A. (L) 1851          | Woodworth, Mrs. M. J. (D) (L) 1845 |
| Twist, Elias (B) (L) 1846        | Wright, Mrs. A. S. (L) 1840        |
| Wadsworth, J. (B) (L) 1844       | York, Miss S. (L) 1846             |
| Walker, Joel (L) 1839            |                                    |
| Walker, Mrs. A. (L) 1839         |                                    |
| Wheeler, Adam (B) (L) 1844       |                                    |
| Wheeler, Mrs. E. (B) (L) 1844    |                                    |

## LETTERS WRITTEN BY A PEORIA WOMAN IN 1835.

BY BOAT, WAGON, HORSE AND FOOT TO PEORIA IN THE DAYS  
OF PIONEERS.

*By* ELLEN BIGELOW.

In 1835, Lewis Bigelow moved to Peoria from Petersham, Mass., bringing part of his family with him, and the balance of his family followed a few months later and joined him there. In the latter party was his daughter Ellen, and after her arrival here she wrote a letter to her aunt, describing the journey and her impressions of the country through which she traveled.

Lewis Bigelow was a lawyer, and Bigelow Street is named for him; his daughter, Ellen, though only 18 or 19 years old when she came to Peoria, had already shown herself to be possessed of unusual talents and of great power of expression. After she came to Peoria she married William Frisby, a young lawyer, and their daughter, Louise, born in 1839, married Thad S. Ely.

Ellen Bigelow's sister, Sarah, became Mrs. Sarah Armstrong, and was for many years librarian of the old Mercantile Library.

### THE LETTER.

The original letter mentioned above is still in possession of the Ely family, and with the omission of certain personal references is as follows:

Peoria, Ill., June 27, 1835.

My dear Aunt:

I trust that you will not think that forgetfulness or wilful intention to neglect has been the cause of my delaying to inform you of our safe arrival here. Believe me, I KNOW you will not, when I tell you I should have written before had I not been prevented by circumstances beyond my control.

Hearing that Mr. W. leaves next week, with the intention of going directly to Petersham, I have laid aside everything and devoted this day to you.

I think you will be interested to know something of the events of the journey, and I will then go back to the time of our bidding you farewell. After leaving Petersham, our course being westward, we soon reached New Salem, and at Mr. Harding's found tea prepared for us. Our whole party sat down and hastily partook of a very fine meal, after which we proceeded directly to Greenfield, where we arrived about half past eleven. Arranging ourselves around the sitting room we hoped to obtain a little rest, but hourly expectation of the stage prevented. We sat there, between waking and sleeping till nearly four o'clock when the coach arrived, and we took our seats for Albany. We rode all the next day upon the most horrible roads ever seen. Over the mountain, I sat in constant fear for my life. The mud was up to the nave of the wheel, and the snow in some places three feet deep. At 10 o'clock in the evening, we were still 20 miles from Albany, and all entirely exhausted. C. was so ill that I dared not proceed with her, and we at length concluded to stay at the Inn till morning. At 7 o'clock after a very comfortable night's rest, we set out for Albany, where we arrived at 1. The day was dark and rainy, the streets of the city more disgustingly filthy than they had been represented to me.

We went to Bosey's Hotel and stayed till 5 o'clock, when we took the railroad car for Schenectady. Traveling at the rate of a mile in three minutes, we soon reached the city, and the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel I am sure could have been nothing in comparison with the shouting and screaming we heard at the landing. A throng of teamsters stood watching for the baggage, and "any luggage for Davis, any trunks for the Packet Boats, show me the luggage for the Line Boats," issued in stunning shouts from all about us. After much crowding and squeezing and divers fears lest some of our trunks should find their way out of our hands, we were at last thrust into the cabin of one of the canal line boats,



“Gennessee,” Clinton Line, Capt. D. W. Botts. What they called the ladies cabin we found to be a little mean, dirty place, in size about six feet by ten, and into that, ten and sometimes twelve persons were regularly wedged. The berths were straw mattresses thrown upon rails of which our poor bones complained most bitterly. The noise of passing through the locks with the jar occasioned by meeting other boats would have prevented us from sleeping had the straw and rails permitted it. We arose in the morning unrefreshed and heartily sick of canal boats. On looking about us, we found occasion to conclude there was great need of a “Neat Handed Phillie,” and as the custom of the boat allowed us to provide our own food, we determined to do it rather than eat our peck of dirt in too short a time. Accordingly we went to work. Groceries were to be found at every lock and bridge, and Leander proved himself a very good caterer. Elizabeth, we sat at the head of the table and had a chance to tease her about commencing house-keeping on board a canal boat.

We numbered ten as we took all at our table who came from Petersham.

The first place of any magnitude at which we stopped after leaving Albany was Utica. The canal passes through the principal part of the town, so that we had a very fine view of it. We had one cause of complaint in their low bridges, which obliged us to prostrate ourselves entirely, or submit to the alternative. One poor fellow had a very narrow escape from instant death. A bridge took him unawares, and had it not been for the exceeding frailty of a trunk on which he fell, that crushed beneath his weight and gave him room, he must have inevitably been ground to powder.

Commencing at Utica, is the 69 mile level, the canal passing through a low marshy country, dreary and dismal in the extreme. The bogs and fens were proper lurking places for the fever and ague, and it actually made me shiver to look at them. A rainstorm came on which added much to the horror of our situation, as it drove all the gentlemen into the cabin

and covered the floor with mud and water and gave us no room to turn around.

After that, the weather was pleasant, and permitted us to spend most of our time on deck, a liberty we gladly improved, as there were a half dozen squalling young ones in the cabin, whose constant noise precluded the possibility of hearing ourselves speak.

We reached Rochester, and as the captain had many passengers to land and some lading to receive, we left the boat to visit Genesee Falls. We followed the railroad track about half a mile, arrived at the falls and stationed ourselves on the spot of earth which was the theater of Sam Patch's exploits. The water descends perpendicularly 96 feet. The sun shone very brilliantly, while we were gazing, so that we had a fine view of the rainbow formed on the constantly rising spray. The banks on either side are very steep and covered with cedar, and altogether to my eye it was the most romantic and beautiful scene I ever looked upon. The aqueduct and flour mills are among the main curiosities of Rochester, and the Arcade is a building of which they are very proud. In that we found the postoffice established upon a very convenient and systematic plan.

At 12 o'clock we left Rochester, with the addition of several new passengers, one of whom proved to be a Miss W. from Millbury, who contributed much to my happiness, the remainder of my passage. A young lady and gentleman from Ohio we found very pleasant companions, and to a Mr. L. from Buffalo, we were much indebted for politeness. Brockport is a very pleasant, busy little place.

We had a violin on board and several singers, and as we were entertaining the town, our captain desired us to unite our efforts for some music. We gathered ourselves together but to our utter astonishment our captain was such a strait-laced Methodist that he would allow none but psalm-tunes. Even our familiar old friend "Auld Lang Syne," which to my knowledge was never before excluded from any society could find no admittance. Vexed at such ignorant supersti-

tion, we all closed our mouths and vowed not to sing "Old Hundred" or "Dundee" again during the passage.

Lockport, to our great joy, we entered in the daytime. There we saw the finest exhibition of stone-work to be found in the United States. A rise of 60 feet is effected by a double set of locks, five on each side one to rise and the other to descend. They are composed of solid blocks of hewn granite, with broad flights of steps between, and on each side of the same material. At the head of each flight is a smooth platform, all of granites, hewn and fitted in the same beautiful manner. Passengers usually go up the stairs in preference to passing through the locks as they are very deep and the cabin is apt to be flooded with water during the ascent. Leaving the locks, we passed for three miles between immense walls of stone formed by the ledge through which the canal was cut. It is all of 15 feet above the water and must have required a vast deal of labor.

At sunrise, Saturday, May 2nd, we entered Buffalo, and to our dismay, the lake was covered as far as the eye could see with solid ice. By the advice of Mr. L., we went to the "Mansion House," where Dr. Harding left us and sailed forth to determine what could be done. He returned with the news that he had secured a passage for us on board the Brig Illinois, Captain Wagstaff, which would be the first vessel out of port, and that we must establish ourselves on board in the afternoon. After dinner, by invitation of Mr. L., Caroline and I went to visit the cottage of Dr. Johnson, about two miles out of the city. It is one of the most beautiful buildings I ever saw. It covers 90 feet square, and is built of rough granite, surmounted by a glass dome, which makes the height of the house to the top of it 60 feet.

We went first over the grounds, consisting of a fine flower garden, a kitchen garden well supplied with hot beds, and in the rear an extensive park in which deer were wandering about, apparently as much at home as in their native woods. One was a beautiful doe, the only one, according to the doctor, ever taken in America. We entered the great gate in front of

the house by a gravelled carriage road, which separated and wound around a large and closely shaven grass plat in the form of a heart. From each of these walks a flight of stone steps led to a broad piazza, where the young ladies were playing battledoor. Dr. Johnson ushered us through his own room, in which everything conducive to comfort was to be found, and through several splendidly furnished sleeping apartments, into a cabinet containing a fine collection of shells, pictures and curiosities of divers kinds.

We passed through two elegant drawing rooms, communicating by \* \* \* lighted from the dome. The walls were splendidly finished with stucco work and the room furnished magnificently with a fine pianoforte, marble center and pier tables, elegant books scattered about, damask couches and ottomans, mirrors, busts and statues in niches about the walls, in short, nothing was wanting to make the room perfectly splendid. We went into many others furnished in the same expensive manner, 36 upon the ground floor. Above are sleeping apartments, not very high, but neat and handsome. We went upon the top of the house, where we had a fine view of the city and lake. It is amazing to me, that all who have the power should not build in this manner instead of rearing an immense structure which has neither comeliness or convenience. I never saw a house which so entirely corresponded with my ideas of perfection as this of Dr. Johnson's. Nothing could be altered or named for the better. Saturday afternoon, after dark, we went on board the Brig "Illinois." Set your imagination to work, and let it paint for you the most dismal place possible, and you have some idea of the hole in which we were stowed. In all my life I was never so sick of everything about me. I could not help from having a regular fit of crying every evening.

The "Illinois" is the largest vessel on the lake and was advertised to be the first out of port. Freight was taken to the extent of what she would bear, consequently the deck was so crowded with bags, boxes and barrels of every description, that no rest could be found even for the sole of a foot. The



cabin, if possible, was more disagreeable still. We were gathered together from every quarter of the earth. Men, women and children, talking, laughing, crying, screaming and scolding. Such a bedlam, I am sure was never seen before. Persons applied for passage till the cabin and staterooms were completely filled, and room was then made among the freight on the hold, where about 30 people were stowed away. Among them were two families from Ware, bound for Chicago. Our vessel lay at the wharf for days from the time we entered it, and a more hateful scrape I never got into.

Buffalo in some respects resembles Bangor. It has the same busy air. All seems to be actively engaged in some important business. Take it all in all, however, I did not like it. I may not be an impartial judge as every circumstance conspired to render our stay there disagreeable. Land speculations are carried on very extensively in Buffalo. That which in 1831 sold for \$16 an acre, commands now 2,000. "The root of all evil" seems to me the main, if not the only spring of action, to be found in the city. Their harbor was filled with vessels. Thirty-six steamboats belong to the port, the decks of which were crowded with passengers waiting and watching for the moving of the waters.

I went on board the "Thomas Jefferson," a boat just completed, and about to make her first trip. She is 180 feet long and 50 feet wide, constructed for the most perfect convenience. The furniture and all pertaining to her, magnificent.

Several steamboats were injured in the fruitless attempt to get through the ice. The "Ohio" tried it, broke both paddles and so damaged her engine that three days were required to repair it. The second effort was more successful. A channel was formed through which the vessels could pass. The steamers "Thomas Jefferson," "Ohio," "Gov. Marcy" and "Charles Gownsend," Brigs "Illinois" and "Indiana," Schooners "Huron," "Michigan" and "Barker" immediately hoisted sail, and Friday, May 8th, with a strong northeasterly wind we left Buffalo. Our Brig was a first rate

We stayed on deck till it began to storm violently, when we retreated to our berths. Dr. H. had as much as he could do to go from one patient to another, administering ether, laudanum and divers other specifics for seasickness. Towards night, the wind lulled a little and we were all flattering ourselves with the hope of rest, when about 10 o'clock to our great horror, the vessel struck a rock. Great alarm was excited, but the waves were running high and soon took us off. All betook ourselves again to our beds, and save myself, were soon soundly sleeping. A fit of foreboding would not suffer me to close my eyes. My fears were shortly realized. About 12 o'clock all were awakened by a loud shout from the cook that we were going to the bottom, and sure enough, there was little doubt of it, for one moment sufficed to convince us that we were already there. The vessel had grounded upon a rocky shoal and every wave made her quiver and shake like one with the ague. We remained there about an hour, and an hour of greater confusion and fright I never passed.

The cabin was crowded with half dressed beings of every size, sex and color. Deputations were dispatched every few minutes to ascertain the state of things, but very little comfort could be obtained from their contradictory reports.

Thus we sat in fear and trembling till the deck load was thrown overboard, when the cheerful voice of an old Irish sailor apprized us that the vessel was off. Had the brig been an old one, she must have received much injury from the strain to which she was exposed, but being entirely new, the damage sustained was only a splintering of the keel beneath her bows. The accident resulted from no want of skill in our captain who was a most perfect master of his profession.

It was probably occasioned by our vessel being more than usually heavy laden. The channel had often been passed by the same captain and crew, and the reef on which we struck never discovered. Our deck load had consisted of 200 barrels of salt over and above what the sailors considered lawful freight, and they prophesied before leaving Buffalo that the

sailor. She dashed gallantly through the ice, cleared it all before her, passed every vessel, and in one hour's time was fairly upon the broad bosom of the lake. The wind continued steady and the water smooth, till Saturday morning, when it commenced blowing very severely. The sea ran high and the vessel pitched and tossed incessantly. The consequence was, of course, that we were all dreadfully seasick. Captain Wagstaff persuaded us to leave our berths and go on deck, in the hope that the air would relieve us. About a dozen others were our companions in misery, and the different positions chosen with the peculiar expression which distinguished each face would have been a grand study for a painter.

trip could never be made with it. Seamen, I believe, always consider salt an unlucky cargo, and it certainly proved so in this instance. It all went overboard among "Put-in-Bay Islands," and I think by this time they must be well pickled.

We reached Detroit Monday, and found it more of a place than I expected. We were obliged to anchor 20 miles from Detroit, as we were in the neighborhood of flats, which could be passed only by daylight. The only channel through which a vessel could pass was so narrow that it is requisite to point it out by stakes, and as its location varies with change of seasons, it is necessary that they should be often moved. This duty it seems was neglected by the revenue officers, and by following the channel of a former season, we were soon brought hard aground.

The schooner "Michigan" directly in our wake, went to windward of us, and stuck fast alongside, a circumstance at which we all rejoiced, wicked though it might be. We were less lonely in consequence of it than we should otherwise have been, and beside that our captain had laid a wager with the master of the "Michigan" that he would be in Chicago first, and we were all anxious he should win.

Much labor was required to heave the vessel off, by carrying out the anchor, but as all finite things have an end, it was at last accomplished.

We had hardly proceeded a mile before we were in the

same scrape again, and by the time we had extricated ourselves, the wind died away and we were obliged to anchor.

Setting sail the next day, the vessel had proceeded a few miles, when a sudden flow of wind took the sails flat aback, whirled her off her course, and we were fast aground again. After getting off, the anchor was cast, a boat manned and a party went on shore at Harrison's Island, the gentlemen to shoot ducks and pigeons, and the ladies to gather what amusement they could from a walk. We found a multitude of flowers, but the gentlemen shot nothing but rattlesnakes. We entered next day the St. Claire, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, I know. The banks on the Michigan side slope gently to the water, with here and there a cottage and a thrifty orchard of apple, plum and peach trees in full bloom. The Canada side is finely wooded with beech, maple and a few birch and poplar, forming with their graceful branches, and the delicate green of their foliage, a beautiful contrast to the sturdy arms and deep green of the former. We were in the river two or three days, waiting for fair winds, and in the course of that time made frequent visits to the beautiful woods and neat cottages on shore. The evenings were delightfully calm and clear. The water, smooth as glass, reflected every object, and the bright torches of the Indians' fishing boats illuminated the dim shadow of the woods along the shore. Sunday, May 17th, we were greeted with a fair, though light breeze. By means of it the vessel was enabled to make some headway, but by noon it died entirely. All were extremely disappointed, as a stiff breeze was then particularly necessary.

At the mouth of the River St. Claire, is the entrance to Lake Huron. The waters of Superior, Michigan and Huron have here their outlet, less than half a mile in width, and the current is consequently very rapid, seven and a half miles an hour. Very few vessels can pass without the aid of a steamboat unless they have a strong breeze. We had just given up all hopes of proceeding when a steamboat hove in sight, which proved to be the "General Gratiot," coming out expressly to



tow us up the Rapids. We were immediately lashed to their side, and the Brig "Indiana", with which we were in company, mate and exact counterpart of our vessel, was lashed to the other side. A wind very opportunely sprung up to aid us on the way, and we passed "Fort Gratiot," with all sails set and flying colors in compliment to the troops paraded in front of the barracks. Both vessels carried an unusual quantity of canvas in proportion to their burden, and filled as it was in addition to the steamboat, we stemmed the current most bravely and were soon separated from the "General Gratiot" and alone upon Lake Huron. A fine run soon took us to the Island of Mackinaw, where we anchored and all went on shore.

We visited the Fort, found the officers very polite, and were shown everything upon the Island worth seeing. Some freaks of Dame Nature they pointed out to us, which were well worth looking at. A natural arch of stone upon the edge of the lake, a miniature, as I should judge, from description, of the bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia, and a rock of limestone, rising eighty feet in the form of a cone and called the "Sugar Loaf Rock". These were among the most remarkable. We went to the ruins of Holms' Fort, clambered to the top of it and found a fine view of the island, the lake for miles around and the Straits of Mackinaw. Fort Mackinaw is situated more beautifully than any other spot of earth I ever stood upon. The ascent to it is very steep and laborious, but when once there, you are rewarded for all your trouble in reaching it. The officers told us that no disease of any kind ever visited them. Fevers, cholera, epidemics of every description pass them by. A bruise or occasionally a broken bone are the only ailments with which they are afflicted.

The soldiers' quarters were the most perfect specimens of neatness I ever saw, the labor all performed by men, too. All the houses save those of the fort are old and ordinary. They were built by the French in their peculiar style, with low projecting roofs, thatched with bark.

On the beach the Indians have placed their wigwams for

the greater convenience of taking fish, by which they get their livelihood. Immense quantities of Mackinaw trout are taken, some weighing 50, 60 and even 70 pounds, and multitudes of white fish. Squaws were scattered all along the shore dressing them, as suggestive piles were laid within their reach. Maple sugar is one of their staple commodities at Mackinaw. It is put up in birch baskets, containing from five to eighty pounds shipped to various places.

We went speedily and prosperously through the Straits of Mackinaw, down Lake Michigan and anchored at Chicago Friday forenoon, May 24th, just 14 days from the time we left Buffalo, which, considering the divers perils we encountered and the delay occasioned by getting aground upon the flats, foul winds, etc., may be set down as a very good trip. Our vessel beat everyone out of Buffalo and Captain Wagstaff won his bet of \$150, which partly compensated him for the loss of the salt thrown overboard. He had congratulated himself that the salt belonged to none but himself, but we were all sorry he had to lose it. We were welcomed loudly at Chicago, as news had reached there that the Brig "Illinois" and all hands aboard were lost. Our vessel was obliged to anchor half a mile from the town, as the inhabitants have built nothing yet in the form of a wharf, and the water is so shallow as you approach the shore that none but very small vessels can go up to it.

Chicago I don't like at all. The town is low and dirty, though situated advantageously for commercial purposes. I saw only one place in which I would live if they would give me all they possess, and that was Fort Dearborn. I liked that. It is beautifully situated and the grounds and buildings are neat and handsome. A great land fever was raging when we were there, and I am told it has not yet abated. Property changes hands there daily, and it is thought no speculation at all if it doesn't double in value by being retained one night.

I think they are all raving distracted, and if I mistake not, a few years, if not months, will reduce things to their proper level and restore them to their senses.

We left Chicago in the stage for Ottawa, a route of 80 miles across the prairies, and such traveling never did we behold before. The low prairie about Chicago was entirely flooded with water, and the creeks were swollen to rivers. Nothing in the shape of a bridge greeted our eyes. Streams, large and small, were all to be forded even at the risk of sticking fast in the middle of them. On the banks of the Des Plaines, about ten miles from Chicago, are found a multitude of Indians, gathering for the great council they have been holding. A more horrible set of grim visages I never beheld. They were dressed in the most fantastic manner, and their dark faces made more hideous by paint of every color, put on in fanciful stripes all over the face and limbs. They were mounted on shaggy ponies, without saddles, and in many instances without bridles also, apparently as wild and uncontrollable as their riders. We left Chicago at 3 o'clock Saturday morning and were until 4 o'clock Sunday morning reaching Ottawa. In the course of that time we were completely mired six times. If you have ever seen Basil Hall's engravings, or rather caricatures, from his descriptions you will have a good idea of the scrapes we got into on the Illinois prairies. In the middle of a deep slough, or swole as they call them, you must fancy the coach buried in mud and water above the wheels. The gentlemen all out with coats off, pantaloons and shirt sleeves rolled up and standing in water about three feet deep, ready to carry the ladies across upon their backs, or in any other way most agreeable to the parties. That being done, they set their shoulders to the wheels of the carriage, the horses kicking and plunging to extricate themselves from the mire, and the driver lashing them right and left, screaming, yelling and swearing in true stage-driver style. You can imagine what delightful business it must have been to pack ourselves back again, covered as we all were with mud, and nine crowded into a carriage designed only for six, and containing but two seats, as an instance of the inefficiency which characterizes the people of Illinois.

I will tell you of one cause of much delay to us. The

traces were attached to the whipple tree by an iron ring, which fitted upon the end of it. By use the wood had gotten a little out of order, so that it was necessary the ring should be hammered on, but this the driver whenever he stopped thought it too much trouble to do, consequently every ten rods off it came in the middle of the prairie, where neither stick or stone could be found wherewith to pound it on, and nothing in the shape of a hammer had been provided in case of such an emergency. The driver and one of the gentlemen were obliged to dismount every time this happened, and while one held the whippletree, the other pounded on the ring with the heel of his boot. Oh! my patience! How often I wished I could transport myself to old New England and refresh my eyes with a little Yankee energy. We had, as you may see, many troubles and "discouragements," but after all, there was some pleasure to balance the evil.

In all my life, I never saw or dreamed of so beautiful a sight as the rolling prairies. Bryant describes them beautifully:

"These are the gardens of the desert,  
The boundless, unshorn fields,  
Where linger yet the beauty of the earth,  
Ere man had sinned."

Nothing can equal the surpassing beauty of the rounded swells and the sunny hollows. The brilliant green of the grass, the numberless varieties and splendid hues of multitudes of flowers, I gazed in admiration too strong for words. We were at times in the midst of this vast expanse of plain, where not a tree was visible. Far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but "Airy undulations" and smooth savannas. We occasionally found a grove, beautiful as can be imagined, entirely free from underbrush and made up of a great variety of the finest forest trees, some peculiar to this section of the country, as the cottonwood, coffeetree, hackberry and many others. Black walnut grows to an immense size and is very abundant.



The most splendid furniture I ever beheld we saw at Buffalo made of this wood. It is susceptible of a very high polish, and is in every way much more handsome than mahogany. At Holderman's Grove (by the way they name all their groves, they are so "few and far between") we left two gentlemen from the West Indies, who had been fellow passengers from Buffalo. We found them extremely pleasant companions, and owed them much gratitude for numberless offices of kindness. Fox River was their place of destination, said to be one of the most delightful locations in all Illinois, but I am thinking that log cabins and their own hands they will find but poor substitutes for palaces and slaves. They are intending to expend largely for improvements, but at first they must submit to many privations.

The Sabbath we spent at Ottawa. Excessive fatigue prevented us from proceeding. Monday we left at four in the morning in a lumber cart, no other vehicle could be obtained. We had been all day getting to Hennepin and were almost worn out with fatigue. We had been sitting upon rough boards thrown across the cart, and the continual jolting over the most outrageous road had very nearly broken every bone in our bodies. The innkeeper at Hennepin was from Northampton, and he seemed right glad to see a face from Massachusetts. Upon the prairies every house was a tavern. We usually found them about fifteen miles apart. They are all built of logs, and strongly indicate the indolence which seems the pervading spirit in Illinois. The site selected for them is generally a hollow, rather than an eminence, and the rich soil about them forms a bed of mud, which is trodden in and around the house without the slightest regard to comfort or cleanliness. Large apertures between the logs admit the dust and rain in plentiful showers, which is disposed of by being suffered to find its way through the gaping seams in the rough, hard floor, and these wretched hovels are occupied by men worth \$30,000 or \$40,000, owning vast herds of cattle and immense farms which produce almost spontaneously every comfort and luxury of life. But paralyzed as every faculty seems

to be, by the demon of indolence, they live like pigs wallowing in the mire, content with what their hands can reach forth and take, and literally fulfilling the command, "Take no thought for the morrow." We glided very smoothly and pleasantly down the Illinois river, and at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening, May 26, found ourselves upon the steamboat landing at Peoria. Ten minutes brought us face to face before father and S. We are at present occupying the upper part of a house on Main Street. A house is in progress for us, which will be finished soon. It was a frame, father purchased of a man whose funds failed him, and a more inconvenient, ill constructed thing you never saw, but it will be a shelter and a home for us, and we shall well know how to prize it.

Peoria is, as we have always heard, delightfully situated, and I have no doubt will in time become a place of a good deal of importance. It is very easy to access from the river, and has a fine steamboat landing and a back country of surpassing richness and fertility. Ten or twelve steamboats ply between here and St. Louis, a distance of 240 miles, and three stages pass every other day. The town has been built entirely within the last 18 months. When father came, three or four log huts were the only buildings to be seen. The growth of the place has been much retarded the present year by the land sales. All have been waiting until they should be over before any thing could be accomplished. The houses are ordinary, very, all of them, but there is a visible improvement in those last erected.

Take the inhabitants of Illinois "en masse" and I have a most thorough contempt for them. They are the most indolent, inefficient, faithless race of beings I ever knew. You cannot bind them in any way so that they will feel under the slightest obligation to fulfill an engagement. Such are the "Suckers" of Illinois. The "Hoosiers" of Indiana are, if anything, still worse. They are more idle and filthy, to say the least. The "Cornercrackers" of Kentucky are here, with haughty spirits and fiery tempers, settling every little difficulty with dirk and pistol. The "Buckeyes" of Ohio and the

“Pukes” (heard ever such a name?) of Missouri, the “Eals” of New York, and the Yankees of New England make up the rest of the population. Of the latter class, the others have the most perfect horror. They judge all by the specimens they have seen of the lower orders, and they regard them as the personification of clannishness and ill-breeding and knavery. All their cant phrases, and many I never heard used in New England are brought forward to prove the truth of their charges against the poor Yankees. In their haste to condemn others, they forget the multitude of sayings they have among themselves, such as “knowed” for know, “onced” and “twiced” for once and twice, “looks like it would, etc.,” and “never let on” for keeping silent, and a multitude of others having as little shadow of sense or propriety. There are one or two Yankees here who do in reality correspond to the idea formed of them.

A Mr. W. from Massachusetts has been in Peoria just long enough to get the fever and ague, and he says “he’ll be darned if he’ll stay in such a darn country as this is. Nobody ever heard of such a thing as fever and ague in Massachusetts and he’ll be darned if he won’t go back there.” He walks the streets when the thermometer is up to 90 degrees, done up in a great wrapper with a fur cap on, apparently scarcely able to drag his limbs along, and altogether the most frightfully ludicrous object I have ever seen for a long time. It is astonishing what a prostrating effect “fever and ague” has upon one’s strength. Father was telling us a few days ago of being on the prairie when he was suffering from it, on horseback. He dismounted to lie down for rest and let his horse feed. He rode without a saddle and on attempting to get upon the horse’s back again he found all his efforts were for a long time ineffectual. Neither rock nor stump, fence nor wall were within miles of him, and he began to think he must give it up. His strength was entirely exhausted and he could devise no way to accomplish his object. At last, by holding fast to the mane, he managed to clamber up the horse’s legs and get upon

his back, but in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely sit upright.

The health of Peoria is said to depend upon the state of the river. If, after rising in June, it falls in July, there is sure to be much sickness, bilious and intermittent fevers during the months of August and September. The water till within a few days has been unusually high, but some of the many who are watching it, say it begins to fall. If we were all to be sick, I don't know how we could be taken care of. I trust some of us may be spared to minister to the others.

We have no Unitarian preaching. A Society exists larger than in any other town, but they think themselves unable to support a minister.

The country around us is beautiful, beyond my power to describe. People are flocking from all quarters to this great valley, and in a few years the brightest portion of the Union will be what is now esteemed the "far West," but whatever beauties, whatever advantages it may possess, it is not the spot of earth I have loved from childhood, and I cannot feel as other than a stranger in a strange land.

I have had two letters from Bangor since I arrived here. Don't be surprised if you see me one of these days on my way there. I like it better than any place I have seen yet. I am satisfied I shall not live out half my days in Illinois. I am the most homesick creature you ever knew. Every morning finds me gazing from the window upon the lake, looking wistfully toward the east and struggling against the tears that will come unbidden. Sarah has a strong desire to behold the hills of New England again and says she would marry anyone, half white and free born, who would take her there.

Give my love to everyone. I never, never, knew how much I loved my friends till now that so many weary miles separate us from them. The girls all join me in affectionate remembrance to all who care for us. To yourself, my dear Aunt, we offer the sincere affection of hearts deeply grateful for the kindness you have so bountifully bestowed upon us.



Will you accept that as the only acknowledgment it is in our power to make at present for it? I will not add another feather's weight to this heavy affair, so good-bye and may God forever bless you.

Thine affectionately,

ELLEN BIGELOW.

Let us hear from you very soon.

### FROM THE FAR WEST.

Copy of the original letter written by Jesse Looney on the 27th day of October, 1845, to his brother-in-law, Major John C. Bond of Greenbush, Warren County, Illinois.

This letter was carried by Lieutenant Fremont and mailed in St. Louis, Mo., August 8, 1844.

Waillatpu, Oregon Ter., Oct. 27, 1843.

Dear Sir:

I embrace the opportunity of writing to you from this far western county, afforded me by the return of Lieut. Fremont to the states this winter. He thinks he will be at Independence, Mo., by January next, which will be in time for those who intend coming next season to this country to get some information about the necessary preparations to be made for the journey.

It is a long tiresome trip from the states to this country, but the company of emigrants came through safely this season—to the number of one thousand persons, with something over one hundred wagons—to this place, which is 250 miles east of the Willamette Valley, and, with the exception of myself and a few others, they have all gone on down, intending to go through this winter if possible.

About half of them have traded off their stock at Walla Walla, 25 miles below here, and are going by water; the balance went on by land to the Methodist Mission, 175 miles below this, intending to take water there. I have stopped here in the Walla Walla Valley to spend the winter in order to save my stock. This is a fine valley of land, excellent water, good climate, and the finest kind of pine timber on the surrounding mountains; and above all, a first rate range for stock both winter and summer. The Indians are friendly and have plenty of grain and potatoes, and a good many hogs and cattle.

The missionaries at this and the other Missions have raised fine crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., so that provisions can be procured here upon as good or better terms than in the lower settlements are present.

Cattle are valuable here, especially American cattle. Things induced me to stop here for the winter, save my stock and take them down in the Spring.

In preparing for the journey across the mountains, you cannot be too particular in the choice of a wagon—it should be strong in every part, and yet it should not be very heavy. The large size two horse Yankee wagons are the most suitable wagons that I have seen on this trip. You should have nothing but your clothing, bedding and provisions. Goods are cheaper here than in the states. Let your main load be provisions—flour and bacon. Put in about as much loading as one yoke of cattle can draw handily, and then put on three yoke of cattle and take an extra yoke for a change in case of failure from lameness or sore necks, and you can come without any difficulty. The road is good, much better than we expected, but it is long. Bring all the loose cattle you can get, especially milch cows and heifers. Do not attempt to bring calves—they will not come through and by losing them you will be in danger of losing their mother. I cannot urge you too strongly to be sure of plenty of provisions—do not depend on the game. You may get some, or you may not, it is uncertain.

We were about five months on the road to this place, and I had plenty of flour, etc., to do me, but most of the company were out long before they got here, and there is little or nothing to be had in the way of provisions at the forts on the way. I would advise you to lay in plenty for at least five months, for if you get out on the way, you have trouble to get any until you get here.

I would advise you to start as soon as the grass will admit of. We might have started a month sooner than we did, and then we would have been here to have gone through with

our cattle this winter. We left Independence the 22d of May, and we are just about a month too late.

Myself and family were all sick when we left and continued so until we left Blue River and the rains and mud, but when we struck the high land along the Platte we began to mend and continued to do so until we are all well. My own health is better than it has been for many years, and so far as I have seen this country I think it very healthful.

There was some sickness on the road, though not more than might have been expected in so large a company. There were five or six deaths on the road, some by sickness and some by accident, and there were some eight or ten births on the road. There was little or no sickness amongst them when they got here.

Up on the whole we fared much better than we expected. We found water every night but one, though it was sometimes not very good and we always found something to make a fire, but not always good wood.

We had no interruption from the Indians, unless, indeed, they might have stolen a horse now and then to get a little something for bringing him in. Our greatest difficulty was in crossing the rivers, but we got over them all safely, except one man drowned, and he did not cross with the main company, having quit the company and gotten behind.

Mrs. Looney says prepare yourselves with good strong clothing for the road or the wild sage will trip you. This shrub is very plentiful and was hard on our teams, especially those that went before, but it will not be so bad on those that come next year, for we have left a plain well beaten road all of the way.

I will have a better opportunity of giving you an account of this country next spring, and want you to write the first chance. No more, your brother until death.

JESSE LOONEY.







THE LINCOLN FAMILY—No. 1

Standing behind the table is Robert Todd Lincoln, With his father, looking over the book, is Tad. With Mrs. Lincoln is Willie.



THE LINCOLN FAMILY—No. 2

## THE LINCOLN FAMILY IN 1861.

A HISTORY OF THE PAINTING AND ENGRAVING.

*By* GEO. H. SMYSER, Ridgewood, N. J.

The picture here shown as number one was engraved by Mr. J. C. Buttre near the end of 1865. Shortly before that time there appeared several lithographs showing the Lincoln Family, some showing the two sons and some showing the three sons. The one here, shown as number one, shows Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Todd Lincoln, "Tad" and Willie.

Lincoln had another son, Edward Baker, who died in infancy.

The following are the births and deaths:

Abraham Lincoln, Born February 12, 1809; Died, April 15, 1865.

Mary Todd Lincoln, Born December 13, 1818; Died July 16, 1882.

Robert Todd Lincoln, Born August 1, 1843; Died July 26, 1926.

William Wallace Lincoln, Born December 21, 1850; Died February 20, 1862.

Thomas (Tad) Lincoln, Born April 4, 1852; Died July 15, 1871.

The above engraving cannot be claimed to be "extremely rare" but it is getting so, as after many years search, few are found and then they are held at good prices.

The engraving in my possession differs in many respects from others made thereafter.

Mr. George Probst, who was associated with Mr. J. C. Buttre, from whom I purchased my proof, related to me the following history of the engraving and also the painting. It

is the first impression, before letters, with the changes made thereon by the artist, Mr. Frank B. Carpenter.

About 1865, there appeared many Lincoln Family pictures as I stated, some engravings, some lithographs, all of which Mr. Buttre considered crude and very poor examples of the engraver's art as well as poor likenesses. So Mr. Buttre had the artist, Mr. Carpenter, paint him a "black and white" oil painting of the Lincoln Family as constituted in 1861. The painting cost Mr. Buttre \$500.00 and I show here an itemized account of just what it cost Mr. Buttre to engrave the plate. It is in Mr. Buttre's handwriting except the words "Cost to engrave the plate \$1664.50" which is in the handwriting of Mr. Probst as is the balance of the sheet.

#### THE LINCOLN FAMILY IN 1861.

Original Painting .....	\$500.00
Steel .....	60.
Photographs .....	25.
Etching Heads .....	130.
"    and Outlines .....	100.
Retouching Photograph .....	50.
Cutting lines over .....	185.
Rouletting and biting and scraping .....	440.
Cutting Steel .....	2.
Washington and back .....	26.
Photo .....	1.50
Working up heads and Etch Bob .....	70.
Rocking tint .....	60.
200 Circular Ve-Stereo Ve .....	15.

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Cost to engrave this plate \$1664.50

New York, Nov. 18, '09

To Mr. Geo. H. Smyser:

This is to certify that the above account of expenses was written by Mr. J. C. Buttre, the artist who engraved the steel plate of the "Lincoln Family in 1861" and the proof now



owned by Mr. Smyser was printed in 1865 and touched up by Mr. B. F. Carpenter, who painted the original of the "Lincoln Family." The above proof is the onliest one of that kind in existness.

GEORGE PROBST, 155 S. 48th St.

After the plate had been engraved, an impression was made and this first impression or proof is the one I own, was taken by Mr. Probst to the artist, Mr. Carpenter, who with his brush shaded various parts of the engraving here and there on some of the figures and upon Mr. Probst's return Mr. Buttre changed the plate to correspond to these changes, in fact they were merely changes in the shadings. Of all the engravings I have seen, none is as true to life as is this one.

I first met Mr. Probst about 1907. He was then an old man. You will note he gives the initials of Mr. Carpenter as "B. F.," they should be "F. B." Mr. Probst died some years ago.

In March, 1926, I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Warren C. Crane at his home in N. Y. City regarding this engraving. Mr. Crane is one of the most interesting men I ever met, and a large collector of engravings. He related to me the part dealing with the oil painting from which the engraving was made. Many years ago he called on Mr. Probst who was the Executor of the Buttre estate. Mr. Probst showed Mr. Crane a dirty, bent and broken canvas which he rescued from a rubbish heap. Mr. Buttre asked Mr. Crane if he wanted to buy it and offered it to Mr. Crane for \$50.00. He told Mr. Probst he would take the canvas and either send him the \$50.00 the next morning or return the painting. That evening Mr. Crane got in touch with the Century Company's art critic, Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, and he called and looked at the canvas. Mr. Fraser said at once a good painter did the canvas. Mr. Crane sent the \$50.00 to Mr. Probst. Mr. Crane later had the painting restored.

Mr. Fraser at the time of his visit to Mr. Crane's home could not furnish any information as to who the artist was,

as the painting was not signed. They did agree an artist of the first rank painted it. Later Mr. Probst found some of Mr. Carpenter's letters and they were presented to the New York Historical Society with the painting. From these letters Mr. Crane ascertained Mr. Carpenter was the artist and called on Mr. Carpenter, whose studio was in 4 Ave. near 27 Street and whom Mr. Crane intimately knew and asked him whether he remembered painting a Lincoln Family picture. At first Mr. Carpenter could not recall, but after a little thought said he did the painting for Buttre because at the time there were so many inferior pictures in existence. He told Mr. Crane he painted it for Buttre for \$500, that he did not sell the painting, but loaned it for \$500. Mr. Crane told him he had purchased the painting in good faith and Carpenter agreed Mr. Crane should have it. Mr. Crane then invited Carpenter to his home to look again at his painting and Carpenter came, not once, but many times, and remarked that it was the only real Lincoln ever done in oil; he considered it far superior to his painting "The Emancipation Proclamation." Mr. Crane called his attention to the fact that he had not signed the painting. Carpenter agreed to bring his brush along the next time and sign it, but each time Carpenter came he forgot his brush, and so it remains today—unsigned.

Mr. Crane presented this painting on April 6, 1909, to the New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park, West, New York City where it now is.

After I viewed the painting at the Society, I noticed in the painting that Willie Lincoln is shown with a sword (see photo no. 2) while in the Buttre engraving the sword is absent. I called this to Mr. Crane's attention later and he said he was aware of the difference and that Mr. Buttre had purposely made the change leaving the sword out of the engraving. Mr. Crane who had one of the largest collections of Lincoln engravings and prints also considered the "Lincoln Family in 1861" as the best of all Lincoln engravings. Mr. Crane advised me it was between 1893 to 1895 he bought the painting from Probst.

I presented one of the portraits in April, 1908, to Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln. He advised me through his secretary that Carpenter first made the acquaintance of President Lincoln after the Summer 1863, when Carpenter came to Washington to paint the picture of President Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet, and that Mr. Carpenter had not painted the Lincoln Family from life in 1861, because it shows Willie Lincoln, who died in 1862 a year before Carpenter ever saw President Lincoln and that neither Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln nor his mother ever posed to him.

The picture, Mr. Lincoln's secretary wrote me, shows the President with his youngest son, which is a Brady photograph, and represents President Lincoln looking over a photograph album and not a bible as many claim.

There is no doubt that Carpenter never painted this painting from life. What he did was to take separate photographs of the Lincoln Family and had arranged them to suit himself.

These interesting facts are here told perhaps for the first time and gives a complete history both as to the painting and the engraving

Mr. Crane advised me there were 3 etched proofs taken from the unfinished plate. One is now at Brown University, R. I., and one Major Lambert had.

## ALEXIS CLERMONT, AN OLD MAIL CARRIER.

*By* R. A. HAUSSNER.

The subject of this article carried mail on foot, from Green Bay, Wis., to Chicago, Ill., from 1832 to 1836, while in the employ of Piere B. Grignon, who had the contract for mail service between the points above named.

The route started from Alexander Irwin's post office in Shanty Town (Green Bay) and struck across country by Indian trail to Manitowoc, thence proceeding southward to Milwaukee by way of Two Rivers and Sheboygan. After Milwaukee the trail running inland a good ways, struck Skunk Grove and Gross Point, Ill. At Milwaukee, in Clermont's days, there were only the trading stations of Jaques Vieu, Sr., and Solomon Juneau,—at least he remembered no other houses.

There was a large Indian village at Milwaukee and others of considerable size at Sheyboygan and Manitowoc, but none between Milwaukee and Chicago, although Michael Oulimet had a trading post at Gross Point, Ill.

At Chicago, there were few buildings beside Fort Dearborn, but always a considerable floating population, and the atmosphere of the place, as stated by Clermont, was tough to a degree.

Neither Clermont nor his fellow carriers on the Green Bay—Chicago route made the trip alone. They always traveled in pairs, Clermont's companion being an Oneida Indian.

The carrier's mail pack was limited to sixty pounds, he usually had the full amount.

The round trip about 480 miles, consumed a month's time for its accomplishment. The pair of pedestrians invariably carried two shot bags filled with shelled corn, the contents of one being hulled corn and the other contained parched corn.





ALEXIS CLERMONT



This provender however, was only a reserve; the travellers depending for food on the Indians and traders, but now and then their friends had moved, in which cases they would be dependent on their own supplies. Winter and Summer they lay down in the woods whenever night overtook them, laying in a goodly store of rheumatic twinges.

The compensation for a round trip of this character, lasting through an entire month, varied from \$60.00 to \$70.00 per month. The carrier was not permitted to stop over in Chicago more than one night after his arrival there unless detained awaiting mail from Detroit, Mich., which in winter would come through by foot carrier, and by steamer in the summer.

On one occasion Clermont was sent from Green Bay on a special expedition to catch the mail with a letter from General Brooke; the carrier had a three days start ahead of him, but Clermont caught up at Gross Point, nearly exhausted from what was then considered a feat of some importance.

Clermont made his final trip in 1836 and for several years after he carried mail between Green Bay and Portage, Wis., later he carried mail between Green Bay and L'Anse, Mich.

After leaving the mail service, Clermont became a pilot of steamboats plying Wisconsin waters. He spent the last years of his life in DePere, Wis., his chief enjoyment being the relating, to all who cared to hear them, of his varied experiences in the early days of Wisconsin.

In 1892, at the age of 88, he again, clad in the identical mail carrier's costume of olden times, made the journey of 240 miles on foot to Chicago, Ill. With his pack of blankets on his back and his mail pouch by his side, starting from Green Bay, Wis., on Sept. 15th, making about 10 miles a day, he proceeded on his journey through the towns of Kaukauna, Appleton, Menasha, Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, West Bend, Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Evanston, reaching Chicago in time to witness the dedicatory ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition (World's Fair) October 20-22, 1892.

Rip Van Winkle never met with such surprises as did

Alexis Clermont. Previous to his last trip to Chicago he told a friend he had no idea that Chicago could really be much bigger than Green Bay, saying, "for those fellers at Chicago were always blowhards, I know'd em of old, sir, and you can't fool me."

His interest in the cities which have sprung up on the sites of his old camping grounds proved quite as keen as that which he himself elicited along his path.



# NECROLOGY

**JOHN HOWARD TODD****1866-1929.**

VETERAN NEWSPAPERMAN, POET, TRAVELER SUCCUMBS  
AT MINNEAPOLIS.

John Howard Todd, 63, associate editor of the Minneapolis Tribune and associated with The State Journal as reporter, telegraph editor and city editor for nine years, died at his home, 3144 Humboldt avenue, south, Minneapolis, June 17.

Mr. Todd suffered a nervous breakdown nearly three months ago and his condition had become so serious during the last few days that his demise was not unexpected.

Mr. Todd was an example of the scholarly, polished type of newspaperman. His activities carried him far and near and his reputation as a writer of verse, published in The Ladies' Home Journal and other magazines of national circulation and his known reliability as an accurate chronicle of current events gave him an enviable standing among members of his profession.

Born, Jan. 31, 1866, in Urbana, Ohio, John Howard Todd was a son of John Eli and Jane Mumper Todd. He lived his early life on a farm and attended Oberlin College for four years. He then attended the University of Michigan two years and was graduated with the degree of A. B. He was a well known college athlete and was a member of the baseball team during his two years at the University of Michigan.

After his graduation Mr. Todd taught school for a year in Urbana and then, in 1891, came to Springfield where he began his long newspaper career as a reporter for The State Journal. Three days as a reporter resulted in his promotion to the post of telegraph editor under the intimate tutelage of E. R. Morse, city editor and editorial writer. Mr. Todd owed much of his success in the beginning of his newspaper work to the kindly advice and assistance of the late Clarence Paul, editor of The State Journal for many years.

Mr. Todd's connection with this newspaper lasted until



JOHN HOWARD TODD





1900, during most of which time he was city editor. Upon leaving Springfield, Mr. Todd went to Chicago where he was a copy reader on the old Chicago Herald, later becoming Chicago correspondent for the New York Herald, followed by two years as acting news editor of The New York Herald in New York City. He returned to Chicago in the fall of 1908 and remained about six years during which time he engaged in special newspaper work. One assignment was a period of fourteen weeks spent with the battleship fleet on the Pacific coast.

In February, 1915, Mr. Todd went to Minneapolis as city editor of The Minneapolis Journal and a year later became affiliated with The Minneapolis Tribune in a newspaper connection which lasted until his death.

Scholarly efforts of Mr. Todd in Springfield included the editorship of a weekly paper, "The Oracle," which enjoyed much favor during its life time. He was the author of "Illinois, Thy Wondrous Story," published in The Chicago Record-Herald in 1914 and read extensively in the schools and colleges of the state.

Mr. Todd's newspaper assignments carried him to South America. He wrote about the Panama Canal for The New York Herald for which paper he also went to Mexico. In 1906 he wrote entertainingly of affairs during his travels in Japan, China and the Philippines. He represented various New York papers at national political conventions of both parties for about sixteen years. He was a trained observer and analyst and his writing gained the respect of an authority.

Veteran newspapermen of Springfield remember Mr. Todd with a feeling of affection. He never lost his contact with friends here. S. Leigh Call, former editor of The State Journal, a few days ago referred to Mr. Todd as "one of the finest men that ever walked the earth."

Mr. Todd and Miss Katherine Palmer, a well known musician and social favorite, were married Dec. 10, 1903, in Springfield. Decedent is survived by his wife, two brothers,

W. Scott Todd, St. Petersburg, Fla., and Marion Todd, Urbana, Ohio; also two sisters, the Misses Sarah and Jeanne Todd, Urbana, Ohio.

Club affiliations of Mr. Todd in Minneapolis, included membership in the Kiwanis, Six o'Clock, Westminster and Minneapolis Automobile Club. He was also an interested member of the Illinois State Historical Society.—Illinois State Journal, June 18, 1929.

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Editorial. Illinois State Journal, Wednesday, June 19, 1929.

### JOHN HOWARD TODD.

John Howard Todd, lost to the profession of newspaper making, leaves to his survivors and to coming generations of journalists the heritage of an ennobling example. To live as did John Todd and to achieve as John Todd achieved, is ambition enough. There will be no failure among those who measure their coming careers by that example.

The Illinois State Journal had some of Mr. Todd's best years—years when he was learning the work to which he would devote his life and fitting himself for the larger field. He was just out of college when he came to it, a rare acquisition of unspoiled young manhood and brains. Character inherited from a family of honorable men and good women, and developed in the wholesome environment of a substantial rural Ohio community, was his.

Those were lean days in newspaper work in Springfield. The mechanical departments of the newspapers absorbed most of the income. There was little left for reporters and desk men. Perhaps the greatest tribute to John Howard Todd would be a recital of his experience during that period.

It was something to maintain one's self-respect under conditions surrounding the work. Todd did that. Doing it, he won the respect, the confidence and the affection of the community. He won, too, the love of the talented woman who thereafter shared his life. Miss Katherine Palmer, who

became Mrs. Todd, was the inspiration of the first poem written by John Howard Todd, which attracted nationwide attention. "The Girl Who Laughs," was written while he was editing copy on The State Journal. Some of his cleverest verse was penned in those pinching delightfully happy days. It reflects the soul of a courageous, chivalrous, honorable gentleman. The newspaper profession has known no higher type.

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### JOHN H. TODD IS TAKEN BY DEATH IN MINNEAPOLIS.

John Howard Todd, 63, one of the nation's best known journalists, who as a young man was employed as a reporter and later as city editor of the Illinois State Journal in Springfield, died at his home in Minneapolis, June 17, 1929.

Mr. Todd suffered a nervous breakdown nearly three months ago and his condition had become so serious that his death was not unexpected.

At the time of his death Mr. Todd was associate editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. He had also been active for many years as a writer of verse, published in the Ladies' Home Journal and other magazines of national circulation.

Mr. Todd was a native of Ohio, having been born Jan. 31, 1866, in Urbana, Ohio. He lived his early life on a farm and attended Oberlin college for four years after which he spent two years at the University of Michigan and was graduated with an A. B. degree. He was a well known college athlete and was a member of the baseball team while at the Michigan institution.

In 1891 he came to Springfield and began his newspaper career. Promotion from reporter to telegraph editor came within a short time and he later became the city editor. Mr. Todd's connection with the State Journal lasted until 1900 when he went to Chicago. Most of the time until 1915 he spent in that city, although for a short period he was employed in New York as news editor of the Herald.

In February, 1915, he went to Minneapolis as city editor

of the Minneapolis Journal and a year later became affiliated with the Minneapolis Tribune in a newspaper connection broken only by death.

Mr. Todd and Miss Katherine Palmer a well known musician, were married Dec. 10, 1903, in Springfield. Besides his wife, he is survived by two brothers, W. Scott Todd, St. Petersburg, Fla., and Marion Todd of Urbana, Ohio; also two sisters, Miss Sarah and Jeanne Todd, Urbana, Ohio.

Older Springfield residents will no doubt also remember Percy Todd, a brother of the journalist, who lived here during the last three years of the last century. He was employed at Klaholt's jewelry store during this time. He later returned to Ohio and died several years ago.—Illinois State Register, June 18, 1929.

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Editorial. Illinois State Register, June 18, 1929.

#### JOHN HOWARD TODD.

To have known John Howard Todd was to have known a perfect gentleman. For many years he dignified the profession of journalism in Springfield prior to entering larger fields in Chicago and later in Minneapolis where he died Monday night. He was tolerant of the faults of others—modest about his own exceptional abilities. Elegance and good taste jeweled his writings. He wrote with a pen tempered with humor, brevity and wisdom. He understood music and the arts. His poems expressed the poetry that was in his soul. Those of us who enjoyed association with him in Springfield feel a great loss. A real journalist and thorough gentleman has passed. This city extends most profound sympathy to Mrs. Todd in her bereavement.



## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Maps, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6-35. Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1928. (Nos. 6-26 out of print.)

\*Illinois Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. clvi and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. xxxiii and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 1 and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. civ and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. cxviii and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. clxvii and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

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\* Out of Print.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. lvii and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xxviii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. cxli and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. xxxiii and 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. xxx and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. viii and 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI. British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xviii and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVII. Law Series, Vol. I. The laws of the Northwest Territory, 1788-1800. Edited with introduction by Theodore Calvin Pease. xxxvi and 591 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Statistical Series, Vol. I. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. lxviii and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIX. Virginia Series, Vol. IV. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1781-1784. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James, Ph. D., LL. D. lxxv and 572 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1926.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XX. Lincoln Series, Vol. II. The Diary of Orville Hickman Browning, Vol. I, 1850-1864. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease and James G. Randall. xxxii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 161 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 182 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XXII, No. 2, July, 1929.

Journals out of print: Volumes I to X, inclusive.

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\* Out of Print.





## **HISTORICAL VALUES IN THE MID-CENTURY LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WEST.**

BY ARTHUR H. HIRSCH.

Professor of American History on the James S. Britton  
Foundation Ohio Wesleyan University.

To those who follow the traveled roads of American literature and historical tendencies it has become clear that a new meaning for the word literature has developed in recent years. Where stress formerly lay on such things as excellence of diction, structure, form, polish, and balance, emphasis now lies as well on the genuineness of interpretation, fidelity to form, and exactness of the spirit of the setting. It has become clear that much of the literature of the West, now recognized as having importance as a memorial of the frontier, is the mediocre work of earnest men and women, whose principal usefulness lay in living the everyday life, with its anxieties and burdens, its hopes and triumphs, and telling in the simple, unrheterical language of the frontier the story of the experiences through which they passed. To the literary critic it may have little or no value, but not infrequently is the student of history able to penetrate to the very core of a period, or institution, through the contemporary writings of persons who observed and recorded their impressions in story form or description. Even satire, despite its conscious exaggeration, may have historical value. Accordingly, the word literature has come to mean a body of writings, the raw stuff of literature, such as published journals, biographies, travel narratives, and even that portion of fiction which endeavors to portray the conditions of a time or place. In the field of history these may have a value altogether aside from technique, literary beauty, or artistry. With these considerations in mind the task of this address is to examine

some of the historical values in the American literature of the mid-century period, embracing roughly the middle half-century, from about 1825 to 1875. To endeavor to evaluate critically the literature of this extraordinarily virile period, to appraise its romance values in the light of reality, to take away, so to speak, the outer wrappings and expose to view the inner worth, is not an easy task. The formal biographies are too often replete with eulogy, when criticism should abound. Our forefathers wrote like courtiers, unfortunately holding that a gentleman should speak only well of the dead. There are too often no blemishes on the corpses, and, in the lives of the dead, one finds not infrequently no shadow of reproach. Consequently, scarcely a single biography of the time is to be trusted, except that one can safely conclude that all the good he finds in men reflects as well the evils that live after them. Nevertheless, one finds exact and complete descriptions, elaborate reviews of conditions and institutions, truthful portrayals of life and experience. The literature of the Middle-West is like the Middle-West itself, coarse and crude, even dowdy at first. When at length the amenities appear, they too are reflected in the literature, as well as in the phenomena of the West.

Slowly, but gradually, with the pushing of the frontier line farther into the wilderness the scope of material for literary interpretation was enlarged. Sea life and tropic islands give way to parklike glades or inland forests as themes to beguile traveler and writer. To trace even the romantic element through these enthralling decades would be out of the question in this brief address. It must be sufficient to indicate a few of the manifestations such as these:

For a quarter century there were tiny indicators, revealing the way the current was tending, telltale hints that fascinate in the midst of their otherwise barren setting. When the West, in due course, began to appear in literature, it was the Ohio Valley, which was then being invaded by the throngs of newcomers, that naturally became the beneficiary of this new interest. The literature now portrays with equal clearness

the "rude miscellany of settlers who entrusted their families and goods and cattle to great rafts" and the blackguards who thronged the rivers and preyed upon the adventurers. Here are travelers and observers who wrote their impressions of the country and the people. There were explorers, adventurers, missionaries, scientists, foreign travelers, and also alert observers among the pioneers themselves. The impressions of the vastness and wildness of the country and the uniqueness of the people are recorded in numberless instances. Here are the tales of rivalry and anxiety, of jealousy and ambitious scheming, but also the realistic descriptions of prairie and wilderness, of savage, of pioneer and of landscape. There is marked contrast, of course, between the vagaries of fiction on the one hand, and the accurate and thorough accounts of Indian life and the experiences of the pioneer. There is often a noticeable interest on the part of the writers in observations of scientific interest. Even to botanist and geologist the new country was a land of promise offering a variety of attractions. The findings of these scientists are not without their value to the historian. More numerous were the foreigners who came to observe the political, social and economic aspects of frontier life on this continent. Some, drawn by idle curiosity or cumbered only by national prejudice, left unmistakable evidences in their accounts of the disappointments which they experienced. Some of these tell an absorbing story of a decade of effort to penetrate the mysteries of the mighty Mississippi, or the meaning of the shifting peoples, who dwelt along its shores. Here are tales more thrilling than fiction.

Remote as we are today from those scenes and times the interest never seems to slacken in these relations which draw a line of more or less certain history along the region of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. The frontier arts and crafts are made to live again. There are intimate descriptions of sugar making, of house building, gardening, and the sports and games. Here is a definite consciousness of the external world. Men and women strive against the elements of

nature, against the river and the mountain. Here the forest is conquered, the river tamed, the hill surmounted. The Indian must be either won, or subdued, the French persuaded, or conquered. Optimism and individualism, which are the center of frontier idealism, are traits which the West engenders. There courage was an indispensable quality, physical endurance and mental alertness as necessary as life to guarantee the survival of the primitive struggle for existence. Unless it be in the original narratives themselves, in journals and letters, and the oft-told tales of the pioneer, where are better told and better preserved the experiences of the Mid-West frontier than in the contemporary literature of those decades? If the student of history can forget for the time being all that the literary critics have said about Cooper's "fainting females" and his ideal Indians, sometimes disgustingly drunk, and actually read the stories as Cooper produced them, read until the trader and the trapper, the Indian and the frontier live again in his mind, he will realize as he matches the fiction of Cooper's pages with the reality of the Mid-West, as recorded in letters and memoirs, that here is in reality a great American epic. In laying aside for the moment the standards of classical literature, which cannot be applied in such cases, one remembers that Cooper's major purpose was evidently to create an atmosphere against which to place his persons and on which to construct his plot. In both the atmosphere and the plot there is importance, but for our purposes the atmosphere has the greater significance. Here the same environment that provided standing room for Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark bred also the Mike Finks and the Davy Crockets, and it engulfed in its depths a horde of nameless creatures, who lived sordid lives, spawned their offspring, and spread a mediocrity of social depravity that left yellow trails behind. Such people when dead were forgotten forever. Here in the social mixture the gray, the drab, the yellow mingle freely with the fairer elements, with the result that not infrequently the heroic and radiant figures are streaked with gray and yellow, and the personalities display the traits



that spring therefrom. With Daniel Boone the dominant trait was a rugged, unassuming honesty, not infrequently adulterated by profuse falsehood and a chronic craving for more space in which to wander. So strong was this indeed that his fairmindedness did not prevent him, during his long hunts, from leaving his wife to wrestle alone in her birth-pains with only the haphazard help that might by sheer accident be accorded her by travelers going that way. With George Rogers Clark it was military ambition, which, when thwarted, poisons his nature with corrosive bitterness. In David Crocket raged the torment of ungratified ambitions. His unvarnished egotism and mean resentments betray the provincialism bred in him by frontier isolation. In Jedediah Smith we find the serious minded piety of the Puritan pioneer, shorn of Puritanical morbidity, intolerance and superstition. In him will always live a recrudescence of religious motive which made conquest of the wilderness distinctly an adventure in spiritual pioneering.

The boldness of the Western character may have been as chivalrous as Dr. Grund claims it was, and the contest of the wilderness, as Professor Rusk brings out, could easily have been "the Trojan War of the Americans," but the conquest of the Western wilderness was on the whole really a prosaic experience, exceedingly destructive of the human material used in the operation. The price was great, even for that period, but sobering is also the reflection that it prevented for generations a generous devotion to the ideals of culture and the amenities. The achievement of this people was not at all of the stirring spiritual kind. Possibly, after all, as Michael Chevalier said, they have fulfilled as perfectly as human nature is capable of doing the mission which Destiny entrusted to them—that of acting as a nation of pioneers and subduers of the forest.

There is no debate on the question whether such men as William D. Gallagher, James Hall, and Timothy Flint realized any large measure of artistic skill in the literature they attempted to create. There remains however the unsettled

question, whether they and others, who are comparatively obscure authors now, did not succeed in creating an invaluable body of literature for the record it contains of the development of a wilderness society and the organization of institutions during a period unique in American History. Nor should we forget that a few self-conscious writers of the frontier, striving ineffectually for certain artistic achievement, had their eyes fixed on literary excellence, rather than on fidelity and reality of description, whereas the few that acquired a style of real merit and charm, were as a rule those who were incapable of portraying the real West.

Timothy Flint and James Hall, are generally regarded as the chief spokesmen of the Middle West. Hall was lured by its promise of romance, and all but achieved enduring value in his picture of pioneer life. Both men represented fairly the eastern culture. Flint put a remarkable fund of first-hand information and a mass of intimate observations of his wide experience into his books, revealing his personal interest in the new country. James Hall identified himself through long residence in Illinois and Ohio with the scenery, boat songs, the wide variety of river craft used by immigrants, with the geography, people and manners, highly entertaining and informing. He produced material similar to that found in the gazetteers and guides, which at the time composed a large part of the literature of frontier travel.

And yet, the romantic element in the literature of the Middle West, is not its greatest or most intense. This section was too quickly inhabited, too near the eastern tidewater, to remain long in the folds of mystery and uncertainty. Its paths soon became highways, robbed of the mystery of the unknown, and were revealed in the full noon day of realism. Here lies no small basis for the rapid transformations which took place and the meagreness of the lowly lives that cling close to the soil and which yield that pitiless realism which characterizes the literature of the area and the period under review. When the travel was over, the labor of clearing and the hard work of cleaving the tough woods of the forest caused hardship and

disease, which, enhanced by privation, loneliness and maladjustments, brought many a pioneer to his Gethsemane. In the current literature of the frontier are embalmed forever the proofs of this discouragement, heartache, melancholy fear, and despair. But there too are preserved imperishable the hearty good cheer, joy of accomplishment and conquest, and the radiant hope of the pioneer, who, leaving all he loved behind, found in his new inheritance the golden fulfillment of his fondest hopes.

To the unenlightened and especially to the traveler from foreign lands sojourning in the American West, this was the most uncouth and the most crude of all places in the world. The British particularly were not inclined to be friendly in their descriptions. The bitterness engendered by two wars was reflected in the flood of travel literature in which the West as well as the East was held up to ridicule. What was left unfinished in the War of 1812 itself was completed in the mass of books that poured forth. To the cynic, America was unfit for any kind of emigrant, and the venom of British bitterness left an inheritance of scurvy maledictions and unlovely allusions to the coarse life and vile unchastity of the Mississippi Valley. But even in the lying propaganda of this sort there is preserved for the historian no small amount of valuable information, for it is simply part of the general tendency toward falsehood concerning the West. Here is however, as Dundore brings out, an excellent counterpiece to the rainbow bubbles of the romancer, for in the books of British travelers are preserved the evidences of the national feeling which continued until after 1840 and which is one of the most striking characteristics of their books. H. B. Fearon, who wrote much about the Middle West, was among the first to exaggerate the inconveniences of life and to meanly discourage his countrymen from coming here. No opportunity of ridicule was allowed to pass. The most famous and most spurned was Mrs. Trollope, who after a sojourn of two years in Cincinnati, published her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, (1832). Its historical value lies mainly in the fact that

it was an ill-humored and unkind, though justified rebuke of the people who had befriended her, and though known to have been exaggerated, was taken too seriously by the people it described. In the very protestations against it lie historic values, for therein the Americans learned some of their own shortcomings and in the baiting of the now famous authoress, American writers found an agreeable pastime. But the rebuttal of English statements became a leading national activity, in which writers of all sections engaged. In this art none perhaps was more offensive than F. W. Shelton, whose doggerel satire was popularly known as "*The Trollopiad*," (1837).

Even Dickens found the prospect in America most gloomy. Disillusioned of his dreams of thriving cities and palatial fairy landscapes he encountered huddled stumps, enormous ditches in which ran liquid mud. The prairies aroused in him feelings of lonely disappointment. And yet, except for the preservation in fact, of such descriptions as he has given us in *The Prairie*, and Dr. Timothy Dwight's picture of the pioneer's discouragement, the historian would have no adequate or true picture of mid-western conditions. The despairing lack of education is not infrequently described with scathing portrayal. The disgusting slovenliness of the unkempt slatterns, with leathery, weathered skin, uncombed and dirty hair and their long loose unclean dresses; the ill managed farms, the lack of privacy, general uncleanness and vulgar inconvenience at the inns; the shrewish temper and the laziness of servants; the coarseness and uncouth manners of men and their unlovely conversations and prying inclinations, all receive oft repeated and merited consideration. The historian may regard such conditions the preface to better times farther ahead, but posterity would hardly have learned of them had it not been for the description contained in the published literature of the area.

Levasseur, who accompanied La Fayette on his visit to the Middle West, in 1825, was a keen observer of the old decadent French communities. His account is enlivened with a variety of incidents including a shipwreck on the Ohio



River and is one of the most readable of the travel books of the time. Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, (1836), has long been known as one of the fairest analyses of American institutions, while Michael Chevalier's *Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States*, (1839), is always remembered in sharp contrast to the work of Mrs. Trollope.

Such swift expansion, as was here experienced, together with such sharp reactions of temper inevitably provide themselves with philosophies in which to clothe their new aspirations. In these it is that historical value lies surely embedded. For the student who knows the intimacies of German migration to America in the middle of the century there is summed up with poignant reality in Ferdinand Kurnberger's *Amerika-Müde*, (1855), the whole of the German immigration. Amidst wasteful desolation the traveler finds a hut. There are copies of English and German classics covered with dust. On a bed lies a fever-parched woman, the daughter of a Marburg professor, in her delirium crying for water. The husband moves through the experiences of emotional disappointment over his own literary unproductiveness, the strange wrongs of frontier injustice, which exclude him from his own home, and the heart breaking insanity of his wife brought on by border camp-meeting emotionalism. If one bars the sarcastic thrusts of the volume, he can find in its pages many elements of truth and strength. It is not hard to believe that Frederick Gerstacker's *Nach Amerika* is superior to Kurnberger both in correct information and in technique. It is probably the best piece of German fiction bearing on the German movements to Mid-America. Here is found a careful study of the land of promise, the emigrant agent and commercialism, the overdrawn descriptions by which immigrants were persuaded, and the "slow poisons which" were "injected in many a contented and peaceful family." Agents, commissions, seaport conditions, a Jewish accordion player, shipboard amusements, food, games, and songs, are all clearly set forth. There is a review of the evils attending the great influx of poverty-ridden Europeans. Even today it serves as a reflection, in literature, of the pioneer West.

The first woman to consistently and comprehensively portray in fiction the discordant and discouraging aspects of the mid-century frontier was Katharine Mathilda Kirkland. The pages of her volume, *A New Home*, illuminate our understanding of a woman's dreaded breaking of the old ties, her yearning in secret for the friends left behind and the heart-break of rearing a family far from privilege and refinement. Hers were the long months of aching loneliness, hers the sleepless caution against Indian and wild beast; the hopeless, seemingly endless night vigils in sickness and poverty. Today we find in such evidences as these the basis for the heroic figures who rose from these experiences, and the origin of those superb bodies ever pregnant with new vitality and resourcefulness, that come to view in the decades just following. Mrs. Kirkland shows how the mudholes and the corduroy roads of the Mid-West early compelled her to see reality, as did also ironing and baking in a small room, over an open stove on a sultry summer day. In that very room toads and snakes crawled up through the cracks, and clouds of insects made life by day and night a torment. Despite the varied criticism that her literary opponents registered against her, even in the later books, as, *Forest Life and Western Clearings*, (1845), Mrs. Kirkland portrayed life as she saw it. And though the literary critic finds in what she says not so much to praise, the historian turns eagerly to her pages for authentic description of forest and frontier village, of the home, and the manners of the pioneer. Though not spectacular in their exposé of maladjustments, her portrayals are nevertheless convincing. Here are the slovenly waste in housekeeping, the carefree outlook on evil, and the contempt for ideals. Skilled or unskilled as may be her literary technique, the drab details of frontier country life are pictured without let or hindrance.

The work of Edward Eggleston is much better known. Therein we find a potential protest to the misleading conception of the border country and an effort to resist the encroaching tendency toward cheap biographies and misleading sensational fiction. In fact he even expresses the intention "of making his stories of value . . . to the history of civiliza-

tion." To them the historian may turn with no little confidence in his hope to find correct depiction of frontier characters and life. The Millerite prophecies that set the world astir in the forties are heard in his *End of the World*. The *Mysteries of Metropolisville*, (1873), exposes the trickery and deception common in a typical landboom town. Educational primitiveness is described in *The Hoosier School-Boy* and *The Hoosier School Master*, while *The Circuit Rider* leaves unquestioned evidences of the suppressed awe and crude heroism identified with the frontier clergyman of a century ago. Where are portrayed with truer realism the revival fervor and heart searching convictions, the self abnegation of frontier religious emotionalism, manifested in the "jerks" and other contortions of primitive revivalism? The historian is familiar with the fact that Eggleston depicts clearly the persecutions of an honest man like Gotlieb Wehle. True it is, that even if in the idiosyncrasies of the frontier types are found a literary soil "as rich, deep, and uncultured, as the Mississippi bottoms," there was inadvertently deposited an increment of historical interest and substance which bears no small value to posterity. Eggleston's very passion for truth makes his tales teem with historical merit. The citizens of Indianapolis might shout themselves hoarse in protest over his alleged exaggerations, but in his chapters, one can revel in the flowering bushes of Ohio and Indiana, the rolling prairies of Illinois, find solace for bereavement in the ideals of the *Circuit Riders*, and relief for solitude in the great flocks and studded hills of the "Beautiful River" area.

One of the most distinctive features of historical evolution of the Mid-West is found in the colloquial sketches of the humorists of the Ohio Valley. In three amazing volumes Thomas C. Haliburton, as early as 1852, described the *Traits of American Humor*. The stories of this evolution are gathered from the lazy camp-fire vigils, from the tales told by travelers and loungers at the military posts, or recess hours on court days, and matured in the oft-told tales of "swappings" of the long frontier evenings. They are exaggerated, racy, and bear the odor of the soil in their



speech. Their humor lies in the facetious elaboration of the gawkiness and boastfulness of the rustics, or their slapstick burlesque. In satire the oddities of one age are held up to ridicule by another. Polite society is made foolish and the grotesqueness of the primitive life is magnified. There are the wit combats of budding lawyers, lying deadbeats, and the idiosyncrasies of the border hero. The exposure is pitiless, but humorous. The "Prairie of Illanoy" is shown as a land where food is so cheap "you can live on half-nothin." The facetious "Doesticks" gets his college preparation in Michigan, then wanders off to Kentucky, "the land of good horses, poor jackasses, glorious cornbread and lazy darkies."

There is not time to discuss the influence of William Gilmore Simms whose visit to the Middle West bore much literary fruit. Here are unexaggerated, horrible, blood portrayals of western ruffianism and he shows how the dregs of civilization of the lower Mississippi regularly turned north and sated their passions in sensual villany on the prairie frontier. Here are exposed with daring completeness the tricks of the scoundrels of the frontier, lying stories, shirt sleeve justice, oily piety, all of the claptrap of villany, horrible fist fights, bloody combats, superstition, coarse conversation, real heroism, beautiful devotion. The dark mingles with the light and the variegated colors blend in the end into one shade. From veritable literary swamp miasmas and unlovely odors Simms rises to the sublime heights of character beauty, while the border martinet, strangely real, in stern justice condemns his own son to death.

Neither is there time to more than mention *The Dark and Bloody Ground* which was the central theme of James Weir, Judge James Hall, and Robert Montgomery Bird. Mrs. Caroline Hentz could be passed over here entirely except that she represents the group of women moralists who wished to offset the too prevalent blood-narrative by a more elevating content, and retard the effect of influential stories in which the brutal and unrefined elements predominated. This historic movement was rather important. Her attempt was to divert the attention of the reading youth to stories of thwarted love



and the retribution of mercenary ambition. Mrs. Soule belongs to the same class and her writings abound in the melodrama of kidnapping villains, abandoned children, etc. Her women are inquisitive and garrulous, they tell uncouth stories, and yet they are the real calico and gingham women of the West. In the stories of Mary Holmes (1869) may be found with a marvelous degree of reality, the blending of race elements, traditions and tendencies. There is an abundance of the "sob stuff" which was standard in that day, and it furnished the *motif* for the tear-shedding of thousands. Here is seen the barrenness of the home, free as it was from material hardship, and the spiritual poverty of the matter-of-factness, against which Hamlin Garland in a later period so eloquently rebelled.

In the closing years under our consideration the frontier was sweeping on. Over the mid-continent areas a flood of homesteaders, augmented by disbanded soldiers, filled in the prairie spaces. Meanwhile, many familiar things had become commonplace, though they lingered on for years. In the tense period of war and reconstruction the middle West also thrust aside much that she had cherished as sacred. New Samsons were pulling down the old temples. New realities were enshrined on ancient altars. A new sense of individual liberty engulfed the nation. The dignified literary ideals of the older romantic America and the transcendentalism of the early century had become but bygone yesterdays and left no magic memories behind out of which to weave a new diadem of romance about the fallen hopes. A new age was on the threshold. But in it was the inheritance of the very middle class sovereignty which the mid-century literature had exalted, and from the crude and vast romanticism of that vigorous sovereignty emerged new philosophies to take the place of those which had gone down in the cataclysms of the War for Southern Independence. Literature found here absorbing themes, new scenes, and dignified ideals, a discussion of which must be reserved for another time and place.

## JAMES HALL IN SHAWNEETOWN.

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In the spring of 1820, James Hall, then twenty-seven years old, disembarked from an Ohio river ark at Shawneetown, known in the West as "a brisk place."<sup>1</sup> This younger brother of two prominent Philadelphians, John Hall, editor, and Harrison Hall, publisher of *The Portfolio*, was adventuring hopefully toward the western frontier, where he had determined to practice his profession of law and rise with the development of the country.

Before 1820, Hall had studied law, he had fought in the war of 1812, and, subsequently, had voyaged to the Mediterranean under Stephen Decatur. Further, he had written many "spirited and graceful trifles"<sup>2</sup> for the gazettes of the day, and, during the trip down the Ohio, had kept a journal.

This study, however, begins when Hall stepped ashore at the disorderly river settlement at Shawneetown,<sup>3</sup> and continues until his removal to Vandalia in 1827, after seven years of professional and literary activity which had made him known to his community as a distinguished legislator, jurist, and man of letters.

Shawneetown, a village water-soaked by many inundations, has been laid out near the old salt licks along the Ohio, far to the South in Illinois. Down the river from Pittsburg

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<sup>1</sup> John Woods, "English Prairie," in Reuben Gold Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*. Cleveland, 1904. v. x, p. 254.

<sup>2</sup> Rufus Wilmot Griswold, *The Prose Writers of America*. Philadelphia, n. d. (1870). p. 289.

<sup>3</sup> An act was passed by Congress in March, 1814, for the laying out of the town. James Hall, *Letters from the West*. London, 1828. p. 220.



Yours Truly  
James Hall





floated arks, flatboats, steamboats. Boatmen sang, keeping time to their oars.

Some rows up, but we rows down,  
All the way to Shawnee Town,  
Pull away—pull away!<sup>4</sup>

Rivermen, working up from New Orleans, tied their boats to the dock and spent a drunken Sunday in the town.<sup>5</sup> Here, too, gathered horse thieves, and others who, by preying upon travelers, made their living along the watercourse.

The situation of the town, travelers claimed, was “handsome.”<sup>6</sup> On the top of a low hill overlooking a level plain, and surrounded by marsh land and cypress swamps, were clustered eighty or ninety buildings. Amid old cabins made of logs and mud stood a few brick and frame houses, signifying that the town had progressed beyond territorial days.<sup>7</sup>

This picturesqueness vanished, however, upon approaching the village, for, although frequent river floods left perpetual pools of water standing in the streets, although an occasional animal was allowed to lie where it had happened to die, and although no drainage relieved the town except that afforded by its natural elevation, the settlers were not sufficiently distressed by their damp and foul-smelling village until 1822, when the trustees passed an ordinance providing for the removal of dead animals and for the laying of side walks.<sup>8</sup> Such were the conditions that greeted the travelers from the East.

<sup>4</sup>Hall, James. *Letters From the West*. London, 1828. p. 94.

<sup>5</sup>“Many of the store-keepers were very obliging, but the boatmen the very reverse; a rough set of men, much given to whiskey, fighting, and gouging, that is, they fight up and down, trying to put out each others eyes with their fingers and thumbs, and sometimes biting off each others noses or ears. A man, who resides near me, had the top of his nose bitten off, in one of these brutal frays, some years since. This is their common manner of fighting; but it is said that the neighborhood is improving in buildings and manners.” John Woods, “English Prairie,” in Reuben Gold Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*. v. x, p. 255.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.* v. x, p. 254.

<sup>7</sup>Hall describes the town as follows: “The town now contains about one hundred houses, of which five or six are of brick, several of frame, and the remainder of log. It has twelve stores, at which a large and active trade is carried on, besides a number of shops of a smaller description; two excellent taverns, an independent bank, and a branch of the state bank; a land office, a post office, two printing offices; and furnishes employment to carpenters, cabinet makers, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, and other mechanics, of whom a number are settled here.” *Letters from the West*. p. 221.

<sup>8</sup>T. C. Pease, *The Frontier State, 1818-1848*. (The Centennial History of Illinois, II.) Chicago, 1919. p. 8.

Further, no social or political needs, as yet, had demanded the building of school, church or court house. In Shawneetown there was, however, a jail.<sup>9</sup> The country was overrun with dangerous strangers from distant parts, histories unknown. In fact, James Flint, in his *Letters from America*, claimed:

“The river Ohio is considered the greatest thoroughfare of banditti in the Union. Here the thief, in addition to the cause of his flight, has only to steal a skiff, and sail down the river in the night. Horse stealing is notorious in the western country.<sup>10</sup> Yet the prisoners which such conditions provided were not always successfully detained, for, should some backwoods rowdy feel himself to be in danger of punishment, or should his lodging be otherwise unpleasant, usually he was retarded only temporarily by thin prison walls of brick and logs.”

Delinquency in the matter of payment of debts, moreover, distressed the tradesmen of the town. Tavern keepers complained that young men went off without paying for their board. Local newspapers contained numerous advertisements requesting debtors to settle, if not by the payment of money, then by a trade of useful commodities; and they published notices of runaway slaves, apprentices, and wives. The position of workmen, as well as of tradesmen, was equally disadvantageous, so that *The Illinois Gazette*, in 1820,<sup>11</sup> maintained that the mechanics could not remain in Shawneetown because of high rents.

In such an environment religion, of course, had little opportunity for development. A visitor to Shawneetown noticed the profane character of the settlement, and stated in his journal:

“This was the Sabbath, but not much observed at Shawneetown, there being no place of public worship. The Methodists sometimes hold meetings in a private house, but they are not well attended. There was much drinking and fight-

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<sup>9</sup> Pease, however, claims that the town contained no jail. Ibid. p. 8.

<sup>10</sup> James Flint, “Letters from America,” in Reuben Gold Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, v. ix, p. 167.

<sup>11</sup> *The Illinois Gazette*. March 30, July 1, July 8, 1820.

ing nor was work wholly laid aside, as we saw several teams out."<sup>12</sup>

In 1820 Shawneetown was as crude and dangerous as any frontier settlement, struggling to live, must be.

Such crudity as, necessarily, accompanied frontier development was offset, somewhat, by the vitality of the village. Business flowed past Shawneetown, connecting it with important industrial centers. Shawneetown, itself, had an export. The United States Saline Works, nearby, put out three hundred thousand bushels of salt annually. A bank, called the "Bank of Illinois," with a capital of \$300,000,<sup>13</sup> was recognized as a respectable establishment. Also a land office,<sup>14</sup> from which were sold those government lands extending from the river north through Gallatin County eighty or ninety miles, drew numerous travelers who wished to settle in the valley land north of Shawneetown. There were many stores in the village, and several taverns. The most popular of these, called the Steam-Boat Hotel, was kept by Mr. Hobson, from the north of England.<sup>15</sup> Because of this business activity, Shawneetown, the picturesque, lawless settlement, was encouraged to assume whatever civilization penetrated so far West, and to hope for prosperity.

To this region came James Hall, young enough to adapt himself to the life of the western country, and romantic enough to relish the difficulties it imposed upon pioneers. As soon as he could arrange to do so, Hall established himself in an office of law. In the course of time his business prospered, yet, for a while, he had leisure to investigate the activities of the town.

In Shawneetown there was a weekly newspaper, *The Illinois Gazette*, owned by Henry Eddy and A. W. Kimmel.<sup>16</sup> On May 22, 1820, only a few months after his arrival, Hall bought Kimmel's share of the partnership and became the

<sup>12</sup> John Woods, "English Prairie," in Reuben Gold Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*. v. x, p. 255-6.

<sup>13</sup> James Hall, *Letters from the West*. p. 218.

<sup>14</sup> Established in February, 1812. *Ibid.* p. 220.

<sup>15</sup> John Woods, "English Prairie," in Reuben Gold Thwaites *Early Western Travels*. v. x, p. 254.

<sup>16</sup> The *Illinois Emigrant*, founded in 1818, by Eddy and Kimmel, had been renamed in 1819, *The Illinois Gazette*.



editor of this paper, thereby, since his editorship required much writing, continuing his literary interests in spite of the cultural barrenness of the frontier.

The week's events in Shawneetown were meagre enough, and in the newspaper, therefore, there remained space for selections from contemporary literature and for discussions upon politics, the latter a topic over which frontiersmen battled hotly. Hall tactfully announced that *The Illinois Gazette* should assume no partisan position in politics, for, he explained, he was unacquainted with western modes of government. He encouraged political leaders, however, to publish their views in his newspaper, so long as their discussions remained temperate.

Hall was less hesitant about developing in *The Illinois Gazette* a literary character. He printed many of his own sketches and tales, therefore; he inserted poems and articles from eastern journals; and he urged the people of the frontier to contribute to his newspaper. The rudeness of the backwoods, it seemed to Hall, impaired not at all the interest of the people in literature, nor their ability to write it. In fact, the frontier environment provided new backgrounds, and the pioneers themselves were characters yet unexploited by narrators. Hall, therefore, believed that he had discovered new material for literature. Such was the character, social, political, and literary, of *The Illinois Gazette*.

Yet difficulties accompanied the publication of the newspaper. The westerners took little interest in Hall's enthusiasm for local literary production, for they were far more concerned in protecting themselves from horse thieves and Indians than in recording their thoughts. Moreover, new books came so rarely to the West that the intended department of criticism was reduced almost to non-existence. Supplies, too, were not to be depended on because of the complexities of river traffic, and the printing of the paper occasionally had to be postponed. Five years passed, in fact, before four volumes had been completed. A further difficulty was the delinquency of the readers in regard to payment of subscrip-



tions. These might be paid by trade of linen and rags; subscriptions and advertisements by payment of bacon, tallow, beeswax, and feathers. Such hindrances, unavoidable on the frontier, weakened, yet failed to destroy, Hall's purpose in editing *The Illinois Gazette*.

The course of Hall's political activities was as ruffled as his literary and business affairs. He had asserted his non-partisanship on all questions of politics, yet during the summer of 1820, a few months before election, he aroused the enmity of Hooper Warren, editor of *The Edwardsville Spectator*, and political friend of Ninian Edwards, anti-slavery leader, by an editorial in which he claimed that Missouri and Kentucky, since they permitted slave-holding, therefore possessed superior opportunities for state progress. Warren at once accused Hall of sympathy with the principle of slavery extension. On July 22, 1820, Hall answered. He affirmed that his article had been misrepresented, since he supported neither the extension of slavery nor the election of E. K. Kane, director, with Chief Justice Reynolds, of a pro-slavery newspaper at Kaskaskia, and later united States senator. He was, in fact, not to be connected with the pro-slavery party. Hall reinforced his position at the first opportunity, and when Morris Birkbeck, on August 5, 1820, warned southern Illinois against the election of pro-slavery candidates, Hall deplored the fact that this question had been permitted to rise. The state constitution, he argued, had made slavery illegal in Illinois. The question was, therefore, already concluded, and should an effort be made to re-introduce it by calling a new convention, he would oppose that effort. In such controversy did Hall partake in his first year at Shawneetown.

These political disputes preceded Hall's participation in many legal and State affairs in Illinois. A position of much gravity was added to his several businesses when, during the winter of 1821, he received an appointment as prosecuting attorney for a circuit of ten counties in the neighborhood of Gallatin county.

Courts were held in these counties twice each year, and were so fixed as to time that the judge and attorneys might pass from county to county holding court in each successively. Since there were few roads, traveling over this wide region required riding on horseback through uncultivated timberlands, across unbridged streams, to some remote cabin, or to a natural shelter where a fire might be built, and, finally, to the distant village where the court was to be held.

Upon arriving at the center of justice, it was necessary, first, to catch the villain, which pursuit Hall often assisted. That this was accompanied by difficulties is suggested by these comments from his journal:

"Several of the counties in my circuit were bounded by the Ohio River, which separated them from Kentucky, and afforded facilities to rogues and ruffians to change their jurisdictions, which allured them to settle among us in great gangs, such as could often defy the arm of the law. We had whole settlements of counterfeitters or horse thieves with their sympathizers, where rogues could change names, or pass from house to house, so skillfully as to elude detection, and where, if detected, the whole population were (sic) ready to rise to the rescue. There were other settlements of sturdy, honest fellows, the regular backwoodsmen, in which rogues were not tolerated. There was, therefore, a continual struggle between these parties, the honest people trying to expel the others by the terrors of the law, and when that mode failed, forming *regulating* companies and driving them out by force. To be a public prosecutor among such a people requires much discretion and no small degree of courage. When the contest breaks out into violence, when arms are used, and a little civil war takes place, there are aggressions on both sides, and he is to avoid making himself a party with either.<sup>17</sup> After procedure was made possible by the presence of the judge, the lawyers, and the defendant, a log cabin or the bar-room of a tavern was fitted with a temporary bench for the

<sup>17</sup> Duyckinck, E. A. and G. L., *Cyclopaedia of American Literature*. New York, 1886. v. 2, p. 145.

judge, and chairs and benches for the lawyers and the jurors, whereupon court proceeded with no more ceremony. For four years Hall served as prosecuting attorney, undergoing risks continually and enjoying those risks, building for himself a reputation for honesty and boldness of character, and finding in his occupation the romance of western life."<sup>18</sup>

During the year 1822, Hall became even more deeply involved in local political controversy. Since interest centered around the slavery question, the convention, during this and the following year, was arousing the excitement of the neighborhood. Hall had, as he had originally intended, held open for free statements of opinion the pages of *The Illinois Gazette*. Eddy, Hall's partner, opposed the convention.<sup>19</sup> Hall, so far as he ever became partisan, favored it. Although he had been accused of pro-slavery sympathy, he had attacked leaders on both sides. In fact, in 1820, when so accused, he had affirmed that should the question of slavery arise in connection with the convention, he would oppose it, yet in 1822, he encouraged its reconsideration. No consistency of position, indeed, guided Hall. He followed, rather, the currents of local opinion, and attacked where he deemed attack proper.

One such attack resulted in the dissolution of partnership between Eddy and Hall. Beginning on June 22, 1822, Hall published a series of letters signed "Brutus," in which he assailed Daniel P. Cook, member of Congress, thereby provoking the wrath of Eddy whose close political friend Cook was. Cook answered in *The Illinois Intelligencer*, and Hall, on July 27, although he did not admit his authorship, never-

<sup>18</sup> In this consideration of the first years of Hall's residence in the West, the letters which he wrote concerning the scenery of this new country, and the manners of the people here, should be mentioned. From the journal which Hall had begun during his journey to the West, he composed a series of letters, which, occasionally, he sent to *The Portfolio* for publication. Since Hall collected these articles in 1828, and published them under the title, *Letters from the West*, their character should be discussed later.

<sup>19</sup> Governor Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois*. p. 53. "...The anti-convention party took new courage, and rallied to a man. They established newspapers to oppose the convention; one at Shawneetown, edited by Henry Eddy." Contradictory to this is the following statement: "That same year saw an open proposal for amending the constitution to admit slavery, which emanated from a new quarter and from a man who strangely enough has frequently been set down as an anti-convention man, Henry Eddy." T. C. Pease, *The Frontier State*. p. 73.



theless assumed his editorial responsibility for the letters.<sup>20</sup> So pronounced became the division between Hall and Eddy that, on November 16, 1822, their partnership was dissolved and Hall ended his relationship with *The Illinois Gazette*.

Other matters now drew Hall's attention.<sup>21</sup> He had by this time become prominent among the lawyers of his day, and he participated in many a legal battle. Lawlessness in frontier Illinois received a check during the year 1823, when the first murder trial in that State came before Hon. Thomas C. Browne, judge of the fourth judicial circuit. Beginning on September 16, before a jury of "good and lawful"<sup>22</sup> men, John Darr was tried for the murder of William Thomason. Darr, it seems, "not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil"<sup>23</sup> on September 7, had stabbed Thomason to the depth of eight inches, whereupon Thomason had instantly died. No delay upheld the trial. James Hall prosecuted for the State, and the jury found Darr guilty. To have won a case so prominent in the criminal history of the State placed James Hall among the leading lawyers of the frontier.<sup>24</sup>

The Illinois country was now fast taking on a new aspect. Ever more frequently the monotony of the prairie was broken by a thin drift of smoke across a patch of corn, and in the nearby timber the silence was more often interrupted by the slash of an axe. Drawn by the sale of cheap lands and by the promise of opportunities, eager settlers were hurrying to the western country. With them came civilization and the desire for order and justice. An interest in politics excited every citizen. Already the people perceived that they had outgrown

<sup>20</sup> Scott, F. W. *Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879*. (Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library. v. vi. Bibliographical Series. v. i.) Springfield, 1910. p. xxxv.

<sup>21</sup> The following item, dated December 9, 1822, at the State House in Vandalia, Illinois, is in the records of the Agricultural Society of Illinois of which Morris Birkbeck was president: "On the motion of James Hall, Esq. Resolved: that a committee be appointed to draft a petition requesting the Legislature of this State to encourage, by law, the destruction of wolves, as recommended by the President, in his address of the day."

<sup>22</sup> *History of Illinois*. "Gallatin County." Chicago, 1887. p. 69.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.* p. 69.

<sup>24</sup> A minor position held by James Hall is shown by a letter from Governor Edward Coles to Lieutenant G. S. Drane of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, dated September 22, 1823, advising certain arms to be delivered at Shawneetown to Colonel James Hall, the Quartermaster of Illinois.



the arrangements made by the earlier pioneers, and soon changes began to be made in the political organization of the state.

During the session of 1824-25 the legislature of Illinois which met at Vandalia decided that the judicial system needed revision. That body, therefore, appointed five circuit judges who were to hold all the circuit courts in the State, and a supreme court, composed of four judges, which was to meet at Vandalia twice each year. James Hall was appointed circuit judge of the fourth judicial district, at an annual salary of six hundred dollars.<sup>25</sup> Though he was believed to belong to the convention party, he was placed in office by a legislature opposed to the convention by a large majority, yet "on the principle of men, not measures"<sup>26</sup> were opponents appointed to this office. During the five years Hall had spent in Illinois he had learned to discover the opinions of the people, and to connect a feeling for their welfare with a desire to protect and give them justice. By virtue of his understanding of the temper of the frontier Hall had now become a public man.

The March term of court, 1825, was held at Shawneetown at the house of Richard Elliot. James Hall, now Hon. James Hall of the fourth judicial circuit, presided, assisted by Joseph M. Street, clerk, and Henry Eddy, Hall's former partner, circuit attorney. For the first time in Illinois trials for perjury, for retailing whiskey, and two suits for divorce, both of which were granted, occupied this court. To decisions concerning such matters Hall now devoted himself.

At the term of court beginning September 26, 1825, however, Hall yielded his position as judge to Hon. James O. Wattles of the fifth judicial circuit, for he was occupied with some cases before the court. Not until the second Monday in January, 1826, did he resume his seat upon the bench. Meanwhile, Hall turned from these matters of business to help in the entertainment of Shawneetown's most distinguished guest.

<sup>25</sup> Governor Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois*. Chicago, 1854. p. 57.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.* p. 57.

Shawneetown, so remote from civilized centers, was seldom in the way of visitors distinguished in national affairs. However, on May 14, 1825, General Lafayette, then touring the western states on his last journey to America, stopped at Shawneetown. All the people from the surrounding neighborhood had come to see this illustrious visitor. At the proper time they formed two lines reaching from Rawling's Hotel to the boat landing. Calico had been spread on the ground in this pathway, over which passed the committee of reception and the town officials and dignitaries to the landing, where, saluted by twenty-four guns, docked the Steamboat *Mechanic*. Lafayette came ashore from this boat accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, Mr. Le Vasseur, Mr. De Syon, Governor Carrol, of Tennessee, Colonels Irwin and Shelby, his aids, Governor Coles, of Illinois, Colonel O'Fallon and Major Wash, of St. Louis, who were deputized by that city to attend the general. As these guests were escorted back to the door of the hotel between the lines of respectful, uncovered pioneers, not a word was spoken. The group was met at the entrance of the hotel by the finest ladies of the neighborhood, and by Judge James Hall. The judge welcomed the old Frenchman with a speech of no little eloquence, whereupon Lafayette, moved by the affection and honor of these citizens, returned them gracious and somewhat tremulous thanks for their gratitude. After these greetings food was served to the general's party and many toasts were drunk.

While the village thus showed hospitality to Lafayette, a meanly-dressed Frenchman approached the door of the hotel, and, although he dared come no nearer, he watched his famous compatriot from this distance. After a time Lafayette noticed the ragged old soldier. He recognized this stranger as one who had once served on his body-guard during a time of particular danger. With extended hands he came to meet the man, whereupon they rushed into one another's arms. Thus did Lafayette greet his countryman.

Lafayette remained in Shawneetown a few hours, conversing with the people and establishing a friendship with the

village. Then he was conducted back to the boat where, after a friendly farewell and the final firing of a salute, he continued on his journey. This had been a distinctive occasion for Shawneetown, and for Judge James Hall.

After this incident, Shawneetown settled down to the uneventfulness of ordinary frontier life. During 1826, Hall continued his duties as circuit judge, presiding in Shawneetown at the terms of court beginning March 27, and September 26. Less occupied than was his wont, Hall soon made occasion for a new interest.

During his six years in Shawneetown, Hall had not only taken part in the manipulation of political affairs in his own and neighboring counties, but had ventured also an acquaintance with state politics, and, in fact, owed his position as judge to an appointment from the state legislature. In the latter part of 1826, and the beginning of 1827, Hall affected a new move. He was ambitious to climb from local to state politics, and he aspired to the office of state treasurer. Other candidates against him were the incumbent John Tillson, Abraham Prickett, and Colonel Abner Field. Since Hall was known in all southern Illinois as a man of judgment, learning, and good-will, he more easily succeeded in this new enterprise. Yet to the announcement of his success was added further excitement. As soon as it was known that Hall had received the office, before the members had left the legislative chambers, Colonel Field,<sup>27</sup> in great anger, entered. He strode toward his enemies, seized the nearest, and before the hall could be cleared of frightened politicians, had, with his own hands, whipped four of the strongest of those who had opposed his election.<sup>28</sup> Yet Hall's inauguration to the office of state treasurer, on February 12, 1827, was a more dignified occasion. Hall now abandoned his law practice at Shawneetown, and his office as circuit judge, and moved to Vandalia, the capital of Illinois.

This history includes only a small portion of Hall's career, yet that portion is significant because it contains ex-

<sup>27</sup> Moses, John. *Illinois, Historical and Statistical*. Chicago, 1889. p. 344-5.

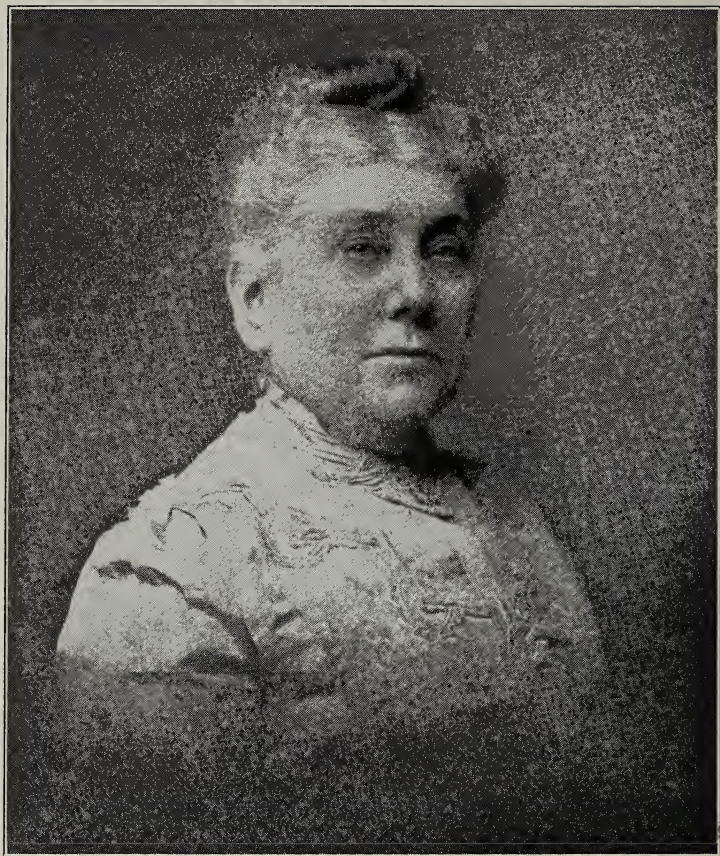
<sup>28</sup> Ford, Thomas. *A History of Illinois*. p. 81-2.

periences of a newcomer re-associating himself with an undeveloped country. The country itself had commanded some interest, as the beginnings of a civilization always should. These years require attention, also, because upon them Hall built a later prominence. During the next years politics became less important to him and Hall occupied himself with his old interest, literature. Yet whatever fame came to him later depended upon the vigor, the versatility, and the capabilities which he contributed to all his activities during the Shawneetown years.

(To be continued in next January, 1930, issue of the Journal. G. L. O.)







MRS. JAMES L. HUDSON (ANNA RIDGELY)

**A GIRL IN THE SIXTIES.**

EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL

OF

ANNA RIDGELY (MRS. JAMES L. HUDSON)

Edited by Her Niece,

OCTAVIA ROBERTS CORNEAU

Assisted by

MISS GEORGIA L. OSBORNE.

PREFACE.

In 1860 I suppose there was scarcely a girl in America who did not keep a journal wherein she poured out the state of her heart and the state of her soul. Anna Ridgely (later Mrs. James L. Hudson) was no exception. Faithfully every Sunday she sat herself down for many years, beginning when she was eighteen, to record the happenings of the successive weeks.

Most weeks passed quietly enough in the little prairie city in the sixties, but because the time was a momentous one and Springfield was Lincoln's home it is thought that the simple chronicle of social life through the Civil War may have a little general interest and that many persons may like to lose themselves in those leisurely days of the past when even in war time every one had time to read aloud, to visit with friends, and to sing together around pianos. With that end in view the journals have been culled. Unfortunately one volume was lost or destroyed, so that the records of the year 1861 and part of 1862 are missing, otherwise they continue without a break.

In the way of further preface it may be interesting to know that Anna Ridgely was one of a family of seven daughters and six sons, all the children of Mr. Nicholas Ridgely, a leading banker and financier in Springfield, who had originally come from Baltimore, Maryland, being one of the members of the old Colonial family of that name. Anna's mother, Jane Huntington, was of old Mayflower stock, one of the Huntingtons of Boston. In Boston she had received a good musical education. Constant reference is found in the journal to her playing and singing. The Ridgely house, at the opening of the journal, stood where the Franklin Life Insurance Company building now stands and the entire block, now closely built up, composed the grounds. To the rear of the house, facing Seventh street was the kitchen garden, the hot houses, the stable, the ice house, and the coops for hens, but the entire grounds on Sixth street were laid out by a Chicago landscape gardener for pleasure. He had reserved the center of this plot for a beautiful oval of lawn, around its edge flower beds were placed and from spring to autumn tulips, roses and petunias successively bloomed, while masses of flowering shrubs shut off the garden from the world. A summer house stood at its far end embowered in honeysuckle and here the young people were sure to gather on summer evenings. Of all the boys and girls who sang and flirted in its shelter, few survive, while of the garden itself little remains to recall its beauty save two old trees that still stand, under whose branches many a fond good-night was once murmured—long ago in the '60's.

And now for the journal itself.

#### CHRISTMAS TREES.

January 1, 1860.

"This day begins a new year, the old year has gone and borne with it some of my dear friends but it seems such a happy year to me that I can not but look back upon it with pleasure. The day is bright and beautiful but very cold.  
\* \* \* Last Monday evening I went with Arthur Bailhache to the First Church celebration. The tree was very beautiful.



I saw Annie (Eastman), Mr. (Gideon) Brainerd, (William) Henry Latham and all my friends. I was very happy and enjoyed myself very much. Arthur stayed but a short time after we returned home. Tuesday Arthur, Annie and I were in our church (Third Presbyterian) all day. We had a nice time and the tree looked very pretty. On each side of it was a table, one covered with books and the other with bundles of cake. Over each was an arch with mottos in evergreen letters and they were lighted with small wax candles. In the evening when they were lighted they looked beautiful. The church was crowded. The children recited their pieces admirably and all went off well."

In the '60's Springfield still kept open house on New Year's Day. No invitations were issued but any gentleman who cared to present himself was welcomed and regaled with salads, hot oysters, cake and ice cream. Sometimes quails were served and at some houses there was plenty of wine or egg nog. Ladies usually wore full evening dress and some few of the men did also, though calls were made in the day time.

#### NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

Sunday, January 8th.

"Last Sunday I went to church with Arthur Bailhache. The sermon was a good one and appropriate to the new year. Monday I went down to Sophie's (Mrs. J. Taylor Smith) and received New Year's calls. I had a very pleasant time. We had about fifty-five calls."

Young girls in the '60's were accustomed to very simple pleasures and, so strict was the teaching of the churches, they often doubted their right to any gayety at all. Anna Ridgely records her doubts of conscience thus:

Sunday, January 15th.

"Oh, what a whirl of excitement I have been in of late, and now I am almost miserable, everything seems so vain and trifling. \* \* \* Last Sunday Henry Latham walked home from Sabbath School with me, and stayed to tea and went to church with us. Monday evening Arthur (Bailhache) and

Mr. (Gideon) Brainerd were here. Tuesday we went to the soiree at Mrs. Latham's. Wednesday Arthur and I went to see Annie (Eastman). Thursday being my brother Bill's birthday we came home and brought our Cousin Frank Ridgely with us. Thursday we all went to a dance at Governor Bissell's and enjoyed it very much. Friday afternoon Bill, Frank and I went to see Annie, Miss Hubbard, Alice, and Ella Irwin. In the evening we went to prayer meeting and afterwards had a musical soiree at home. Saturday afternoon we all went to Alice's with Annie E. and had a pleasant time and in the evening we had a family party. \* \* \* Fluttering heart be still. Stop for a while and listen to the sweet voice of Christ. Forget for a season the gay world. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove to fly away and be at rest."

In the weeks that followed the name of John Hay, soon to become one of Lincoln's young secretaries and later his biographer and one of our great Secretaries of State begins to appear in the journal, sometimes his friend John G. Nicolay appears. It will be remembered he also was one of Lincoln's young secretaries and shared the labors of Hay in the great biography. As far as I can find Hay's first appearance is thus noted:

January 22, Sunday.

"Tuesday evening the French soiree was here. It was very pleasant indeed. Alice<sup>1</sup> (Huntington) brought her friend, Mr. Hay. He is a very pleasant young fellow and very intelligent."

In the early days dancing and card playing were frowned on by most of the churches except the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic. Anna and Mary Ridgely had joined the Presbyterian Church and tried to live up to its teachings. This was not easy as most of their family were in the Episcopal Church or affiliated with none.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Thomas L. Knapp.

## GIVES UP DANCING.

January 30th.

"I have been quite happy the past week for I resolved to give up dancing for I consider it is not right for a member of the church to dance and I refused an invitation to a dance and have felt better ever since."

Many other pleasures were allowed, however, especially any form of musical entertainment, but treats of this kind were not very plentiful. We find this item:

February 19th.

"Saturday I stayed to dinner with Annie (Eastman) and after I came home I read aloud in *The Deerslayer*. In the evening I attended a concert by the Swiss Bell Ringers. The concert was miserable but we had a nice time."

In spite of the resolution not to dance there was much going to innocent little parties where even a strict Presbyterian could "promenade," then there were always many callers at the Ridgely house, and even at prayer meetings the chance to be taken home by some faithful swain. After such a week of sociability Anna writes in her journal:

March 11th.

"In the evening Henry Latham, Mr. Brainerd and Arthur Bailhache were here. They all went home at ten o'clock. I was glad they went home because I was sick and tired of everybody, and when I went upstairs I sat down and thought of my foolish life. It seems to me that I do nothing else but go with gentlemen and I mean to stop, it is not profitable to be with them so much. \* \* \* Oh, I wish I could stay quietly at home with my mother and sisters and never think of gentlemen."

March 18th.

"\* \* \* Yesterday was St. Patrick's Day. All the Irish were out, and in the evening they had a supper. Yesterday also Governor Bissell died. Oh, how sad it is! Death, death continually! He had been an invalid a long time, and he had winter fever during the last week or two. Poor man, he is relieved from pain. I hope he is happy now. Pity is needed

only for the poor wife and orphan children. Sadness, sadness in their hearts! Oh, that they had the sweet consolations of Christ, but I fear they have not for they are Catholics. Oh, who could love such a religion of forms, no sweet feeling can come from it, no, give me blessed religion, free and open to all, so sweet to sorrow, so enobling in happiness."

On a later date she records:

March 25th.

"It was a mistake that Governor Bissell died on Saturday. He lived until Sunday noon and then passed from earth. \* \* \* Wednesday he was buried with great pomp and ceremony. He had lain in state for three days, the whole house was draped in mourning. Persons were here from all parts of the state. We did not attend the funeral but went down to the American House to see the procession go by. It was really worth seeing, band after band of soldiers passed, all kinds of orders, the banners all tied with black crepe. The hearse was trimmed with black and white crepe and just behind was the Governor's horse with black drape on his head. He turned and looked as if he sought his master. It was the saddest sight of all. Next followed the carriages, and the family and distinguished citizens among whom I recognized several of my friends, Mr. (Charles H.) Philbrick particularly, who looked so sweetly, better than any one in the procession."

John Hay still lingered in Springfield and his name is much in evidence as he was a great friend of Anna's sister, Mary Ridgely, later to become his sister-in-law.

April 1.

"Went to church with Mr. Hay. Mr. Hay came home with Mary, and I went to the musical soiree at Miss Julia Latham's."

April 8th.

"Monday Mary and I went to the monthly concert with Mr. Hay and then to the French soiree at Alice's."

An election for mayor took place at this time, Anna's uncle, Mr. George Huntington was beaten by a narrow margin. She writes under this same date.



"Tuesday I went to church and enjoyed the service very much but we were much disturbed by noises in the street. Tuesday was election day and they were counting the votes near the church. A band of music was playing and the people were shouting. My Uncle George was a candidate for mayor but the Republican was elected, G. A. Sutton."

The Ridgely family had an old servant who was a well known character in Springfield, this was old Becky, whom Mr. Ridgely had bought on the slave block before coming to Illinois. She lived with the family until the day of her death and was a much respected person. When she died she was laid in the family lot where her grave can still be seen, the stone marked "Becky, a faithful servant for many years." Becky was always kept neatly and appropriately dressed. On Sundays she would often go to call on the white friends of the family. Evidently Anna was interested in Becky making a good impression. She writes:

April 15.

"Saturday I was at home all day. I lined and boned Becky's bonnet, mended the stockings, and Julia,<sup>2</sup> (her oldest sister) read aloud in Cooper's *Pioneers*. So ended this week, as dull a week as I ever spent."

#### FIRST MENTION OF LINCOLN.

In the following extract we find the first mention of Lincoln. Mr. Ridgely being a strong Democrat and of southern sympathies was thrown in little contact with Lincoln politically though they often enjoyed a pleasant game of cards together in the rear of Corneau and Diller's old drug store.

April 29th.

"\* \* \* \* Thursday evening Mary and I went to hear Mr. Lincoln lecture with Mr. Hay, Alice and Mr. Philbrick."

This was the lecture on "Discoveries and Inventions" given by Lincoln at Cook's Hall on April 26th.

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<sup>2</sup> Mrs. John Rea.

## BURGLARS.

May 6th.

“Thursday I stayed all day with Annie (Eastman) and had something to tell her of interest. Our home was entered on Wednesday and the robbers took \$250 worth of things, five silk dresses of Jule’s and all her jewelry, and two pieces of black silk. It was very alarming and I have been afraid ever since. They unlocked the front door with a jimmy and walked right in. It is the first time our house was ever entered and we are very much frightened. \* \* \* I spent a very pleasant day with Annie when I started home I met Henry Latham who came in with me when we reached home. He did not spend the evening with me as he was obliged to attend the military drill. \* \* \* Thursday evening Mary and I went to prayer meeting. Mr. Hay was there and came home with us and Alice and Henry came up for a little while. We all went into the summer house and had such a nice time. \* \* \* Saturday I went to tea at Annie’s and we read in Lamartine and spoke French all the time. Henry Latham came by so he stopped and waited for us and just then Mr. Philbrick came by and we all proceeded to our gate and from there to the summer house where we spent an hour very pleasantly and then Henry and Mr. P. went to the old drill. Annie and I were very much provoked. We sat on the front steps for some time and presently Mr. Brainerd called.”

May 18th and 19th were important days in Springfield’s history for on the 18th the Chicago convention nominated Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States, and on the 19th he received formal notification of his nomination by the committee sent to Springfield for that purpose. The Ridgely family were Democrats, strong supporters of Douglas, but they evidently shared the general rejoicing for Anna writes thus:

## NEWS OF NOMINATION.

May 20th.

“Monday there was a dance at Governor Matteson’s. Arthur wanted me to go but I did not as I do not dance.

\* \* \* Friday evening we heard of the nomination of A. Lincoln for President and every one was rejoicing. We expected to be disturbed (at prayer meeting) but the Republicans put off their celebration until the next night and we, a few of Christ's followers, meekly worshiped him. It was the smallest meeting we have ever had. Saturday we were invited to Ellen Jayne's to spend the evening and I received a note from Arthur asking to accompany us. Towards night we heard that very few would be there as all the gentlemen would be interested in the jollification and I determined not to go. Arthur and Mr. Brainerd came up for us, and Arthur, Annie (Eastman) and I went down town where we saw bonfires and fireworks. The houses were almost all illuminated and the shouts and cheers were deafening. All our city is proud and glad to have a President of the United States chosen from our state and from our little city. Hurrah for Lincoln!

Mr. Brainerd told me that Henry Latham had returned from Chicago and as we were coming home we met him. He was so hoarse he could hardly speak, having shouted so much."

#### OPENING OF OAK RIDGE CEMETERY.

Many persons will remember that Springfield's early grave yard was at what was then the end of West Adams Street, a flat uninteresting acre or so of wooded ground.<sup>3</sup> The opening of a more permanent and ambitious cemetery was an important event. The journal notes it.

May 27th.

"We have had a perfect drought, everything is completely dried up but last night God refreshed the earth with a gentle rain and this morning the grass looks much better and the dust is laid in the street. \* \* \* Thursday we all went out to Oakridge Cemetery. It is a new one and was consecrated on that day. There was a band of music and songs by all the choirs of the city under the direction of G. L. Huntington, (an uncle). Mr. J. Conkling delivered a beautiful ad-

<sup>3</sup> Called Hutchinson Cemetery.

dress, very appropriate and impressive. Altogether the service was very interesting."

Anna and her sister Mary, as we have said, were faithful followers of the Presbyterian church. It was not always easy to give up the gaieties of the world for prayer meeting but sometimes virtue was rewarded. In this same week it was.

"Friday evening Mary and I were invited to a large party at Ella Irwin's, and also received an invitation from Mr. Philbrick and Mr. Hay but we concluded that we ought not to go as it was prayer meeting evening and we could not omit that and it was not just the thing to go to church and then to a dance so we declined our invitations although our company was so pleasant and we went to prayer meeting. Mr. Wiley led. \* \* \* When we came out who should be there but Mr. Philbrick and Mr. Hay, just the very persons we wanted to see. It seemed almost too good. We came home and had a delightful time, better I think than if we had gone to Miss Ella's for we had good consciences. The gentlemen stayed until about ten thirty, then we went upstairs and mother gave us some strawberries. Oh we were so happy, not only because of our enjoyment but because we had done right and decided right, decided for Christ."

(This same eventful week ended pleasantly with a May party.)

"On Saturday we all went to the picnic of Mr. S——'s<sup>4</sup> School out in the Fair Grounds. The children went to the school house and went from there in omnibusses. Annie, Arthur and I went out in our carriage and came back in an omnibus. We were together almost all day. I had a nice time with Wirt Butler at the table. I never laughed so much it seemed to me. The coronation was beautiful. Mollie Edwards was queen and a very pretty one she was. The little girls looked very pretty and seemed very happy. All passed off well and we came home feeling we had had a pleasant day. Quite a gay week. \* \* \* I never saw girls have a better time

<sup>4</sup> Probably Mr. Francis Springer.



than we do. I am so happy now and I hope I shall be always. I will if I do as I ought, love God and serve him diligently."

On June 7th the Springfield Republicans held their first rally to celebrate Lincoln's nomination. The day's celebration concluded with a torch light procession. On June 10th Anna reviewed the past week and said of this important occasion:

June 10th.

"Thursday there was a great Lincoln meeting here in the evening. We went down town to see the fireworks and torch light procession."

How many old Springfield families will recall boxes of old jewelry carefully preserved, agates, carbuncles, cameos and garnets set round with pearls. The acquiring of them was always an event.

June 17th.

"Saturday, I received a beautiful present from my dear Father, a set of jewelry-carbuncles. They are lovely. I shall enjoy wearing them. He gave Jule a set also, blue and white. They are so pretty. Is he not a dear, kind Father. Oh, how I ought to love him."

Journeys in that early day were still an important event. Even a trip to Chicago was a treat, one to the east was a matter of some moment.

June 24th.

"Tuesday evening, I was at Sophie's. Charley Ridgely (her married brother) came to tell us good bye. He is just starting on a grand trip and his first trip east. He intends to go to New York, Washington, Baltimore and Wheeling. It will be pleasant for him. We all kissed him good bye and wished him a happy time. \* \* \* Saturday I received a note from Arthur inviting me to take a ride in a buggy with two horses. We rode out to Sugar Creek, eight miles from town. We had a splendid time. The air was delightful. I enjoyed it so much. We came back to town about half past nine and there was a great commotion down town on account of Douglas's nomination. We rode around the town and saw

several houses brilliantly illuminated. I never saw anything so beautiful as Governor Matteson's; every room was lighted and it looked like a place in fairy land. I wanted to go to the square but Arthur was afraid to take the horses there, so we left them at the stable and walked home. All together I spent a delightful evening and retired very happy and very tired, and thus ended the week."

The summer storms Springfield has always known raged then as now taking toll of the trees.

July 1st.

"We had quite a storm last night, there was a high wind which tore the branches off the trees and made windows and doors rattle. The street is strewn with fresh green boughs which mark the storm. After the wind, down came the rain in torrents, gladly hailed by the dry and thirsty earth, the thunder was loud and terrific. The flashes of lightning almost blinded me. It still rains but I can see my Father walking in the garden under an umbrella looking to see the damage caused by the storm."

Springfield had many large and pleasant dwellings at this time, most of them set in ample grounds, that of Mrs. B. H. Edwards (now the home of the Springfield Art Association) was one of the most commodious and delightful. It stood in a large grove of trees.

July 23rd.

"Tuesday we went to a kind of picnic at Mrs. B. H. Edwards. It was very warm and we did not go until after ten. It was delightful out there. The girls were all walking in the grove. It looked so nice and cool. The house is new and furnished elegantly, but we did not enjoy ourselves as we were left almost alone. \* \* \* when it was time to go home not a soul asked us if we had company and we walked out in the dark ourselves, found the carriage and came home. I was so provoked when I came home I told my dear Mother all about it and she thought it was a shame. She told Father and asked him if I could go to Fayette (Missouri) with Nelly (a visiting cousin) and he said I might. Oh, I am so glad! I

am not very well and have been sad and low spirited. A change will be pleasant for me in every way. We thought of going yesterday but concluded to wait until Monday morning when we will start at three o'clock, an early hour, but we are going to stop at the American House all night so as to be ready in time. I feel sorry to leave my lovely home after all. I never loved my Mother as much as now. She is so sweet and kind and unselfish. \* \* \* since the party at Mrs. Edwards I have felt so alone and Annie's being away (her bosom friend) and all together I felt lost in clouds and darkness. I yearn for something to fill the void."

In those days a journey to Fayette was quite an ordeal of endurance as we shall learn. The "void" was filled with a good deal of hard travel and, at first, no great reward. Fayette, July 29th.

"A week have I been from home and a long time it seems. This morning I am seated in my room at my Aunt Martha's house. Nell (the cousin who came with her) is reading a novel. It has been so warm since we have been here that we have almost melted and this morning I believe it is warmer than ever. I have been sick ever since I have been here. When I first arrived I was worn out with the journey. We left Springfield at three o'clock (A. M.) in the morning and reached here at nine in the evening and had nothing scarcely to eat all day. We rode in a stage from Renick here, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and such a ride I never had. It almost killed me. Nell was sick all the way but the next day she felt better. \* \* \* It is awfully dull here. I love my aunts very much but I am used to young people and I have hardly seen a young lady, much less a young gentleman. \* \* \* I should love to be with my sister Mary this holy Sabbath morning and Mother and the children. Home is the best place after all. I believe I shall be contented to stay there after this, but it is wrong to feel thus for I know Aunt Julia loves me so much and they do all in their power to make Nell and me enjoy ourselves, but this is a little bit of a town and the

schools are all closed and most of the young persons have gone away.

However as the days passed by the two visiting girls became happier and more diverted, so much so that Anna was willing to remain until well into the autumn. At the close of the summer she wrote.

Fayette, September 2nd.

"This is rather a gloomy morning. The summer is gone and autumn is again here. My birthday will soon be here and I shall be nineteen years old. How times flies! How old I am getting to be! How queer it will be to be twenty, but whatever is, is right, I suppose. \* \* \* Thursday I went up town and bought a little jocky hat. They are all the rage here. I was trimming it when a buggy drove up to the door and Mr. Musson stepped out. He wanted us to go to the Fair and we determined to go. \* \* \* The fair was like all others, cattle and fine horses, great excitement shown about premiums etc. Miss Kennedy and Miss D. from Glasgow stayed all night here, they are such sweet girls. Miss Ellen Kennedy is quite a heroine. She was on the boat St. Nicholas when it burned and she hung on to a hot rail and saved a man's life and held several others as long as she could but the waves washed them away. The poor girl was almost burned to death. She showed me the scars on her neck and arms. I never felt so sorry for any one, but every one will honor her for those scars. She sang for us and played on the piano. I thought she had a beautiful voice. \* \* \* I hope to start home on Thursday. I have enjoyed myself very much and I know my relatives better and they know me; then I have an idea what a slave state is like and would not live in one if I could help it."

The journey home from Fayette to Springfield by way of St. Louis was a long one. This is the account:  
September 9th, St. Louis.

"Here I am in St. Louis. How queer it seems. I have been here since Friday night. Thursday I made my arrangements to go home on Friday. Mr. Pierson found me an escort, a Mr. Swing, a tobacconist who was going to St. Louis on



Friday morning. \* \* \* It was a warm day but I did not suffer from the heat at all. We reached Renick at half past eleven and waited there until half past three. \* \* \* When the cars came we hurried on board and who should we see but Mr. Smith (her aunt's husband) and his two sisters. I was so glad to see him and had only time to kiss him and we were hurrying on to St. Louis. We crossed the ferry at St. Charles and arrived in St. Louis about half past ten. Bill and Frank Ridgely (a brother and cousin) came on the cars. I was rejoiced to see them and forgot Mr. Swing. He was separated from me some how or other and I did not thank him or say one word to him. Bill got me a nice little room at the Planter's house and he and Frank were with me until about twelve o'clock. After they left I took a good book and laid down to rest although I was so tired I could not sleep. The mosquitos were dreadful and I was so nervous I could not compose myself. Early in the morning I began to think about Mr. Swing, how rude I had been to him. I knew that he would leave at six in the morning so I concluded to get up, go in the parlor and send for him. I slept a few minutes and woke up still thinking about it. I determined finally to write him a note. I must have been very early for I was obliged to have a candle lighted. I wrote the note, rang the bell and sent it to him by a servant. I do not know whether he received it or not. I hope so for I worried over it. Bill came to my room at seven o'clock and we had breakfast, then he stayed until it was time for him to go to the bank. He told me that I could not go home that noon as I expected but the cars would not leave until Sunday or Monday morning. I was very much disappointed. I was so anxious to get home and I had set my heart to get there Saturday night but I knew it must be, and tried to bear it patiently and make the best of it."

(Her cousin then called for her and they went shopping.)  
"I bought a sweet bonnet and gave seven dollars for it."  
Springfield, September 18th.

"I left St. Louis at five in the morning on Monday. The boys (her brother and St. Louis cousins) promised to be up and go over the river with me. \* \* \* We had a pleasant ride in the ferry boat. They put me safely in the cars. I should have felt sad and lonely if it had not been for the delightful thought of reaching home. At last after a long and silent ride, for I knew no one, I saw Springfield in the distance. I was so glad I could hardly sit still. Mother, Mary and Annie (her great friend, Miss Eastman) met me at the depot. I was rejoiced to hear their familiar voices once more. How kindly they welcomed me home. Oh home is the sweetest and best place in the world. Mother had the carriage ready for me and we stopped at the bank to see Charley (her married brother) and Father, then we rode to my beautiful home. How lovely the garden was! I never saw anything so beautiful as the lawn newly mown and so fresh and sweet and our house never looked so beautiful to me. Oh, am I not blessed in having such a beautiful home. Everything was so shining clean all owing to my dear Mother. \* \* \* The children (a little brother and sister) seemed glad to see me but Jule and Janey<sup>5</sup> most of all. The servants all gave me a hearty welcome, poor old Becky is just the same old faithful thing. She never expresses much but I think she was glad to have me return and now I am at home again!"

September 30th.

"The Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) passed through here on Wednesday. I did not see him but Father went down to the depot and had a good look at him. I should have liked to see England's future sovereign, but could not do so conveniently."

#### A DULL MEETING.

As a rule, all church services were a pleasure but now and then they failed to be anything but dull. Such was a certain prayer meeting.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. James T. Jones.

October 14th.

"Friday, Arthur B. called to take me to prayer meeting. Mr. Hay came also for Mary. We went and it was the most uninteresting meeting I ever attended, the church was only half-lighted. Mr. L. led and he is so dull and seems to labor over every word and sighs so much it is enough to make one sleepy. Mr. B. led the singing and he had such a cold he pitched the tunes so high, he and his daughter were the only singers. I never felt so dissatisfied. \* \* \* Mr. Von Meter is here today. He is interested in the Five Points in New York. He brings poor children from that wicked city and finds them comfortable homes in the far west."

#### A NEW HYMN.

October 21st.

"Sunday afternoon Mr. Von Meter addressed the children at the Republican Wigwam. He spoke of the poor children he had brought out here and told some interesting stories. We sang some new songs which were very pretty, one called "Bethany" I liked very much, it was about being nearer to God. "Nearer my God to Thee" I sang with feeling and it did me good."

(The campaign was now in full swing. The Ridgelys were all interested in Douglas's success.)

"Wednesday evening, Mary, Jule and I went to church. Douglas arrived here that night and there was a great commotion, a large torch light procession passed by the church and with the shouting and music it was difficult to carry on the meeting. \* \* \* After church Bart Ulrich took Mary and me all over town to see the illuminations, fireworks, etc. Thursday night I went down town again to see the demonstrations. Mrs. Douglas had a reception at Mrs. (John A.) McClermand's. Father, Mother and Jule went and were highly pleased."

October 28th.

Monday night I went to the Barn with Father, Mother and Janey to hear Mr. (Richard T.) Merrick speak. It was

a good Douglas speech and I liked it very much. \* \* \* Another month has gone. October with its sunny days and gorgeous leaves and dreary November has come and true to its name it has been dreary enough. Still I anticipate a pleasant time. The election for President takes place this month and that long contest and strife will be decided. I suppose Mr. Lincoln will be elected, but I hope not, for I tremble for our nation."

#### THE ELECTION.

November 11th.

"Monday night Mary and I went down to the monthly concert. The meeting was very small and as it was in the evening before the election, there was a great commotion outside. The Republicans fired their little cannon just by the church and such a deafening noise I never heard; the whole house shook. I thought I should go crazy. Mr. (C. P.) Jennings did not continue the meeting on account of the confusion. Tuesday the great election day, I stayed at home all day. In the evening Arthur B. and Mr. Brainerd called. Wednesday we heard of Mr. Lincoln's election. We were disappointed for we had hoped that such a man as he without the least knowledge of state affairs, without any polish of manner would not be chosen to represent this great nation, but so it is—. I tremble for our country. I hope foreigners will not judge us by our head. I hope he will keep the peace but I am afraid that our union has commenced to break and will soon fall to pieces but God knows what is best and we can leave all in his hands."

November 25.

"Tuesday night the Republicans had a great illumination on account of Lincoln's election. \* \* \* I liked some of the things very much. Almost all the houses in town were lighted with colored lantern hung out of the windows. The state house was lighted with little candles in all the window panes. Some of the fireworks were beautiful, but most of them were rockets and Roman candles that we have seen all



summer long, while the torch light procession was the smallest I ever saw."

#### GROWING OLD.

December 2nd.

"Wednesday I was nineteen, how old I am and yet how young in some things. Mother gave me a beautiful bracelet and the children covered me with kisses. Annie came over in the afternoon and brought me some very nice candy which she had made."

In the '60's no one was counted a Christian who did not belong actively to some church. Anna was constantly lamenting that neither her Father or brothers had taken such a step. It is interesting to know that later in life all the brothers became supporters of the Episcopal Church. Christ Church in Springfield was built by one of them, Charles Ridgely, in memory of his mother, and Mr. William Ridgely left substantial sums of money by will to St. Paul's Church and various charities. But this was all in the future when Anna wrote—

December 9th.

"I wish all of my family were Christians. I look with pride upon a man who is a Christian. \* \* \* Father is not a religious man and his sons love and honor him so much that they follow him in all things and if you say anything to them on the subject they will reply, 'Show me a member of the Church better than Father'."

In the leisurely old days there was much time for reading, not only by the fireside alone, but in pleasant groups, both men and women taking part.

December 15th.

"Monday evening we had the first meeting of our new Reading Society here. It was composed of a number of ladies and gentlemen, married and single. We spent a delightful evening. Charles Ridgely and Mrs. Baker read one of Irving's stories and Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship.' Both were interesting."

December 30th.

“Monday the day before Christmas, Mother and I were down town nearly all day buying presents for the children. We did not spend so much money as usual for the times are hard now, and our noble union is dissolved, South Carolina having seceded. We anticipate terrible times this winter and it is probable that Civil War will ensue but I trust in a merciful God and hope that all will be well. \* \* \* Tuesday was Christmas. \* \* \* We had a pleasant time. In the afternoon we took a sleigh ride and after that we came home and Miss Mary Stack came up and we had music from her and Jule all evening. The children were happy over their little presents and much interested in their stockings. Janey had a set of coral jewelry, Mary a pair of gold sleeve buttons, I had a bracelet so recently that Mother did not think I ought to have another present. Hen<sup>e</sup> (her little brother) gave me a book mark with ‘To my dear sister Anna’ on it and I was not disappointed but felt very happy all day. \* \* \* Monday the last day of the year we were very busy preparing for New Year’s Day. In the evening Jule went to a panorama with Mr. Nicolay. I had no invitation and consequently stayed at home. I read almost all evening and retired early. Thus ended the old year.”

#### CLOSE OF 1860.

The journals for the year 1861 and the first half of 1862 are unfortunately missing. We have no record of events as Anna Ridgely saw them except from August 17th until the end of the year. Apparently the days flowed by tranquilly enough considering war was still raging. The young people went to the Soldier’s Aid regularly, and bade various young men goodbye before they left for military duties. One young man, Henry Latham, a great favorite with the young people, languished and died from disease contracted in camp. Otherwise life flowed on about as usual, the young people met and played charades, and danced and went to prayer meetings.

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<sup>e</sup> Henderson Ridgely.

We begin the journal again with the year 1863.

January 3rd.

"I have begun a new week. I have begun a new year. What a fitting time for reflection. The old year has gone, it will never return. It has borne with it many friends whose faces are shut from my sight forever, but I hope to meet them on the shores of another and brighter land. I look back upon the many firesides destroyed. Oh, this ravaging war. Through another year it has raged and many of our bravest and best men have been stricken down in the roar of battle and the silence of the hospital. How many mourners there are today! The earth is full of our Rachels weeping for their children, fathers mourning their sons and helpless babies vainly calling on their fathers slain. God be merciful and let this carnage cease. There is a faint glimmer of light. There is a hope that this war may be stopped, but the way, the remedy is as terrible as war itself. The people are beginning to be aroused. They will not much longer submit to this reign of terror. They will rise in rebellion, and what then—God knows, no one else. I tremble sometime for the dark, uncertain future. I fear almost for the result of this year for who will live to see its close! Every year brings more changes. Some began last year with as bright hopes and prospect as any of those who now are cold and silent in the grave. My friend Arthur (Bailhache) lived one Sabbath in the old year, that was all, and now another friend is laid beside him. Henry (Latham) lived all but one Sabbath in the closing year. \* \* \* The war was the cause of the death of both these friends. Arthur died in camp from a disease contracted there. Henry's disease was caused by exposure in camp, both held the office of adjutant with the rank of lieutenant, and both died the same year. What a sad record! How many friends have I resigned to dust! How few I have left! Other friends have passed away in the year 1862, friends of my brothers rather than mine. In the spring we buried Tommy Moffitt. He died of consumption contracted in camp. In the summer we brought home the last remains of Fred Mattison. He died

in camp of typhoid fever. And how many more died we knew not. Their number is legion. Oh, that this war might cease. Oh God grant it for Thy name sake."

Later in the month she strikes a more cheerful note.  
January 11th.

"Saturday two gentlemen from Indianapolis called, Lieut. Hays and Lieut. Fogarty. We had quite a lively time. Mother invited them to tea and we had a musical for them in the evening. After tea Mary and I went to church, we felt it was our duty to go and we took Lieut. Hays with us. Alice Huntington and Lizzie Lamb came home with us and we had a gay time. We had splendid music of various sorts and some of them danced towards the last. Annie (her bosom friend, Miss Eastman) was there looking as sweet as possible. We did not retire until quite late. The guests all seemed to have a splendid time."

#### A HAPPY SABBATH.

January 18th.

"But a few more hours of this holy day remain. Would that I had power to prolong its sweetness many, many hours. Oh, what a delightful day this has been to my soul. I know it must be a foretaste of heaven. To day we have partaken of the Holy Communion. \* \* \* When I went to church this morning I saw Mr. C. (a young friend, active in the church) standing by one of the stoves. He crossed over and spoke to me and I asked him to sit with me as no one else would be in the pew. He did so and side by side we communed. \* \* \* In the evening we had a business meeting, elected a treasurer and Mr. Birch's salary was raised to one thousand dollars. (The young minister of the Third Presbyterian church.)"

Every one in these old days seemed to have ample time for reading, especially for reading out loud to a group. There is constant reference to this pastime and much mention of books, new then, but classics now, read and usually enjoyed.  
January 25th.



“Last Monday was a rainy disagreeable day, nevertheless Mary, Annie and I went to the Soldier’s Aid Society. We found very little to do so we did not stay. Annie came home with us and we read ‘Oliver Twist.’ Tuesday Mary and I finished ‘Oliver’ and sent the book down to Annie. It left a very unpleasant impression on my mind. I do not consider such books very profitable reading. The story was too horrible to be enjoyed.”

Many families in Springfield were famous for delightful parties. One of these was that of Jacob Bunn, a tradition carried on to this day by his descendants.

February 2nd.

Tuesday morning Mr. Hays was at Annie’s and he asked me to go to the party with him that evening. It was at the Bunn’s given to Sarah Stockdale. I had a long and interesting note from Mr. C. asking me to go to the party. I consented of course. In the afternoon I went up to Franky Vredenburg’s to help put in a quilt as the society was to be held there the next day. In the evening I went to the party. I was very happy that night. \* \* \* The affair was a decided success. Most of the guests were young girls. All seemed to enjoy themselves. \* \* \* We had a very pleasant time at the Society next day. There was no sewing but the quilt as we could not all find places around it we girls went into another room and had a good time. Lizzie Lamb, Alice, Nellie Latham, and Rose Murdoch, Mary and I all seated ourselves around the stove and read letters, all very interesting. After tea Bill, Mr. Caldwell and Lieut. Hays arrived. We all sang together and acted charades and made a noise generally. \* \* \*

Another family with a reputation for their delightful parties was that of B. H. Edwards. Here is a brief account of one of them.

February 9th.

“Monday I was at home nearly all day. I received a note from Mr. C. asking me to go with him to a party at Mrs. B. H. Edwards the next evening. I consented. I enjoyed the even-

ing quite well. The entertainment was delightful. The supper room was open all evening and the guests walked around the table admiring the delicacies. A band of music enlivened the scene. We did not come home until quite late."

Then follows a trip to Chicago on the next day made by quite a jolly party bent on pleasure.

"We left on Wednesday morning for Chicago. Mr. Perkins and Bill (William Ridgely) were our escorts. Mr. Hickox, Luly and her mother, Miss Taylor from Beardstown, Harry Owsley and Mr. Knox from Virden, Dr. Pasfield, Mr. Mayo and Mr. James Ewing from Bloomington composed our party. We had a very pleasant time indeed. Mr. Perkins provided us with lunch at twelve and supper at six. We reached Chicago at nine o'clock and being much fatigued retired to our rooms as soon as possible. We stopped at the Briggs House."

The party spent their time visiting with friends in the city and so forth. A morning of sightseeing is noted.

"We all started out together and visited several places of interest. We went on top of the Court House where we had a splendid view of the entire city. \* \* \* We all took tea at the Tremont and in the evening our whole party went to the theatre. Mary and I insisted on staying at home, indeed we did not want to go at all but the others would not hear of such a thing and we were obliged to break up the whole party unless we consented."

Of the journey back to Springfield she writes:

"We had a pleasant ride home. I enjoyed every minute of the time. I felt such a sweet, peaceful loving feeling creep over me. \* \* \* We all sang, laughed and told conundrums and so forth. Annie and Lieut. Hays read out of the same paper and looked eyes of love at each other. Oh, we had such a nice time! We had lunch at twelve owing to Mr. Perkins kind care. We dined at three at Bloomington and arrived home at six. We all walked home together. We found the family at supper. We partook of the food with great

pleasure and mother and the girls retired to my room where we related our adventures."

We hear much of the extreme modesty of the old-time girl. Here is an instance of it that may well cause the young woman of today to stare.

February 15th.

"Bill (her brother) was sick in bed all night. I was standing by him when who should come in but Mr. C. I felt much embarrassed for there lay Bill and Hen (a younger brother) in bed and their clothes were plainly to be seen about the room but I concluded to brave it out so I talked a few moments and then slipped out. I shall never forget it."

One can scarcely exaggerate the constant pleasure the young girl took in her father's garden which was one of the loveliest in the state.<sup>7</sup> We find constant reference to its changing beauty. Here is one in the late spring.

May 3d.

"This is a most lovely afternoon. I am in Janey's room. From her window I can see the garden and very pretty it is in its late spring beauty and Sabbath stillness. A holy quiet reigns without. The sky is of cloudless blue, the bright sunshine reflects dark shadows on the beautiful grass so smooth and even. It is indeed a lovely scene. \* \* \* Thursday was a national fast day. Mary and I went down to the first church. Mr. Birch preached a very good sermon. We were there a very long time and came home, tired, warm and very hungry so we concluded not to fast. \* \* \* I had a letter from my sister Sallie. She had been much troubled over Mr. Dodge<sup>8</sup> (her husband, a minister of the gospel) as he was

<sup>7</sup> The following was taken from "Reynold's Sketches" published in Belleville in 1854.

The Cottage garden, is a tasty, elegant and also a useful institution. It was established by a wealthy and respectable citizen, Mr. Ridgely, of Springfield, who, I am informed, expended \$15,000 in its embellishments. It has demonstrated the utility of the Osage Orange for fencing, and many other articles of interest to farmers are here also presented to the public view. Evergreens and shrubbery in detail and in general, are here exhibited in great perfection.

An extensive "hot house," is erected here, that contains a part almost of all the flowers, plants, roses and sweet scented vegetables on the globe, and particularly of the tropics. To enter this building of a cold winter day, one would almost believe on account of the beauty, atmosphere, and the sweet scented flowers, that he was in the Garden of Eden.

<sup>8</sup> Rev. Richard V. Dodge.

taken by the rebels while on a journey. They however treated him kindly and let him go immediately. The company was part of the Black Horse Cavalry composed of young gentlemen from Maryland and Virginia, quite an adventure for Mr. D."

Everyone who knew Anna Ridgely whether in her girlhood or in her long and beautiful life as a married woman, as Mrs. James L. Hudson, could not but have been impressed with the beauty of her character. I think its key-note is found in this short passage.

June 7th.

"Several interesting addresses were made to the children (in Sunday School). The one that pleased me most was made by Dr. Ives. 'Do you love Jesus?' he left us each to answer the question in our own hearts. I have often thought of it since and I trust my heart's response is 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee'."

#### FLOWER SHOW.

June 14th.

"Tuesday afternoon and evening there was a floral exhibit at the State House. We have had festivals there for several years and they have doubtless been influential in cultivating a taste for flowers in our garden city. This is our prettiest month. Every street is lined with green yards filled with flowers. The shaven lawn is as soft as a velvet carpet. The roses are so bright and beautiful, every one stops to admire them."

These were the days when the serenade flourished all over America. The journal mentions many such a one as follows: June 14th (continued).

"It was late when Annie and I went to bed. We were scarcely asleep when Janey and Nell came in and by the time they had quietly lain down we were aroused by a serenade. It was not unexpected however. I had promised Mr. C. when they played underneath my window I would go around to Janey's room and throw him a little bouquet, so I did so. I



threw the flowers, he answered by a cough. In the darkness I could see him groping around trying to find them, presently he lit a match and found the flowers and carried them off. The girls threw out two large bouquets. \* \* \* It was four o'clock before the girls went to sleep and next morning father and mother had breakfast alone."

A second serenade that same summer did not terminate so romantically.

"We were awakened in the night by a sweet serenade. We had a great commotion in the house, running to and fro to the different windows. In the midst of it all Mary was stung on the foot by a wasp and I was so busy hunting hartshorn I could not enjoy the music."

#### POLITICS.

June 21st.

"Wednesday was the day of the great Democratic convention. June 17th. At daybreak wagons passed by filled with men and procession continued to come in from all quarters all day. I never saw such a crowd of men. The town was full of them, they adjourned to the Fair Grounds and were addressed by Mr. (Daniel Wolsey) Voorhees of Indiana and (Samuel Sullivan) Cox of Ohio. The day was clear although very hot. Nell, Janey and I went down to the American house to see the crowd and we saw it to our satisfaction. Some say there were seventy-five thousand in town but I hardly think there were so many. There was a great excitement though very little commotion. Some shouts for Vallandigham. The men were all middle-aged, thoughtful, sober-looking persons. They came to discuss their rights and show they would not be trampled upon, to assert their own independence. It was a glorious day for the party. Oh, if they could stop this awful war, this horrible shedding of blood to no use. This week we received news of the capture and supposed death of another of our friends. His friends of course were greatly distressed. His sister, a lovely girl, Miss Frankie Vredenburgh, is a friend of ours and we felt deeply for her.

She mourned her brother as dead but they have lately learned that he is living. He is in one of our hospitals. He was taken prisoner and paroled. What joy to learn he is not dead! The mother can truly say 'This my son was lost and is found'." June 28th.

"There was a great noise in the street. General McClernand who lived close by had just returned home. He had a serenade from one of our bands. The cannon was fired in the yard and a crowd of people collected to hear the speech of the gallant Colonel."

Who among Springfieldians has not memories of Clear Lake! For many years it was the favorite resort for picnic parties, and over and again the picnic ended in a terrific down-pour of rain. Many a girl drove over the old covered bridge to be met by the rain's wild lashing on the other side, and to see the corn fields lighted up for miles by streaks of wicked lightning. This picnic in '63 was no exception to the general pattern.

#### CLEAR LAKE.

August 9th.

"Wednesday, the long talked of picnic came off. Mother, Annie and I rode out in the carriage. We started at noon and reached the lake house about two o'clock. The whole thing was a failure. Presently Henry Ridgely came with some friends of his and afterwards Jennie Woodman and some others of that set. We had our dinner together out under the trees. About six Bill, Phil Latham, Lucy George and Lucy Ives<sup>o</sup> came in another buggy. They all looked very smiling and happy. They danced a little while and walked about in the cool and shady yard. A rain or rather threatening clouds put an end to the sport and we all hastened home. The night was very dark. We could only see our way by the aid of the flashes of lightning. I rode home with Mr. C. according to promise. There was a long line of buggies so I was not much afraid but I confessed to a little timidity when

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<sup>o</sup> Mrs. Albert P. Williams.

angry peals of thunder betokened a dreadful storm. Fortunately we had no rain and all reached home in safety."

The difference between the pastimes of church-members and those not so affiliated were marked in these days. This little excerpt serves to point the difference.

A SINNER.

August 16th.

"In a note (she received) Mr. C. told me something that grieved me very much. He confessed that he had broken a promise to me and had played a game of billiards the night before. I had told him the first of last January that whenever he did so he must return my ring which I had lent him. I was sorry that he yielded to a great temptation. After leaving us (the girls) he did not know where to go and so consented to the request of a friend to play one game. He played but one, and then went home sad and miserable. He has deeply repented of his sin and I have forgiven him but I still keep the ring."

Sept. 6th.

"Thursday there was a mass meeting of Republicans here. The town was full of country people. I stayed quietly at home until nearly six o'clock when I went out for a little ride with Mother and Bill. We heard some very sweet music from a band. We followed it around for a while. We saw nothing but people. The fireworks were all over."

THE SWEET, SAD FACE.

October 11th.

"That evening we all went down to the Philharmonic. Mr. Post was there for a little while. He introduced me to a gentleman whom I supposed to be his friend. I talked with him the whole evening and was much pleased with him. He had a sweet, sad face and the most fascinating pair of spectacles I ever saw. When he smiled his whole face lighted up. I was really quite charmed, but alas, I learned afterwards that he was a picture peddler. I was so sorry. He had called here that very day and I sent word we did not want anything. I wonder if he thought of it when I was talking with him."

Later in the month Anna went to New York City to pay a visit to her mother's relatives the Websters. The account of the long, hard trip to the east follows:

#### TRAVEL.

October 19th. New York City.

"Wednesday, I was busy all day packing. I did not feel much like taking a long journey next morning. Everybody was at the cars, the waiting room was full of our friends. Mother and Mary looked very sad. We waved our handkerchiefs until they were out of sight. \* \* \* We reached Chicago at half past eight, tired to death. We went to the Briggs House and stayed all night. We did not retire until quite late. Friday morning we left Chicago at seven o'clock and traveled all day. We changed cars at Toledo at night, and again at Cleveland at nine o'clock where we took a sleeping car but we did not sleep much. I never passed such an uncomfortable night. We changed cars again at five in the morning at Buffalo and traveled across the New York Central to Albany. I enjoyed this ride very much. The day was fine and the country beautiful. The leaves were beginning to turn and presented a gorgeous appearance but my fatigue took away my pleasure in a measure. I felt so weary I could scarcely enjoy anything. After we crossed the ferry at Albany we took the Hudson River Road and it was not quite dark so we enjoyed the scenery of the banks of this most beautiful stream. We saw a number of handsome residences and I thought I should like to live on this most romantic shore but night came on and we saw only the moonlight on the water but I was so worn out that I was glad of an excuse to close my weary eyes but there was no rest. The cars whirled on at such a rapid rate and there was such a dreadful noise as we rushed by rocky banks that I was almost frantic. All things must come to an end and so at last did our tiresome journey. We arrived at Aunt Emily's about half past eight."

Pleasant weeks followed full of sightseeing, visiting among friends with much music and church going. Then



unexpectedly came an additional treat—Anna went to Washington as the guest of Mrs. Ward H. Lamon. The “Jenny” referred to as being of the party was Mrs. Lamon’s sister, Jenny Logan, afterwards Mrs. Louis H. Coleman. She and Mrs. Lamon had run over to New York and found Anna Ridgely visiting there. The invitation followed. December 20th.

“It was quite late when we got home (from a concert) and to my joy and delight there was a note from Mrs. Lamon. She and Jenny called to say they were going to Washington at eight the next morning and I must come and stay all night at the St. Nicholas. Father had taken seats at the opera. I saw Jenny and her sister in one of the boxes and between the acts Father and George went to speak to them. They sent word to me to come and sit with them so that I might return to the hotel with them. I was glad when the opera was over, it was ‘The Masked Ball’ and what a silly thing it was! After it was over we got into Mrs. Lamon’s carriage and drove off. Soon after arriving at the hotel I went to sleep and slept until five in the morning when we all arose, had an early breakfast and started for Washington.

We had a long and disagreeable trip on account of a bridge being burned at Philadelphia. We had to get out and walk a long distance and we had to change cars a number of times. We were behind time several hours and did not reach Washington until after eleven when we should have arrived at six. We were cold and hungry. Mrs. Lamon was quite sick just before she reached here but she revived soon after. Jenny and I got into bed and forgot our troubles in a quiet sleep. \* \* \* At breakfast next morning Mr. Lamon did not appear. I did not see him until dinner at night. \* \* \* Mrs. Lamon has all the money she wants, all the elegant clothes, silver, china, glass and servants at her command. \* \* \* She never does anything about the house as far as I can see. After breakfast, which was at ten, we started out for the Smithsonian Institute. It is of large and handsome design but I was not much interested. The place is nothing but a

museum, filled with stuffed animals of all kinds and rocks of different sorts all of which are my perfect abomination. Our walk home was very pleasant. The day was delightful."

1864.

January 4. Washington.

"Wednesday morning Mrs. Lamon, Jenny and I went out to make some calls. We were dressed in our best. We went in Mrs. Lamon's best carriage. It is lined with red satin and is drawn by two handsome gray horses. We called on Mrs. Lincoln but did not see her. New Year's morning was dark and cloudy and I thought we should have a bad day but gradually the storm cleared away and a cold wind soon froze up the streets and made the walking good. The sun shone brightly and we had fine weather after all. Early in the morning I went with Jenny and Marshall Lamon to call on the President. We were admitted with the Supreme Judges and the Diplomatic Corps as I had an opportunity of seeing the foreign ministers in their court dresses and was introduced to some very distinguished people. Old Abe merely shook my hand and I passed on. Madam was very gracious. She conversed with me some time and we had the honor of walking around the east room with her. A band of music played very finely and the scene was a very pretty one. We left the White House at about twelve and hastened home to receive calls. We had about three hundred. Mrs. Judge (David) Davis of Bloomington and Mrs. (Thomas Andrews) Hendricks of Indiana received with Mrs. Lamon. I enjoyed the day very much."

One sometimes wonders why an escort was always provided for a young lady no matter how short the trip. For instance once when Anna went to Indianapolis a young brother but fifteen years old was mustered into service and accompanied her. The account of the journey which follows—Anna's return from Washington to New York City after the visit at the Lamon's—explains much.

January 4. (Continued).

"I had expected Mr. Merryman to go to New York with me next day, but he informed me he could not go so I had the prospect of going alone which was not very agreeable. \* \* \* I packed my trunk that night and it was two o'clock before I went to sleep. I awoke at half-past five so I did not feel at all refreshed. Mr. Lamon and Jenny Logan went to the depot with me. Mrs. Lamon did not get up. I told her good-bye in her bed. Mr. Lamon found a man from Bloomington whom he knew, Rev. Mr. E. and he put me in his care. 'Oh,' thought I, 'how fortunate I am. Here is a minister of the gospel, what a nice time I shall have.' But I soon changed my mind. I found that he had left the ministry, so I did not care anything more about him. He had been a Chaplain, worse and worse. Any preacher who goes into the army is pretty sure to lose all his religion. At twelve o'clock noon we reached Harve de Grace where we had to cross the Susquehanna River. The train generally goes right on board an immense boat and is carried over in a short time but we found the boat frozen up in the middle of the river and there we waited until seven o'clock. Finally, however, the boat broke loose from the floating ice and came over for us. We had to leave the cars and go on board. We crossed without further trouble but the rest of the trip was very disagreeable. We had a number of soldiers with us and they were all drunk. I was very much frightened several times. We did not reach New York until half-past four in the morning. Mr. E. put me in a carriage, said goodbye and went off. I thought I was all right until the driver brought three soldiers and put them in with me. I had seen them several times during the trip and considered them respectable kind of men so I was not annoyed although I would much rather have been alone. They stopped at the Gerard House, not far from the depot on Chambers Street. When we reached the hotel the coachman asked me to get out for a few minutes as he was obliged to change his coach as one of the wheels was broken. I went in and was shown into the office, that being the only warm place so early in the morning.

Presently my driver came in too and commenced to talk to the soldiers about the pay. It seems they had bought carriage tickets on the cars and had taken the wrong coach. They were not willing to pay twice, but the driver was clamorous for the money as he was not to blame. There I was in this strange hotel without a friend. A policeman came in and I appealed to him and asked him to please settle the dispute as I wanted to get home. He did so and made the soldiers pay the driver three dollars. Meanwhile I told the policeman where I wanted to go and he advised me to take the 8th Avenue cars. He called one for me and I got in. I do not know what became of the coachman. I had a long cold drive to 20th Street, then walked to my aunt's house alone, or rather I ran as I was afraid to be out in the dark. I rung the bell and stood trembling on the doorstep. A voice from the window called 'Who is there?' I cried 'Anna' as loud as I could and then all was still. Finally I heard a fumbling and the door was opened and I was warmly welcomed by my aunt."

A week after this eventful journey Anna, in the company of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely, who had joined her in New York City, left for home, going by way of Wheeling, West Virginia, where they made a visit on a sister. They did not reach Springfield until January 17th. The following Sunday Anna wrote her journal as usual beginning the record with:

January 24th.

" 'Home again. Home again from a foreign shore' has been the language of my heart for a week past. \* \* \* We reached here last Sunday morning, as we drew near Springfield everything looked familiar and seemed to say 'Welcome home.' No one was at the depot to meet us so we went home in an omnibus. Hen and little Occie (Mrs. Charles D. Roberts) first greeted us, then Janey, Jule, and Bill, quite a host. Oh, how happy we all were that Sabbath morning. We soon unpacked our trunks and gave the children all we had brought for them. Such a scene of confusion I never saw. I felt sorry it was the Sabbath day for I could not keep it



as I wished. I went to church with Mary, tired as I was. I did not enjoy the service at all. I could not listen. I saw a number of friends that day who welcomed me home. Mary went to church with Charley Hay, who has become very constant since my absence. (Mary Ridgely married Charles Hay.) He comes every Sunday night and Tuesday night."

The next few months passed quietly by. More than once Annie lamented New York with its theatres and concerts and fine churches as we are apt to do after such sojourns.

Nothing of importance occurred until the summer.

June has always been a popular month for weddings. Even in war time this was still the case.

#### WEDDINGS.

June 12th.

"I wrote part of my journal for this week on Wednesday but I did not relate the wonderful event of the day—the wedding of our old friend Lizzie Lamb to Gideon Brainerd. We went to their house at eight o'clock in the morning, Mother, Bill and I. We had a slight rain but not enough to keep us from going. At first I felt as if I were at a funeral, the street was filled with carriages, the house was comparatively quiet. All Lizzie's relatives were there and Mr. Birch, the minister. Everyone remarked how solemn it seemed and when the friends came in in procession, first the parents, then the brothers and sisters, then Mr. Brainerd with Lizzie, a solemn silence reigned. Lizzie was dressed in a very pretty brown and white checked silk. Her hair was neatly dressed and she wore a simple white rose on one side. Mr. B. was all in black. Miss Hattie Webster was first bridesmaid and stood with Ben Ferguson. Nealie Pope<sup>10</sup> stood on the other side with my brother Bill. The girls were dressed in plain colored challis and looked very sweetly. Mr. Birch performed the ceremony beautifully. He had a service of his own. He married them with a ring and pronounced them man and wife. I could not but think I might have to go through that ceremony some day and I trembled to think what a solemn responsibility it was.

<sup>10</sup> Mrs. George Bowen.

I kissed dear Lizzie with all the earnestness possible and shook hands with her husband. Oh, how happy they looked as they received the congratulations of their friends. After a handsome entertainment had been partaken of they bade goodbye to their guests and went away on the cars."

June 15th.

"That evening we all went to Julia Latham's wedding. She was dressed in a simple white muslin with orange blossoms in her hair. Her husband Mr. (B. D.) Magruder looked very handsome. He is a fine looking man. Mr. Birch performed the ceremony. Only Julia's most intimate friends and acquaintances were there, still the rooms were full. Julia had a number of elegant presents from her numerous friends. At ten o'clock she left us and hurried away to the cars and they bore away from us two happy hearts.

Thursday night again we went to a wedding. Alice Edwards and Ben Ferguson were united together in a bond to be broken only by death. The affair was a splendid one. Everything was elegant. The house was all thrown open and filled with guests. The bride was lovely in her beautiful attire of white silk, lace and pearls. Her presents were more numerous and elegant than either of the other girls, still I do not believe she was any happier."

#### HAY AND NICOLAY.

About this time John Hay and John G. Nicolay, the young private secretaries of President Lincoln paid Springfield a little visit. Mary Ridgely had become engaged to John Hay's brother, Charles Hay, during John Hay's Washington sojourn. John Hay in after years was always spoken of as the simplest and least affected of men, but on this visit he appeared to one friend at least to have acquired some airs. June 26th.

"Monday evening Mr. Hay called (Charles) and Mary stayed with him. Mr. Peter Vredenburg called also that evening. We had a very pleasant time. Mr. Hay left early. He went to the depot to meet his sister Ellie. He had also

received a telegram from his brother John, to meet him in St. Louis the next day so he left at four in the morning. Tuesday we went to Bible Class. Mary left early to see Ellie Hay. When they got there who should they see but John Hay as large as life. He had passed his brother on the road. Mary was disgusted with him. He had a major's uniform on and he talked in a most affected manner possible. \* \* \* Judge Davis and Mr. James came to tea with us that evening. I talked with the Judge about my Washington trip for some time. \* \* \* After supper the girls and Mr. James went to the summer house and stayed all evening. We sang together and repeated poetry and had a real good time. We had a call from Ella Irwin and Mr. Nicolay. He passed through Springfield on his way to Idaho Territory. He had a very bad cold but otherwise was well. They stayed but a few minutes. Mr. Nicolay promised to call again but he did not do so. After they had gone we heard footsteps on the gravel and soon John Hay presented himself. We were very glad to see him. He and I talked over Washington also. When John went away I sent Mary to the gate with him that they might have a little talk but I believe they said but little."

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

July 3rd.

"Tomorrow will be the glorious fourth. I trust my poor country will be in a better state in another year. National affairs present a gloomy aspect at present. Our money is fast losing its value. Our armies have again been defeated. Thousands and thousands of lives have been sacrificed yet nothing accomplished. The south is still unsubdued. What shall we do? Will the President have the face to call for another draft? Can he ask more men to lay down their lives for nothing? Surely he will not, yet this is feared and the terrible scourge may be just begun. God help us. The Ship of State is stranded on the rocks. We hear the sounds of the waves beating against her; already she is rent in twain. No skilful pilot to guide, no captain we can trust, a selfish mutin-

ous crew. God help the passengers and send us a lifeboat or a plank to float upon. Our only hope is in a Democratic President, or an uprising of the people to demand their rights as free men but I do not pretend to be a politician and this is the Sabbath Day."

#### SERVANT TROUBLE.

Sept. 16th.

"Mother sent for me Thursday morning as she was very busy and needed my assistance. Both girls left that day. Maggie, the housegirl, soon to be married, and Mary, the laundress, who was discharged and we have no one in her place. Kate Sexton, a friend of Maggie's, is taking her place but she has to be taught everything. We girls have been so occupied with the house we have had little time for anything else. I hope to be relieved soon from these duties, not that they are disagreeable but we have more important ones to attend to."

October 9th.

"Wednesday there was a Republican meeting here. In the evening Mr. Hay and Mr. Kerr came up and took us down to see the fireworks. There was quite a display in the Second Church yard. We were in our old house just opposite where we could see finely."

#### REBELS IN MISSOURI.

November 24th.

"Tuesday we were very much surprised by a visit from Mr. Pierson, Aunt Julia and Aunt Nancy.\* They were obliged to leave on account of the terrible times there. They related some thrilling accounts of the Bushwhackers. Their house was entered by four of them under a Mr. Stewart and Uncle Pierson's life threatened. Aunt Nancy's trunk was searched but nothing taken from her. They took Aunt Julia's furs as she had left them on a bed. She had fastened all articles of value in various closets and had the door boarded

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\*Missouri residents.



up and papered over to match the wall so the closet was not visible. Mr. Pierson had brought home that day a velvet mantel for each of the ladies. Aunt Nancy had the precaution to slip upstairs and throw them out of the window. They lay under a tree undisturbed. Mr. Pierson escaped to the woods where he stayed all night. The rebels finding no money in the house went to the store, broke open the door and ransacked the whole place. I am thankful my relatives have left that dangerous place. They are still here. I do not know what they will do this winter."

#### VISIT TO GALENA.

December 18th.

"God and his mercy has spared me through another week and brought me safely through my journey to this place. Aunt Nancy and I arrived here last Thursday night after a hard trip on the cars. I like the looks of what I have seen of Galena very much. It is situated on the banks of a small river and is covered with hills or rather the town covers the hills. The houses, some of them, are very handsome and command fine views. The appearance of the rugged country is very different from our flat prairies. Everything being covered with snow it is rather an unfortunate time to judge of the beauties of the town. Still I can see that it is a pretty place and I think I should like to live here. Such ladies as I have seen I like quite well. They seem cultivated and refined, particularly the married ladies.

#### THE READING SOCIETY MEETS.

Monday I was getting ready to go away. The next evening I went to Frankie Vredenburg's to the reading society. Mr. McCulloch read 'Enoch Arden' by Tennyson. I had read it twice before but he read it so well I enjoyed hearing it again. Frankie read an article by Gail Hamilton. I quite liked it. The style was original and sprightly. We had a large attendance of pleasant people. When we went home

Pete Vredenburg walked with Annie (Eastman) and me, Mr. Birch (the young minister) with Ellen and Julia. Mr. Bridgman was left alone behind. Presently we heard his voice calling out 'I move Miss Ridgely fall in the rear' Annie then remarked 'I move Mr. Bridgman advance.' Mr. Birch put the motion to a vote and it was carried unanimously so Mr. Bridgman offered me his arm and I walked with him."

1865.

Annie passed the Christmas of this year in Galena where she was visiting, soon after she returned to Springfield where we continue her narrative.

#### A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Springfield. Janary 9.

"When I got home I found a letter awaiting me from W—— and a present of a photograph album from him. It was sent for my New Year's present and was one of the handsomest I ever saw. It was made entirely of pearl and the leaves and the clasp were in the finest style. Of course I was delighted. His own photograph was on the first page and next was one of Mr. Webb's, his friend, a dark and thoughtful looking young man. In the back of the book was the picture of Seth Kinman, a famous trapper. He is a savage looking man dressed entirely in skins and furs. I truly appreciated this delicate gift from my dear friend."

#### THE REFUGEES.

January 29th.

"This is a lovely day. I have been out to Sunday School and church as usual and this afternoon Annie (Eastman) came for me to go to the Home of the Friendless. \* \* \* I believe I have never written about the refugees who were brought here about two weeks ago. About one hundred and fifty persons arrived here from Arkansas. A military post called Fort Smith was broken up and these poor creatures

were left perfectly destitute. Mr. Springer,<sup>11</sup> a gentleman from here, a Chaplain from one of the regiments knew of this home and sent them here, but it is not nearly large enough to contain them. Contributions were taken up in all the churches and the sympathies of everyone was enlisted for them. They were taken to the Union League Hall and then taken care of as well as they could be. They were all poor people and most of them sick from cold and exposure for on the way they were put into horse and cattle cars without any fire and many of them froze to death. They were in a most destitute condition, covered with filth and rags and many of the women had on men's coats. I did not become interested in them at first as there were so many ladies flocking down there to offer assistance. They came on Sunday and all who could went to their aid and gave of their substance to make them more comfortable. One day last week I went with Annie to the Hall. The good people of our town have done a good deal in these two weeks. They had these persons first washed, then clothed, then fed. The children have nearly all found homes and the men employment. Many of them have died and some are still sick. I felt much distressed at the scenes before me and could hardly keep back the tears. I saw little children lying sick, some women perfectly prostrated with fever and one man seemed to be dying. The doctor told me that he had taken the wrong medicine, a drunken nurse had given linament meant for a man's leg. The room was large, warm, and well ventilated. Today on our visit to the Home I saw more of these refugees. Two little sisters looked so wasted away I hardly think they can recover. One little boy looked so sick and unable to sit up that I took him in my lap and held him all the time we were there; but the one who most excited my sympathy was a little fellow about five years old. He had lost his mother. She died since they came here and he is left entirely alone. He takes no interest in anything, will not play or smile but only sits sadly by himself and sometimes calls for his mother. My dear brother Charles gave me

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<sup>11</sup> Rev. Francis Springer.

eight dollars to buy a warm shawl for a poor woman. I thought it was so good of him.”

Springfield will always remember Reverend Charles Dresser as the rector who married Lincoln and Mary Todd. Annie writes of his funeral.

April 2nd.

“Last Monday we all went to the funeral of Mr. Charles Dresser, the first rector of the Episcopal Church here. I sat next to Mr. Birch (the young Presbyterian minister) and we looked over the same book and he sang with me. His dear voice sounded very sweetly.”

#### LINCOLN ASSASSINATED.

April 15th.

“A day memorable in our country’s history. This has been a most eventful week. Early Monday morning we received news of the surrender of Lee’s army. Everyone considered this the end of the war, the giving up of the southern confederacy. The people of our little city were much excited. Joy bells were rung all over town, salutes fired, flags floated in the breeze from almost every house, cheers and shouts were heard on all sides, the business houses were all closed and everybody turned loose for a holiday. I felt glad and happy at the prospect of the termination of this awful war. I received a letter from W—— (a young man in Washington). He wrote me an interesting description of the grand celebration of the taking of Richmond the week before. I would have been delighted to have witnessed the illumination from Washington the night of the fourth of April. The public buildings were magnificent, I am told, glittering with thousands of lights. The streets were crowded with people, and cheers and shouts drowned every other sound. We too had an illumination on the night of the 10th. We all went down town and looked at the fireworks, torchlight procession, bonfires, etc. Nearly all the private houses were lighted and looked very pretty. Colonel Oaks<sup>12</sup> was the handsomest we

<sup>12</sup> Col. James Oaks, U. S. V.



saw. This was a great day of rejoicing but alas, followed by a day of unparalleled gloom. To day over the wires came the awful news that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated. I could not credit it at first, but soon the mournful tolling of bells, the flags at half mast and draped in black told me it was indeed true. Such a day of gloom I think I never saw. Every house bore an emblem of mourning. All the business houses were again closed but with different feelings this time. Every one seemed oppressed and awed by such a solemn event. It seems Mr. Lincoln and his wife were at Ford's Theatre. The play was 'The American Cousin.' During the performance a report of a pistol was heard and a man jumped on the stage exclaiming 'Sic semper tyrannis,' and escaped through the back part of the stage. Screams from Mrs. Lincoln first attracted the attention of the people and they soon discovered that the President had been shot through the head. Of course there was great consternation. He was removed to a private residence opposite the theatre and died a few hours afterwards in the presence of his wife, son Robert, and John Hay, the private secretary. The assassin then proceeded to the house of Secretary Seward. He was ill from the effects of a fall from a carriage. The man who has since been taken and proven to be J. Wilkes Booth, the actor, succeeded in gaining admittance to Mr. Seward's room on a false pretense, and after violently striking the nurse and Mr. S.'s son, stabbed the secretary and escaped. Mr. Lincoln died soon after. Some persons think that Booth was hired by the rebels, others that he was insane, others that it was a private act of revenge. The first is the most prevalent opinion but I dislike to believe such a thing.

\* \* \* What a change from Monday. Andy Johnson is now President. What is before us God only knows."

#### SERVICE IN LINCOLN'S HONOR.

April 16th.

"This is one of the loveliest days I ever saw. Rather cool however, for this time of season. It has been a sweet

day for me. I enjoyed the communion although it was a peculiarly sad one. The whole church was draped in black in mourning for the President. \* \* \* Wednesday was the day of Mr. Lincoln's funeral in Washington and there was an order for all the churches to have service so our church was opened and Mr. Birch preached the sermon and we postponed the sewing circle."

#### LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

May 7th.

"The past week was fuller than many previous ones to me, that is I saw more people and more of society. A sad occasion called them together, even the funeral of the late President. \* \* \* Thursday I took time to run down to Annie's a few minutes. I found her starting down to the State House to help decorate the building for the mourning. I went with her but most of the work was done. A great many persons had been occupied there for two or three days. I did not like the trimming at all. It was composed of black and white and was not heavy looking or handsome at all. The House of Representatives was prepared as the place to deposit the remains of Mr. Lincoln. It was handsomely arranged and encased. It was not finished when I left. Wednesday I went down town on an errand and as it was about time for the funeral to arrive on the cars I waited to see the procession. The only remarkable thing I saw was the hearse which was truly elegant. It was from St. Louis, drawn by six black horses each with a black plume on his head. It was made of plate glass and ornamented with silver and gold and black plumes. The coffin inside could be plainly seen. It was of black velvet ornamented by silver. The body was taken to the State House and lay in state all that day and night. Crowds of people went to see it, men, women, and children gazed upon the decaying corpse. I am thankful I did not go for I know that the image would have remained in my mind. Janey (her sister) went with the Phi-harmonic Society to sing and sat where she could not but look upon the

body for an hour. The room was close and the gas lighted, the air was scented with evergreen which was placed all around the room and the poor child came near fainting. She was so nervous when she came home I feared she would not sleep. Mr. Hay (Charles) had to stand guard that night at the State House so was not with us as usual. Thursday the town was crowded with people. Several gentlemen from St. Louis called. We all went down to our old house (on Monroe Street) to see the funeral go by. We waited a long time. It started about eleven o'clock. The soldiers with their reversed guns made a solemn appearance. The procession was about a mile long and was composed of dignitaries of all sorts. Several bands discoursed sweet music. The whole scene was solemn and impressive. The hearse was followed by carriages containing the relatives of the deceased. Mr. Lincoln's son Bob was the only member of the family who followed him to the grave. They placed all that remained of our President in the vault at Oak Ridge Cemetery. Bishop Simpson delivered a funeral oration. Dirges were sung and prayers made, and then the crowd returned to the town and scattered to their various homes. How soon they will forget these sad scenes! Already laughter gives place to weeping and joy to mourning. \* \* \* Mr. Kerr and Annie came up in the evening and we went over to Julia's (a married sister). We found Mr. Nicolay (one of Lincoln's young secretaries) at Julia's. He looked very much fatigued and his face was the picture of despair. He did not stay very long. I suppose his heart was too sad."

The last item in the Journal that concerns the Civil War is this for

June 4th.

"Thursday was a fast day, a day set apart by Mr. Lincoln for the rejoicing over recent victories but after his death appointed for a day of mourning for him, very appropriately, I think."

The rest of the year life flowed on quietly as the times became more normal. We bring the chronicle to a close with

the year's end when Anna, after her custom, reviewed the past months and made resolutions for those that stretched before her. How nobly she kept these many of her friends, both old and young, can testify through the long years that were vouchsafed her, for Anna Ridgely, who married Mr. James L. Hudson in 1873 lived until December 5th, 1926. December 31st.

“It is the last Sabbath of the closing year, the last day, and the last hour of the day. \* \* \* I have but three resolutions for the New Year.

- 1st. Resolved to place implicit trust in God.
2. to take a greater interest in domestic affairs.
3. to study something that will improve and strengthen my mind.”



## **AZEL W. DORSEY.**

**Lincoln's School Teacher in Indiana  
Buried in Illinois.**

**J. B. OAKLEAF.**

Azel W. Dorsey, who was one of Abraham Lincoln's school teachers in Indiana, had been a soldier in the War of 1812, prior to his settlement in Indiana. The United States Government had set aside that part of Illinois bounded on the east and west by the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers and north of their conjunction; the northern boundary being the north line of Mercer County, which was called the "Military Tract," to be for the benefit of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the soldiers of the War of 1812. There, each soldier, under his bounty, was entitled to a tract of land not to exceed one hundred and sixty acres.

For several years I had heard rumors and suggestions that Azel W. Dorsey had moved to Illinois, but no one seemed to be able to give me any information as to his whereabouts. I concluded from the fact that Azel W. Dorsey had been in the War of 1812, that he, perhaps, had moved to the military tract and entered land under his bounty, and finally I found that my conclusion was correct, and I located him as a settler in Schuyler County, which is the Southeast County of the military tract.

Azel W. Dorsey moved to Illinois sometime in the year 1828, where he became a patron of the Rushville, Illinois, Postoffice, and he taught school in Schuyler County.

Mr. Dorsey must have been a staunch supporter of the church for he was a subscriber to the Christian Advocate and Journal, the records of the Rushville Postoffice show that he

is still indebted to the United States Government for "postage for seven quarters, (19½ cents each)."

The records of the Recorder's Office of Schuyler County, show that he had entered the Northeast Quarter (N. E. ¼) of the Northwest Quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Twenty-Six (26), Township Two (2) North Range Four (4) West of the Fourth Principal Meridian, and patent was issued to Azel Waters Dorsey on the 10th day of October, 1840.

There also was a patent issued to him on the 10th day of October, 1840, for the East Half (E. ½) of the Northeast Quarter (N. E. ¼) Section Twenty-one (21) Township Two (2) North Range Three (3) West of the Fourth Principal Meridian. The original patent is in the possession of the author of this article.

In talking with people in and about Rushville, Illinois, I was convinced that Mr. Dorsey departed this life in Schuyler County. If so, where was he buried?

The first above described land is in Huntsville Township, and the second is in Camden Township, Huntsville being the southeast Township in the County, and Camden lies directly east of it.

I was told of a cemetery situated in Huntsville Township, and concluded to make my search there for the grave of Azel W. Dorsey.

On the first of July, 1928, in company with Mr. J. S. Little and his sister, Virginia Little, and Mrs. L. H. Byrns, of Rushville, wife of the Recorder of Deeds of Schuyler County, who had lived in the village of Huntsville, we drove to the King farm, which adjoins the village of Huntsville on the south, and inquired of a young man whom we saw in the barnyard whether there was an old cemetery near there. He pointed to a few evergreen trees growing about eighty rods south of where we were, and told us that there was an old cemetery there.

We found that the information was correct. It was not fenced in. We counted sixty-two marble slabs, some were quite small, others regulation marble slab size, which had all





Grave of Azel W. Dorsey, Abraham Lincoln's last school teacher in Indiana. Grave is in Huntsville Township, Schuyler County, Illinois. Picture taken July 1, 1928, by Miss Virginia Little of Rushville, Illinois.



been broken off at the base and were lying on the ground among the weeds and grass in an open pasture for cattle and hogs.

In a hog wallow, we pried up quite a large slab and it proved to be the slab that originally marked the grave of Azel W. Dorsey. It was very dirty and we cleaned it off and set it up and Miss Little took a picture of it.

The inscription on the tombstone reads:

AZEL W. DORSEY

Died

Sept. 13, 1858.

Aged 73 Yrs., 10 Ms., 8 Ds.

which makes his date of birth November 5th, 1784.

The inscription at the bottom of the tombstone is: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

I have read in different articles that on the tombstone there was a statement that he had been a school teacher of Abraham Lincoln. I have also been told by those who seemed to know that the grave was in a pasture field near Astoria, (Fulton County) Illinois, and half a dozen other leads were given me, but I was doomed to disappointment until I reached Rushville and made my final search there.

The people of Rushville have interested themselves in the matter and have formed an historical society, of which Howard W. Dyson, Editor of the Rushville Times, is an interested member. The grave of Azel W. Dorsey will now have attention. The marble slab will be re-erected and the grave surrounded by an iron fence with a bronze plate attached informing the passer-by that the remains of Azel W. Dorsey, Abraham Lincoln's school teacher, are resting there.

In 1885, Rev. Chauncey Hobart, of Red Wing, Minnesota, a member of one of the first families that settled in Schuyler County, published a book entitled, "Recollections

of My Life. Fifty Years of Iterancy in the Northwest." On page 71 is the following:

"In the fall and winter of 1828-29, Azel W. Dorsey taught the school in our neighborhood, which I attended. From Mr. Dorsey I first heard of Abraham Lincoln, who had been one of his pupils the winter previous. Mr. Dorsey remembered young Lincoln kindly, spoke of him frequently and said, "Abraham Lincoln was one of the noblest boys I ever knew and is certain to become noted if he lives."

Rev. Hobart was a Methodist minister and no doubt Dorsey was a member of the Methodist Church, which we can well conjecture as he was a subscriber to the *Christian Advocate*. The above statement by Mr. Dorsey to Rev. Hobart is the only statement we have of Azel W. Dorsey concerning Abraham Lincoln.

What a wonderful tribute from a school teacher when he said, "Abraham Lincoln was one of the noblest boys I ever knew and is certain to become noted if he lives."

Azel W. Dorsey passed to the Great Beyond when Abraham Lincoln was beginning to become known outside of his own state, during his debates with Douglas. Because Azel W. Dorsey was Abraham Lincoln's school teacher at one time, his last resting place will not be forgotten, for it will be a mecca for many, who will visit the resting place of the man who helped to inspire the mind of Abraham Lincoln to great deeds.

## DEDICATION OF MARQUETTE MONUMENT AT GRAFTON, ILLINOIS.

BY FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S. J.

Sunday, September 1st, 1929, was a triumphant day for the several hundred inhabitants of Grafton, Illinois. On that day nearly four thousand people came to it by train, by boat, by auto, and on foot because here in this quiet hamlet two and a half centuries ago a great event had taken place. The shops and homes were decorated with flags and bunting which with the sunshine and the Sunday air gave the place the aspect of celebration. Special trains had come from St. Louis and the steamer Capitol came up from Alton, was docked almost at the very spot where the great event had taken place. Besides men, women and children there were bands and soldiers and boy scouts and camp-fire girls and, last but not least, the full-dressed Knights of Columbus with their baldrics and harmless swords at their sides.

The occasion was the formal dedication of a monument marking the spot where Father James Marquette, Louis Joliet, and their five companions entered Illinois in the summer of 1673, for here the Illinois River enters the Mississippi. Through the generosity of Mr. H. H. Ferguson of Alton, this historic spot which is now a part of his eight hundred acre estate has been set aside for a monument to commemorate the entrance of the first white men into the present state of Illinois. The celebration was under the auspices of the local Chamber of Commerce, but the monument was also the gift of Mr. Ferguson, who has taken a great interest in early Illinois history.

After the singing of "America," the Rt. Rev. James A. Griffin, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, wearing a gold cloth

cope and mitre and carrying his bishop's crozier, ascended the steps that led to the dolomite cross which surmounted a huge natural rock. The bishop was attended by priests and monsignori, and the cross was blest after the traditional manner of the Catholic rite. Mounted on three Calvary steps, the cross stands on the ledge of a bluff weather-beaten to a dull grey so that it serves admirably as a back ground for the cross which is carved from the native buff rock. The huge rock that supports the cross faces the road and bears a bronze inscription as follows:

AT THIS PLACE  
IN THE EARLY AUGUST OF  
1673  
MARQUETTE, JOLIET AND FIVE COMPANIONS  
ENTERED ILLINOIS  
DAWN-HERALDS OF  
RELIGION, CIVIL GOVERNMENT, AND CONSECRATED LABOR  
DEDICATED SEPT. 1, 1929  
RT. REV. JAMES A. GRIFFIN, D. D.  
BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

The site too is well chosen as the cross is visible for miles up and down the Illinois River.

Below the road from which the steps lead to the monument is a plain that was once the bed of the Illinois River but today dotted with people who have come to attend the pontifical field mass, the religious part of the celebration, and the acceptance of the monument by the state which was the civic part of the celebration. In the background the Illinois River sparkled in the sunlight as it did, no doubt, on that summer day two hundred and fifty-six years ago when its beauty so impressed Marquette. Near the road a platform had been built at the end of which was the canopied altar and at the other were chairs for the choir and the distinguished guests. Bishop Griffin celebrated the Solemn High Mass and he was assisted as follows: Rev. Francis B. Kehoe of Alton, assistant priest; Rev. M. J. Cummins of Grafton and Rev. J. J.



Clancy of Jerseyville, deacons of honor; Rev. N. B. Schnelton of Brussels, deacon of the Mass and Rev. J. R. Moloney of Alton, subdeacon of the Mass. Msgr. Amos E. Giusti of Springfield and Rev. George Powell of Granite City also assisted. In the sanctuary were Monsignors E. L. Spalding, V. G. of Alton, M. A. Tarrent of Springfield, M. J. Foley of Quincy, and many priests from the adjacent territory. Governor and Mrs. Emmerson and Mr. Canfield, the brother of the Governor of Missouri, occupied places of honor at the right of the altar.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J. dean of Loyola University, Chicago. He spoke as follows:

The great American historian Bancroft, writing of Marquette nearly one hundred years ago said: "The people of the West will build his monument." Today we are gathered here in this historic spot to emphasize anew the fulfillment of this prophecy. Near this very spot Father James Marquette and Louis Joliet and five companions entered the Illinois River while on their return voyage from the mouth of the Arkansas in the summer of 1673—256 years ago. They were the first white men to view the natural glories of these hills and bluffs where the Illinois River flows into the mighty Father of Waters and we are here today to commemorate that event.

This is not only an historic spot but it is also a holy one, for most likely here Marquette celebrated the sacrifice of the Mass—the first time in the present State of Illinois, and hence it is most appropriate that the monument we dedicate today should be a cross—the mighty symbol of our redemption and that a bishop should come from afar to celebrate with pomp the same sacred sacrifice that Marquette then celebrated with greatest simplicity. It is also most appropriate that the Governor of a great state—the ruler of six million people should honor this occasion with his presence and receive this monument in the name of the State of Illinois because Marquette belongs not only to the Catholic Church but he belongs also to Illinois.

It was not only generosity—it was vision that prompted the donor of this vast park and beautiful monument, Mr. H. H. Ferguson, to make all this possible, and it is fitting that he too, be present on this historic occasion. Not only today and tomorrow but for the years to come this monument will be a testimony that great deeds live after them and that it is not always true that “republics are ungrateful.” In these regions this monument and park will tell to future ages the story of Marquette and Joliet but they will also tell the generosity and vision of Henry H. Ferguson.

Bancroft said of Marquette “the people of the West will build his monument,” but the great American historian never dreamed of the vast scale on which his prophecy would be fulfilled. Monuments and memorials honor him in many states and in the capitol at Washington his heroic statue is in the Hall of Fame as one of the two representatives of the state of Wisconsin. Counties, cities, towns and a river bear his name, as do a university, schools, buildings and boulevards, while railroads and automobiles carry the name of Pere Marquette to the four corners of the country.

Joliet too, has been commemorated in statue and story in many ways, especially in Illinois and in Canada where he was born. As a young man Louis Joliet studied in the Jesuit college at Quebec, where he also began to prepare for the priesthood but the spirit of the frontier moved him to give up his studies for adventure and he became an outstanding explorer and trader and was selected by Governor Frontenac to go with Marquette on the great exploration. Later in life Joliet explored Labrador and became a government geographer. He was one of the first native Americans to achieve lasting fame.

The name of Marquette became known in Europe even in his lifetime as soon as the journal of his explorations and missions were published and his fame increased because time has shown the accuracy and scientific value of his accounts. He descended from a distinguished French family and at seventeen he became a Jesuit to dedicate his life to Religion

and Education. In spite of a great love of books and the handicap of a frail physique his zeal prompted him to seek the dangerous and difficult Canadian missions. In 1666, at the age of twenty-nine years, he set out for Quebec to prepare for his mission life among the Indians. Here he met Joliet, then in the Jesuit College. During the next six years he was sent to various Indian missions and besides learning six Indian languages he was trained to the hardships of primitive Indian life. From the Indians he heard of a great river which flowed southward but no one knew whither and he also heard of gentle Illinois Indians who worshipped the sun and the thunder. In 1672, while he was at Mackinac Island, his friend Joliet came with orders to join him in the exploration of the mysterious river. Together they drew maps and prepared themselves for the journey.

The story of this journey of Marquette and Joliet is known to every school child from the pages of American History. How they were the first white men to make known to the world the great Mississippi River; how they opened up to the world this wonderful valley which today teems with millions of free and happy people. With five companions in two birch canoes, they set forth from Mackinac in May, 1673, skirted along the north shore of Lake Michigan, into Green Bay, then up the Fox River and across a short portage into the Wisconsin River until on June 17, 1673, they set eyes upon the great and mysterious Father of Waters—just a month after leaving Mackinac. Down the river they paddled their canoes, passing the mouth of the Missouri and Ohio, on and on until they reached the Arkansas where they learned with certainty that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. Fear of hostile Indians and the enmity of the Spaniards prompted them to turn their canoes northward and return.

Their return trip was difficult for now they had to paddle against the stream and they were no doubt glad when they reached this spot on the Illinois River and found it as Marquette says in his journal “the most beautiful place they had

seen.” Friendly Indians assured them that the Illinois River was a shorter route to the Big Lake and the northland. They paddled up the river to Kaskaskia near the present site of Utica and here they were kindly received by the Illinois Indians. Marquette promised the Indians to return later and then the party journeyed on to the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at the head of Green Bay. Here Marquette turned over to Joliet his diary of the voyage which had been carefully kept and which is one of the most important documents in American history. Joliet hurried on to Quebec to announce the great tidings of discovery. Before landing an accident upset one of the canoes and all the original maps and journals were lost in the St. Lawrence River.

Today, with our ease and comfort of modern transportation, we marvel at the courage and endurance of these seven men—paddling a canoe 2500 miles over strange and treacherous waters with danger from man and beast on all sides. Four months of mental anxiety and bodily hardship and perhaps failure in the end. Only devotion to God and loyalty to Country can give a reason for such an enterprise and such an achievement.

Marquette had promised the Illinois Indians he would return and the next year with two French servants he again, though in feeble health, canoed down the Lake and reached the mouth of the Chicago River. His condition grew worse and his companions forced him to spend the winter in a hut on a site which is now the intersection of Damen Avenue with one of the forks of the Chicago River. With the coming of spring he continued his way to the Illinois Indians by whom he was received “as an angel from heaven” and with whom he made a short stay. They begged him to stay with them always, but Marquette was sick, in fact, he felt that his death was near and he wished to die among his own in Canada. His companions accordingly set out with him for St. Ignace but when they reached what is now Ludington they brought Marquette ashore and there with a calm prayer upon his lips he died May 18, 1675. His companions marked his grave with



a large cross and later a band of Ottawa Indians carried his remains to the Church of St. Ignace opposite Mackinac.

Marquette and Joliet were both in education and feeling Catholic and French, but both were so broad in their sympathies and understandings that they have been eulogized by English as well as French, by non-Catholic as well as Catholic. Though Marquette was a priest and a Jesuit, non-Catholic writers and historians like Jared Sparks and Reuben Thwaites have always taken him to their hearts and have seen in him not only an intrepid discoverer but a true disciple of Jesus Christ. They have paid tribute to his modest bravery, to his exquisite scholarship, to his human sympathy, and especially to his supreme sanctity, seeing in him another Christ yearning to spend himself for others and like his fellow-missionaries, Jogues and Breboeuf, to die for Christ.

Marquette was a man of delicate health and unfitted for the rough life of the wilderness. His was a gentle manner but it concealed a will of iron. His dominant desire was to seek new lands and to carry to them the gospel of Christ. His model in this mission was the great St. Francis Xavier who spread the faith through fifty-two kingdoms in Asia. In many respects Marquette's life paralleled that of St. Francis Xavier, for when death overtook him on a lonely shore of Lake Michigan he gave thanks that he could die as he had always prayed—like St. Francis Xavier who a century before expired forsaken on the Island of Sancian off the coast of China.

We are here to celebrate the glory of Marquette the missionary and of Joliet the explorer, and to dedicate this imperishable dolomite to their memory. Both these men were devoted to a cause that should make an appeal to us today, two and a half centuries later. Marquette dedicated his life to God, Joliet dedicated his to country, and in these dedications we see the fulfillment of a perfect life. This theme is too vast for my feeble words yet it is such an inspiration that we men and women living in the valley of the lakes and rivers, traversed by Marquette and Joliet, must ask ourselves

whether we are following in their loyalties, in their devotion to God and Country.

Both these men ennobled their lives by devotion to a cause—they gave much but they also received much, for they had the consciousness that their service to God and Country was also service to their fellow-men. Both Marquette and Joliet had learned the great secret of life that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that we get out of life what we give to it, and that the joy is greatest when we give most. Like Marquette and Joliet may we render our services with gentle powers, intrepid ardor and sincere piety.

Though men readily forget the dead two and one half centuries have not dimmed the memory of Marquette and Joliet and this new monument, dedicated to the fine idealism of their lives, will perpetuate that memory for centuries to come."

After the mass Bishop Griffin spoke briefly of the great debt Church and state owe to Marquette and his intrepid companions and concluded by introducing Mr. Cornelius J. Doyle of Springfield as the chairman of the day. Mr. Doyle made a most eloquent speech in which he emphasized the civic significance of the occasion and the contribution to America that was made by Marquette, Joliet, La Salle and the early pioneers. Then Mr. J. D. McAdams of the Alton Telegraph presented in the name of Mr. H. H. Ferguson the memorial to the state. Mr. McAdams told the perils faced by Marquette, who came only to serve others, to bring civilization and religion to the Indians. Generations shall pass, but the name of Marquette ever will be honored as that of a man of sacrificial fervour and it was fitting that the monument should be entrusted to the state that it might be preserved for the generations to come. Then Governor Louis L. Emmerson speaking for the state of Illinois accepted the monument. Among other things he said: "It is a great privilege and a pleasure to appear on the oldest historic spot in Illinois and to realize that soon a water-way system would give this section its opportunity for greatness. Pere Marquette was willing

to forego fame and wealth and luxurious home to explore for the world that tractless wilderness of a foreign land. La Salle sought glory for himself and his king; Marquette sought only new peoples to whose well-being he might contribute."

The celebration was brought to a fitting close by the singing of the State song, "Illinois." It was an outstanding celebration that spoke volumes for the public-spirited co-operation of the people of Grafton and Alton.

## BEARD FAMILY HISTORY.\*

(Written by Minerva Collins to Stella Beard Poe.)

(Extract from a sermon published in Stockbridge, Mass., 1817, giving the earliest history of our ancestors.)

“Funeral Sermon of Mr. Aaron Baird, age eighty-four, Becket, Mass., Sept. 4, 1817, by Rev. Joseph Mills, Pastor of the Congregational Church in that place.—Zach, 1:5.”

“Thomas Baird, the ancestor of this family, emigrated from England and settled in Boston about the middle of the 17th century, which must have been soon after the settlement of that town. He spent the remainder of his days and died in Boston.

Thomas Baird the second, either the son or grandson, was born in Boston 1680. After sojourning in various parts of the state died in the town of Washington 1774, at the age of 94. *Thomas Baird, the third*, father of the deceased was born in Waburn of this commonwealth 1704, died on the last day of the year 1787, age 83. This character was that of a faithful servant of our Lord and of one who honored the Christian profession by a godly life. His name still stands upon our records among the eight who formed this church and signed its articles.

Aaron Baird, the deceased, was born in Mendon, Mass., Oct. 14, 1733. When he was twenty-two years of age, 1775, he came to Becket, Mass., with his father and grandfather. They were among the first planters of this town. He resided in this place and immediate vicinity sixty-two years, and died in the town of Lee, at the home of his son on the 4th inst., having almost completed his eighty-fourth year. He leaves a wife, six children, fifty-two grand children, and a large

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\* Thomas Beard, the pioneer and founder of Beardstown, Ill., by Rev. P. C. Croll. In Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1917, pp. 111-129.



number of more remote descent. But as death approached he was enabled to meet it without dismay. His faith was strengthened and his hope brightened. His whole mind seemed absorbed in Spiritual contemplation, forgetting entirely the concerns on time, and scarcely sensible of the pains of dissolution. Only in a few instances probably can any family trace their ancestry so far, so accurately and so profitable as that of the deceased, Aaron Baird."

Amos Baird, son of Thomas Baird 3rd (my great grandfather) was born in Mendon, Mass., 1748, and died in Burton, Geauga Co., Ohio, Aug. 1822, in his 74th year. (I do not know his mother's name.) Amos Baird married, before he was of age, Miss Hannah Needham, related in some way to your grandmother Beard, perhaps very distant. Amos Baird was a patriot and a soldier, served his country seven years in the Revolutionary war. After the birth of their eldest son, Jedediah, they removed to Groverville Washington Co., N. Y. Their children were Jedediah, Amariah, Hannah, Susan, Amos, Silas and Polly. The care of the family devolving upon the mother and eldest son, near the close of the war, she died suddenly without a word of farewell to her stricken household. She was buried at Groverville, N. Y.

Jedediah, son of Amos and Hannah Needham Baird was born in Becket, Berkshire Co., Mass., Sept. 29, 1767. Charlotte Nichols, Daughter of John Nichols, Stafford, Vt., was born Jan. 18, 1770. Her father served through the Revolutionary war. Worn with the hardships of a soldier's life, he died soon after. Her mother died during the war leaving a little family of children to strangers' care.

Jedediah Baird and Charlotte Nichols were married Dec. 1st, 1793. Their children were Thomas, Thalia, Amy, Charlotte, Hannah, Alma, Paulina, Selina, Alfred, Nichols.

In 1779 J. Baird visited the Conn. Western Reserve where his brother Amariah had preceded him with his family the year before. Here he bought, Oct. 17th, lot 27 in Burton. This was the first record of the sale of town property. He also made some trade for the mill property on the west

branch of the Cuyahoga river. On May 4th, 1800, with his family consisting of a wife and three children, he took up his residence in their new home. J. Baird had waited for a year or more for his wife to become reconciled to the change, ever considerate of her feelings. Jan. 1, 1810, J. Baird, his brothers, sisters, and two brothers-in-law left their home in Greenville, N. Y. They remained at Buffalo some time on account of sickness and parted with most of the company. At Freeport, Erie Co., Penn. Gen. Paine and family joined them. They reached Burton May 4th after many hardships. B-a-i-r-d was the correct orthography but after coming to Ohio my grandfather, why we know not, changed to Beard.

Thomas, oldest son of Jedediah and Charlotte Nichols Beard, was born in Greenville, N. Y. Dec. 4, 1794. When his parents entered an almost unbroken wilderness in 1800, settlements new and remote, the young boy was early inured to a life of privation and danger, which he bore with unflinching fortitude. To face and overcome obstacles seemed to suit his bold and rugged nature. His father, stern and exacting at times, was met with quiet and cheerful obedience. The exigencies of the times were such there could be no flinching anywhere. Thomas was the oldest of nine children. Seven little sisters of respective ages looked upon "Brother" with admiring eyes, true hero worship that knew no abatement in a long lifetime. The youngest boy was the pet of the household.

Their homes in those early days was a double log cabin (two cabins built with connecting passage-way between) on the hill east in the township of Burton. The saw and grist mill, a scene of busy life, was below. Soon a frame house was erected in a lovely spot. Here these early settlers toiled, bound together by the closest ties, coming, almost all of them, from New England homes with their rugged characters, economic habits, sterling worth, love of liberty and equality. To them toil was nothing, privation nothing, only that they could secure homes for themselves and competence for their families, surrounded with schools and other advantages of

civilized life. Each evening in the Beard homestead the table would be drawn out, covered with books and the family required to study, even the mill hands being encouraged to join. Thomas would study often far into the night. He was sent away in due time with his sister Thalia twenty miles from home, to take an academic course at Conneaut, Ohio, to Gen. Robinson who would only receive fifteen or twenty pupils. But the war cloud was gathering. They were only separated by the lake from a province of that nation with which our nation had been twice engaged in deadly conflict. Thomas had to be recalled home.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to J. Beard by a special messenger:

Cleveland, May 5, 1813.

Col. Jedediah Beard,

Sir:

Gen. Harrison is closely besieged by the British and Indians. The attack commenced on Thursday last and has continued until our informant left yesterday. We are doubtful of his fate. Capt. Burnham, Doct. Coleman and Mr. Titus Hodges have been near the fort. Burnham and Coleman were fired upon by the British and Indians but made their escape. They all gave the same account. I left Sanders, Ky. on Sunday. The cannonade was then to be heard. It is thought best to raise the militia and repair to the frontier to protect the people against the savages in case Harrison has to surrender.

Yours in haste,

(Signed) Calvin Pease.

Please spread the alarm and raise the people.

Col. Beard was an ardent patriot and for some time had held communication with others. They were ordered to throw up earthworks at Walworth Run and prepare for a vigorous defense. Col. Beard was in command of the regiment and soon had a well organized camp. At the commencement of the war of 1812 (and was in camp at Cleveland Aug. 30, 1813) he was elected Lieut. Col. At the close of the war he

resigned his commission and retired from public employment.

Thomas joined a surveying party and soon felt the need of a wider field for his energies. His mother especially was very reluctant to have him go out into the hardships she feared would await him. But Thomas had the instincts of a pioneer and could not be content in a narrow sphere. It was hard for that mother who had borne so much to part with her beloved son, and also the little sisters with their brother, but they followed their mother's example and bore up bravely. His first letter home was from Wooster, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1817, holding out some hope of return in the future. Intended to make a tour to the South but changed his plan and reached St. Louis, Mo., 1818, the year Illinois was admitted into the Union as 22nd state. From there he went to Edwardsville, boarding with a family by the name of Dunsmore. There he was very sick but kindly nursed back to life, and tenderly, by his new and life long friends. In 1819 he met Gen. Murray McConnel and together they set out on horseback to explore the country. Mr. Beard was anxious to locate a town on the Illinois River. Though he had never seen the river he had an idea that the line of that river would some day be the center of a rich and populous country and upon its shores cities and towns would thrive. McConnel had seen the Illinois River and some of the country in the vicinity, and had a highly favorable recollection of the Kickapoo camp, and the beautiful mounds at the mouth of Muscooten Bay. He described it all to Mr. Beard and together they set out to hunt the seat of what they believed would be a flourishing city. After a week's travel through the swamps and lagoons they found their way to the mounds and the Indian camping ground, the object of their search. Mr. Beard was charmed with the situation and resolved to remain. In a letter to his father, headed Sangamon Bay, March 20, 1826, he says: "I have settled on the east bank of the Illinois River on public land 120 miles above St. Louis. My reason for choosing this location is on account of its being a valuable situation for a town and a ferry." In another letter from



Morgan Co., Ill., he says: "A part of my land I have laid out in town lots that the people here have given me the honor of calling by my name. The country is improving very fast, etc. I am still keeping ferry." The first licensed ferry was established June 5, 1826. The original town of Beardstown was laid off and plotted by Enoch C. March and Thos. Beard Sept. 9, 1829, and recorded at Jacksonville, Morgan Co., Ill., in Book "B" page 228. There was considerable delay before the public lands came into market.

Thomas Beard is described as a genial talkative man of strict integrity and kindly impulses. Was about six feet tall, erect, muscular and vigorous. A man of no ordinary appearance, persistent in his purposes, devoting a lifetime to the material interests of the town in which he lived. He had much the appearance of his son James, more rugged features and stern and thoughtful in deportment. He had the same mischievous glance of the eye and you had to be watchful and wary at times or you would suffer defeat. His friend Mr. Frances Arenz said of him: "His character through life never suffered blemish, though sustaining a position in which he could have gratified a worldly ambition—his was the natural ability the world could not corrupt nor the fashion of an artificial life take away." In his own words, "an unblemished character both in word and in fact is one of the first and greatest objects to be attained in life."

Married in Rushville, Schuyler Co., Ill., July 18, 1837, by Rev. Wm. Window, Thomas Beard and Nancy C. Dickerman. This happy event was the beginning of a life of great domestic happiness to Thomas Beard, although business cares and many perplexities assailed yet life was fraught with untold blessing. I have never dreamed or read or known of one more noble, pure and good, more helpful to those in need than that brave, true wife of Thomas Beard. Every life that came in touch with her own was comforted, elevated and encouraged. She ever inspired affection in those that knew and loved her that will be cherished as long as memory exists. Thomas

Beard and wife were of one mind in acts of benevolence, a great source of pleasure to themselves and profit to others.

It is said no man can hold a closer relation to any town than the originator of it, especially if it takes his own name. Thomas Beard had devoted a life time to the material interests of the town. Everything conducive to its advancement was eagerly sought after in the town and country with which he became identified in his young manhood. The principal tribe of Indians of the Illinois in the early days was the Muscatins whose town was upon the present site of Beardstown, on the east bank of the river at the foot of Muscantin Bay and was known by the French as the "Mound Village." The French having abandoned the town site sometime previous to the admission of Illinois as a State. Thomas Beard always sustained the most friendly relation with the Indians that inhabited the country. In his boyhood days the smoke of an Indian encampment could be seen from their doorway. Although they had but little intercourse, still he had learned much of their habits and mode of life and therefore easily gained their confidence and respect in his western home. At one time there were only two or three white men in the vicinity of "Mound Valley." A favorite chief did not return from the hunt at the close of the day. Another day passed and still no trace of him was found. The tribe became excited. Suspicion was aroused and Mr. Beard was soon aware by unmistakable signs that unless his disappearance was accounted for the white men were doomed. He proceeded with the utmost caution, planned a more extended search and insisted upon two or three of the tribe accompanying each white man. After almost a week's search in wood and dell even his stout heart began secretly to fail him, as this was the last day allotted them. Suddenly an Indian by his side gave a yell and sprang forward and there pinned to the ground on some projection lay their dead chieftain. He had apparently crawled upon an overhanging tree-top after some game he had shot that had lodged there, lost his balance and was instantly killed. The Indians in character-

istic way, expressed their disgust at the manner of his going and dismissed the matter.

Another incident I have heard him relate, not striking perhaps, but which shows his kindness and thoughtfulness for others:

The only place where money could be obtained in those early days was at Galena, Illinois. Thomas Beard had determined to find a more direct route if possible than the one in use. No opportunity presented itself for two years or more. Either the winter was too mild or business detained him. At last in January all things seemed favorable and he started alone, with gun and hatchet, to blaze his way through. He chose this time of the year when the creeks and streams would be frozen over so he could cross, and the foliage of the trees would not obstruct the view. On Rock River was the only dwelling on the way. He would manage to reach the timber at nightfall, build a fire down beside a log in a sheltered spot, roast his game, a rabbit, or whatever his knapsack afforded, lie down to sleep with the wind blowing the smoke toward him to keep off the frost. Every five or ten minutes he would rouse up, turn over to keep from freezing and thus he would wear out the night. He accomplished his purpose to his entire satisfaction. He refilled his knapsack, rested and slept a short time at Rock Creek, and returned the same way. The road he marked out is used at this day. His knowledge of surveying was of benefit to him in his frequent journeys through untried paths. Since I study it over I believe he was not encumbered with blanket. He met bands of Indians but he knew how to manage and others were to receive the benefit of his self sacrifice.

Thomas Beard (1794-1849).....	{ m 1st, Sarah Bell in 1826. Divorced in 1834.....	{ Caroline 1827-? Edward 1829-? Stella 1832-1917 m. Dr. Poe, Sheridan, Wyo.
		{ Francis Arenz 1840-1841 Agnes Casneau 1842-1927 m. Mr. Doane James McClure 1844-1916 Eugene Crombie 1846-1868
	{ m 2nd, Nancy C. Dickerman in 1837 (1804-1899).....	

## **ANNIE LOUISE KELLER MEMORIAL.**

UNVEILED AT WHITE HALL, ILLINOIS

Honor the late Miss Annie Louise Keller, school teacher heroine, by protecting the children of today and of tomorrow, from the storms of avarice, greed, economic injustice and vice.

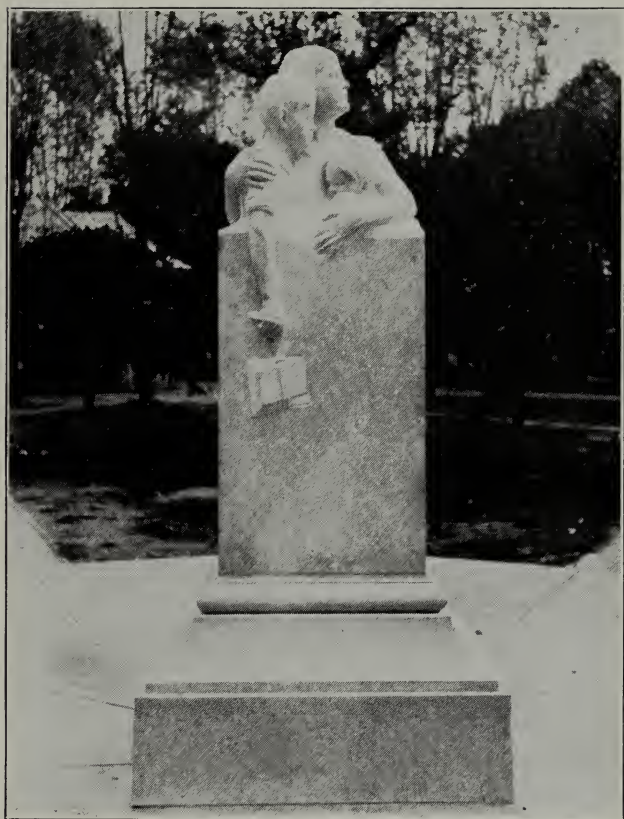
Hold an annual celebration in her honor in every school in Illinois.

This was the keynote of the brilliant ceremonial conducted in White Hall, Illinois, Sunday afternoon, August 25, 1929, when 3,000 people from Central Illinois witnessed the unveiling of the beautiful pink marble monument designed and modeled by the famous sculptor, Lorado Taft, in Miss Keller's honor.

Dramatic in the extreme were the dedicatory exercises in Whiteside Park, in the center of the city, where eloquent speakers paid tribute to the heroine and where the little school children whose lives she saved by her bravery at Centerville school, and for whom she gave up her own life during a tornado, April 19, 1927, gathered in a human chain about her monument and placed at its base a beautiful wreath of white roses.

Prior to the unveiling of the monument, several addresses were delivered to a vast audience from the park pavilion. Francis G. Blair, state Superintendent of Public Instruction, presided. Addresses were delivered by Mrs. Fannie Spaits Merwin of Manitou, former head of the state teachers of Illinois; Lorado Taft, Chicago, the sculptor; V. Y. Dallman, editor-in-chief of the Illinois State Register, Springfield; Attorney Thomas D. Masters, Springfield, and State Senator A. S. Cuthbertson of Bunker Hill.





ANNIE LOUISE KELLER MEMORIAL  
White Hall, Illinois



Mr. Taft found such an inspiration in Annie Louise Keller's sacrifice of her life for her little school children, that he produced the magnificent monument with a chisel guided by heart-throbs and devotion to an ideal without thought of the fact that the fund raised for the monument was inadequate. He gave of his very soul and substance to portray and maintain in marble the ideal written into the heroism of Miss Keller.

Tendered an ovation when he was introduced, Mr. Taft said he has always had a strange ambition to do something great and good for some town or city. He said that he found, however, that everywhere, all about us, great and good things are being done which are unsung and almost unknown because they are not capitalized.

"I saw here," he said, "in the heroism of Miss Annie Keller, an opportunity to do something in honor of a more or less obscure young woman who gave her life without one thought of herself. The value of preserving that ideal appealed to me. The vision I had is set up in stone there. There is no more beautiful story than that told in the life and death of Miss Keller. I rejoice in my profession that makes possible this memorial to her if it becomes an inspiration to others and perpetuates her sweet memory."

Mrs. Merwin paid a fine tribute to the heroism of Miss Keller, and said she represented the average school teacher whose sacrifices are many, whose devotion to high ideals is great, and who deserves that fullest measure of consideration which should come to public benefactors. She paid tribute to motherhood and urged devotion everywhere to the high ideals written into the story of the self-sacrifice of Miss Keller.

Speaking as a representative of the press, Mr. Dallman told of being in White Hall on the day when Miss Keller was killed by the tornado while saving her pupils in Centerville school, and of the appeal he made at that time for the establishment of a memorial for Miss Keller. He read excerpts from editorials urging such a memorial and quoted from a

number of other newspapers which took up the campaign, among them H. E. Bell's White Hall Register, James McNabb's Carrollton Gazette; Joe Page's Jerseyville Democrat; the Illinois State Journal, Springfield; the Decatur Herald and the Kansas City Star. He said that the press of the nation had broadcast the story of Miss Keller's heroism and self-sacrifice, and that the response of the newspapers was a generous editorial exhortation everywhere for devotion to the ideal for which Miss Keller gave her life. The Associated Press was particularly praised for its service. Mr. Dallman said in conclusion: "And now, what of our responsibility? There is nothing that we can say or do here that will add luster to the name and fame of this brave young woman whose heroism is in our hearts. Her immortality is assured.

"What we say here and the erection of this beautiful marble memorial will mean nothing unless we find in this occasion an inspiration to rededicate our lives to some form of emulation of the heroism and self-sacrifice of Annie Louise Keller.

"We look at these boys and girls here for whom she sacrificed her life, and whose lives she saved, and our very souls are flooded with a deep emotion. We find comfort in the triumph of an ideal and we are moved by the good and the beautiful in life.

"This is only a mockery, however, if our words, our thoughts and our acts today do not find expression in some form of unselfish service tomorrow and throughout our lives.

"Let us therefore visualize life as a school house—just such a school house as that at Centerville where these children study and where Annie Louise Keller taught. We who have grown up—all of us men and women are the teachers in this school, if you please. All about us are the children—boys and girls in great number—in whose lives we must find a great and constant responsibility. The storm clouds of ignorance, prejudice, intolerance, dishonesty, disrespect for law and vice can be seen there yonder through the school



house windows sweeping toward them. Shall we by selfishness neglect them or shall we find in the life and heroism of Annie Louise Keller an inspiration to stand with our backs to the school house door, admonish the children wisely and discreetly, direct them by leading them into lives of integrity, usefulness, honor and unselfish service of others?

"Unless we take our places at the school house door of life in devotion to and defense of the boys and girls of White Hall, Greene county, Springfield and Illinois and America, when we know these storms are raging, we make this occasion a travesty and we dishonor rather than honor the name of the young woman foremost in our hearts and minds today.

"I feel that all of us have caught the spirit of this hour. These children point the way. This marble breathes a sermon. Let us catch the spirit that moved the magic chisel in the master hand of Lorado Taft, the sculptor, and go forth re-dedicating our lives to the ideal which this monument represents. Let us hear Annie Keller's voice calling with the winds—

"Out of the sky a tornado came;  
Death rode that dreadful storm;  
Out of the storm came a sacred name  
History to adorn.  
With it a challenge comes, sublime;  
Serve little children—all!  
It echoes on the wings of time—  
Sweet Annie Keller's call!"

Mr. Dallman urged that the Annie Louise Keller memorial be made an annual event as a means of keeping alive and promoting the ideal, and that the celebration be held in every school in Illinois annually.

Declaring that Miss Annie Keller's heroic death places her among the immortals, Attorney Thomas D. Masters said in part:

"We seek to memorialize her heroic act, that posterity may know of her, whose life and whose supreme sacrifice

enrich the world. She occupied a station in life the world classifies as obscure and unimportant, and yet she was a member of the most useful and most noble of all the professions—she taught little children and sought to form their characters, the youth and hope of all mankind. But if her life was obscure her death was glorious and now glorifies and will forever glorify her sex, indeed, the race.

“This figure in marble, chiseled by a master, beautiful as it is, is but the means adopted to attract the eye and to lead those who gaze upon it to contemplate the life and death of one who in a brief moment of peril displayed all those qualities of heart and of mind, that raise humanity from mere flesh to the spiritual—to the divine.

“This day we hope that this work of art, symbolic of that life and death, may cause all who may hereafter journey by to reflect upon a great act of courage and unselfishness, and gain inspiration for their own lives.

“The great lesson in sacrifice was taught by the Master. Among His disciples is Annie Keller. ‘Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend.’

“The legal profession owes much to the teachers. There is the closest association between the profession of the law and teaching. Every lawyer feels throughout his professional life the effect of his early schooling. His memory carries him back to the tender, helpful and unselfish teaching of his first teacher.

“And so the legal profession sorrows and rejoices in consideration of this noble life and noble death, and takes a solemn pride in this memorial as though it were dedicated to one of its own.”

State Senator Cuthbertson said that to find words to express his consuming devotion to the ideal glorified by the heroism of Miss Keller, he recalled his visit to Arlington cemetery at Washington, the G. A. R. memorial, the nation’s tribute to the Great Emancipator, the Revolutionary war monument at Trenton and tributes he had seen paid to the “Great Silent Soldier.” He concluded with these words:





ANNIE LOUISE KELLER  
White Hall, Illinois



"Upon one occasion in driving from southern Illinois I stopped in the presence of a magnificent monument which had thereon these words, 'this monument was erected to the memory of Little Johnnie Ryan, who gave his life to save the life of his little sister.'

"I saw every member of the senate of the state of Illinois stand with heads bowed for one minute in honor of the school teacher of Greene county, in honor of whom we are today assembled.

"Upon each of these occasions I have asked this question. Why do men and nations erect monuments to the memory of men and women; is it because they are soldiers or statesmen or school teachers; no, a thousand times, no. That may have contributed somewhat, but the real purpose of a memorial is because of service rendered to humanity.

"And so it is that we meet today in honor of ANNIE LOUISE KELLER, and dedicate this monument to her memory and when what we say here shall have long since been forgotten, and all who are here assembled will have joined her in the world beyond, and a new generation will have taken our place, the passerby will pause in this presence, read this inscription and depart knowing that once there lived in Greene County, a woman who in her life and in her death exemplified the words of the Saviour, when He said:

" 'Greater love hath no man than this, that man shall lay down his life for his friend'."

When presenting the wreath to be placed at the base of the monument, Mr. Blair spoke eloquently of the ideals of life and death. He drew a beautiful lesson from the tomb of Helen Hunt Jackson on the mountain top where so many admirers have followed her suggestion that each might take two pebbles from the stream and place them upon her grave. Thus a small mountain of pebbles is being formed. Continuing, Mr. Blair said:

"Annie Louise Keller not only by her heroic act but by her daily walk and conversation, by her daily contacts with the pupils in her school, built for herself a spiritual monu-

ment. Here all of the children who sat in the school room that fateful day are present, save one. They come to bear their heart-felt tribute to their beloved teacher, and on behalf of the committee, I present to one of these pupils, a wreath which symbolizes that unending love and affection which these children will ever feel for their teacher. That affection will be her greatest and most abiding monument."

At the conclusion of the program of the unveiling, Mr. Blair said:

"I was interested in Senator Cuthbertson's statement that a teacher was a builder of human temples. We have all heard how King Solomon built, on Mt. Moriah, a great temple that was the wonder of the ages. With marble and granite hewn and fashioned in the quarries, with fir trees and cedars from Lebanon, with precious stones and jewels from Ophir, and with the most skilful workmen that the ancient world could produce, he erected a temple that was the marvel of the ages. Princely potentates and crowned heads came from the four corners of the earth to look upon that magnificent embodiment of architectural skill and genius. Yes, Solomon was a mighty builder. But he could not construct out of wood and stone, a temple that would endure forever. The corroding breath of the centuries marred its beauty, the thundering tread of the Chaldean soldiers shook its foundations, and amid smoke and flame it tottered and fell. Today we know not even the spot on which it stood, so we turn from this dream temple with its finished grandeur and beauty to look into the school room where the teacher is building another temple, where she is laying its foundations deep and broad upon the eternal verities of natural law, where she is carving its pillars and arches out of the infinite quarries of the human heart, where she is hanging its walls with the pictures of imagination and the tapestries of the heart, and where, let us hope, she is crowning the whole with a dome resplendent in beauty and radiant with the hope of immortality. Over the door of that temple is written in characters of living fire, 'He who builds with wood and stone must see his work

decay, but he who shapes the human soul builds for eternity.' Annie Louise Keller had nothing to do in shaping the concrete foundation of this monument. Her hands did not fashion this beautiful shaft. It was not her genius that carved these fine forms and faces. The temple that she has built is in the hearts of these children who encircle this symbolized memorial of their teacher. That temple will not corrode, will not crumble, will not fall."

At the signal for the unveiling of the monument, the flag was drawn aside by representatives of the army and the navy. Harry F. Lyons, who has seen extensive service in the army, drew one string, and Frank Silkwood, who has seen vast service in the navy, and been around the world several times, drew the other.

Crowds milled about the monument after the Boy Scouts and the Centerville school children had placed the wreath. Mr. Blair delivered the dedicatory address while all who gathered were thrilled by the sweet character and the magnificent purpose portrayed in the features of Annie Louise Keller standing there in marble, clasping a boy and a girl to her breast to protect them from harm.

The Duncan Sisters quartet sang during the exercises. The wreath of twenty-one roses representing the twenty-one pupils in Centerville school at the time of the tragedy, was made by Mr. Harding, local florist. Virginia Powell placed the wreath at the foot of the monument. A beautiful wreath from Centerville school was placed at the foot of the monument beneath the names of the pupils by Avery Hildebrandt.

The services were characterized by another feature in two songs by a male quartet consisting of W. P. Neutzman, Ernest Roodhouse, Dr. L. W. Hallock and Robert E. Shaw, the latter directing. The song by the Duncans at the monument was written for the occasion by Miss Emma Duncan and sung to the tune of "In the Time of Roses."

The mother of Miss Keller, Mrs. Nora Keller, was present, together with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Hobson, residing on the farm eight miles

southwest of White Hall since the marriage of the couple last June.

It was perhaps the most representative gathering ever held in White Hall, people being present from practically every section of the state and from St. Louis. The relatives of Miss Keller, including Dr. Frank Russell of Eldred, William and Hugh Russell of Carrollton, uncles of the heroine, occupied reservations for fifty people.

—*From "Illinois State Register" August 26, 1929.*



619 North 76th  
East St. Louis, Ill.  
August 26, 1929.

Librarian  
State Historical Society  
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Madam: In reply to an inquiry of mine a few weeks ago, some official of the Society suggested that I write an article on my great-grandfather, Rev. Jesse Pearce, for your JOURNAL. I believe it was you—if not, will you please place the enclosed manuscript in the proper hands? Having misplaced the letter, I am prevented from addressing its writer by name, as courtesy would otherwise require.

Possibly Pearce is entitled to space in a publication like the JOURNAL. He was the most important man for many years in one of the oldest communities of the state, apart from the early French settlements along the Mississippi. He was the pastor of the majority of the people in this settlement at a time when religion was a very important factor in the development of Southern Illinois.

This community has been practically overlooked by writers on Illinois history. Only a mile from Village church there once flourished a village, called Roland. A very few old houses are all that remain now to mark the spot. Middlepoint, mentioned in the manuscript, was also rather prosperous for several decades, and it, too, has all but disappeared. Much interesting history could be written concerning those villages and their environs.

Pearce is of some interest, also, from a genealogical view point. His descendants are already numbered by the hundreds. They are probably much more than a thousand including his collateral descendants. For this reason my paper has a decided genealogical bent.

This is, I believe, the first effort ever made to assemble the names of all his descendants of the first and second generations. In fact, little has been published concerning him in any way. He is a shadowy character to some of his grand-

children, even. They know of him, but their information concerning him is confused. For example, Smith's *HISTORY OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS* has a few things about him in its biographical account of Jo R. Pearce, of Harrisburg, a grandson of Jesse Pearce, the information apparently being given in by Jo R., and this is the result. 1. It says he married. This is very confusing, since, as a matter of fact, he married (the second time) Priscilla Davis, sister of Polly Davis, while Pearce's first wife was Polly McGhee, before her marriage. Without explanation, the Pearce-Davis marriages are confusing, anyway, for two of Jesse's sons married their step-sisters, and one of his daughters married her stepbrother. 2. It implies that Jesse Pearce came to Illinois in 1829 or 1830. He was certainly here by 1823. 3. We are told that he was an elder (preacher) in the Missionary Baptist church. The truth is that he was ordained a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1823, and so far as any other record known to me goes, neither he nor any of his near relatives had any connection with the "Missionary" Baptist church. Some of them, including at least one brother were members of the Primitive ("Hardshell") Baptist church. 4. It says that Jesse's son "Mack" died about 1908. Mack's gravestone says he died in 1902. 5. It says Jesse had a son named Elijah. He had no such son, but did have one named Elisha. 6. It says he had a daughter named Mrs. Polly Ann Blair. He had no such daughter and evidently refers to his daughter Polly Ann, who married Alfred Blackard.

Nothing in the above is intended as an adverse criticism of Professor Smith. I have the utmost respect for him as an historian, but by the very nature of the case, the promiscuous biographical material that appears in works of the character of the *History of Southern Illinois* cannot all have the principles of historical criticism applied to it. However, such works—and particularly Professor Smith's works—are most valuable contributions to historical literature. In Illinois, too, they render valuable assistance to the genealogist.

I was reared on the farm that Jesse Pearce entered, as was my mother and my grandfather Pearce before me. I have always heard much of Jesse Pearce through tradition, but I have made every reasonable attempt to verify what I got through tradition, as well as to get new material. The dates appearing in the genealogical appendix were taken, for the most part, from family records and from gravestones.

Newspapers have always had a tendency to speak of Village church, often mentioned in the paper, as "the Village church." The people of that community never call it "the Village" any more than they would speak of Mt. Oval church as "the Mt. Oval." Ordinarily the article should not appear with the name.

Yours very truly,  
MICAH PEARCE SMITH.

## REV. JESSE PEARCE.

BY MICAH PEARCE SMITH.

The life of Rev. Jesse Pearce is of interest for at least three reasons. First, he was the first man fully ordained to the ministry by the Cumberland Presbyterian church in Illinois. Second, he became the second pastor of the historic old Village church in White county and served as such until his death. Third, for the greater part of the period he was the leading human factor in the great camp meetings that were held annually for fifty-two consecutive years at this church.

In the old cemetery that lies near the present Village meeting-house repose the ashes of this pioneer preacher.<sup>1</sup> His gravestone, a neatly carved slab of white marble, informs us that

REV. JESSE PEARCE  
WAS BORN  
OCT. 3, 1788  
DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
MAY 18, 1851  
AGED 62 YRS  
7 M'S 15 D'S

A Faithful servant of the Lord  
Is gone to claim his just reward

His ancestry as recorded by genealogists may be traced in published works, found in many genealogical collections. According to one of these sources his parents were Moses and Jemima (Robinson) Pearce and his paternal grandparents, James and Sarah (Horn) Pearce.<sup>2</sup> Among his alleged immigrant ancestors are Elder William Brewster of Plymouth

<sup>1</sup> Village church is situated three miles south of Norris City and one-fourth mile east of the now all but deserted village of Middlepoint. The nearness of this village to the church gave origin to the latter's name.

<sup>2</sup> Toler, Henry Pennington, *The New Harlem Register*, New York, 1903, p. 281.



colony fame;<sup>3</sup> Claud and Hester (Du Bois) le Maistre, both of French Huguenot blood, who came to Midwout (later called Flatbush), New Netherland, in 1652; and Baron Resolved Waldron, an Englishman, and his Dutch wife, Janneke (Nagel), both of whom came to New Netherland in 1654, where Waldron became a notable figure in the early history of New Harlem, now a part of New York City.<sup>4</sup> Therefore an English-French-Dutch derivation is indicated for Jesse Pearce.

All accounts of his early life known to the writer agree that he was born somewhere in North Carolina. From that state he went to Tennessee and probably lived in Montgomery county. Just when he arrived in Illinois is uncertain, but it was apparently before May, 1823, for it was at that time that Illinois presbytery arranged for his ordination to the ministry.

His first wife was Mary (McGhee) Pearce, always known as "Polly." According to Toler they were married in 1809. Her gravestone of artistically designed sand-rock, standing beside that of her husband, says that MARY PEARCE CONSORT OF REV. JESSE PEARCE [WAS] BORN DEC. 25, A. D. 1790, DECEASED AUG. 12, A. D. 1833. After an illness lasting a matter of hours, Polly Pearce fell a victim of the awful cholera pestilence that had invaded Illinois in 1832 and was still raging at the time of her death.

Thus, the pioneer preacher, at slightly less than forty-five years of age, now found himself a widower with eleven children. A neighboring physician, Dr. Robert Davis, had died of the cholera in August, 1833, also. He was survived by his widow, Priscilla, and eleven children. Apparently Pearce and Priscilla Davis felt that it was a time for practical considerations to take precedence over those purely senti-

<sup>3</sup> Virkus, Frederick A. (editor), *The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy*, Vol. 2, Chicago, 1926, p. 368.

<sup>4</sup> Toler, pp. 19, 84; Virkus, p. 368; *Genealogical Record*, St. Nicholas Society, 1905, pp. 231, 232, 260, 261. Also see O'Callaghan's Register of New Netherlands for frequent mention of the public services of Resolved Waldron.

Some confusion is found in the spelling of the name Pearce. Toler has it *Pierce*. Both *Pearce* and *Pierce* appear in the official records of White county in mentioning Jesse Pearce or his relatives. It seems, however, that he and all his descendants of the name have invariably used the *Pearce* form in their signatures.

mental. At any rate the "Marriage Record" of White county (No. 1, p. 80) shows that "Jesse Pearce [secured a license to marry] with Priscilla Davis. License issued Dec. 4, 1833." It also bears record that "The within was Lawfully executed by me December 5th, 1833. [Signed] William Davis."<sup>5</sup> Therefore, it may be seen that each party contracting to this union had entered upon a new experience in matrimony within about four months of the death of a former mate.

This marriage proved, in the main, not unwise. The views of the participants failed to coincide occasionally thereafter, it is said, but there was never any unseemly discord between them. The children in the Pearce home, approximately twenty in number, got along well together, some of them even finding their mates for life without looking beyond their own fireside. No issue resulted from Pearce's second marriage.

Like nearly all other early rural clergymen of Southern Illinois, Pearce was compelled to earn most of his livelihood apart from the ministry. He was a farmer throughout his adult life. On February 13, 1836, entry was made in his name of the forty acres of land described as the s. e. fourth of the n. w. fourth of Section 13, Township 7, south, Range 8, east; and on May 30 of the same year, of the forty lying immediately east of the first tract. He had farmed in this vicinity for many years, already, but the increasing influx of settlers at this time probably made it expedient for him to establish a lawful right to a homestead. His home, built of logs, was located on this entered land.<sup>6</sup>

The best information at hand concerning Jesse Pearce's early connection with presbytery comes from the pen of J. B. Logan, D. D.<sup>7</sup> He quotes Rev. Joel Knight's *Sketches of Early History of the Church in Illinois, C. P.*, as saying that "In the Fall of 1822, the Synod passed an order for the state

<sup>5</sup> This was Rev. William Davis, brother of Priscilla's first husband. Moreover, Polly, wife of William Davis, was Priscilla's sister, their maiden name having been Sebastin.

<sup>6</sup> This house occupied a site a few feet from the dwelling later erected by Dr. A. R. Pearce and now owned by G. W. Smith.

<sup>7</sup> See his *History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois*, Alton, Ill., 1878, pp. 26-44.

of Illinois to be stricken off from Anderson Presbytery, and for Illinois Presbytery to be formed the succeeding Spring, in May, in Mr. Rice's congregation (Bear Creek).'' \* \* \* Logan, who was then a licentiate and present at the organization meeting of the new presbytery, continues by saying: "When the meeting (camp meeting) closed, on Tuesday morning we repaired across the prairie about three miles to the house of John Kirkpatrick, and there constituted and organized Illinois Presbytery in May, 1823. Rev. Messrs. David W. McLin, John M. Berry, and Woods M. Hamilton, being all the ministers then in the State, were all present. When the first meeting of Illinois Presbytery closed, it adjourned to meet in a congregation a short distance north of Shawneetown, Gallatin county, Ill. But before it closed, an order was passed for the ordination of Jesse Pearce, and an intermediate Presbytery to meet in Hopewell [now Enfield] congregation at the camp-meeting in August for that purpose. When the time came Mr. Pearce was ordained."

The same writer comments further on this ordination as follows: "As we have seen, an intermediate Presbytery was appointed at which Rev. Jesse Pearce was ordained. He was, therefore, the first man set apart by Cumberland Presbyterians<sup>8</sup> to the whole work of the ministry on the soil of Illinois. The session was at old Hopewell, White county. John M. Berry was Moderator, Woods M. Hamilton Clerk, the ordination took place August 1, 1823."

Pearce was chosen stated clerk "instead of Woods M. Hamilton" at the fall session of presbytery, 1827, which met at Hopewell. In the spring session of 1830, held at the same place, Pearce was moderator and Mr. Knight clerk. As late as October 14, 1830, when the fall session for the year met at

<sup>8</sup> This sect resulted from a disagreement between Kentucky synod of the Presbyterian church and Transylvania, a presbytery within its bounds, over certain alleged irregularities of the latter in ordaining candidates for the ministry. A few of Transylvania's ministers withdrew in 1810 and constituted an independent presbytery, which, on account of its situation in the "Cumberland country" of Tennessee and Kentucky, was named "Cumberland." Other presbyteries were soon organized and the first synod of the new denomination convened in 1813. The first general assembly met at Princeton, Ky., in 1829. In 1907 the Cumberland branch, then having 1,445 congregations and 55,000 members, was reunited with the mother church (Presbyterian, U. S. A.), except a dissenting minority which continued an organization under the name of Cumberland Presbyterian.



the house of Washington Parkinson in Madison county, only three ministers were present—Pearce, Knight, and Barber.

As we have seen, Pearce was the second pastor of Village church, the first having been Rev. David Macklin, who came from Tennessee and remained in charge until his death. This church was organized September 22, 1819. Among its first members were Alexander Trousdale and his wife, the former probably a near relative of William Trousdale, sometime governor of Tennessee. Edith, the wife of Trousdale, was a sister of Jesse Pearce and eight years his senior. Others of the first members were Edward Garrett and wife; Priscilla Davis, whom we have already noticed at some length; Polly, wife of Rev. William Davis and later mother of Rev. R. M. Davis; Robert Davis, already mentioned; and Samuel Hill and wife. The first elders were Henry McMurtry, Austin Hill, and Samuel Hill. Most of these here named may be regarded as contemporaries of Pearce.<sup>9</sup>

Pearce was of medium height, or less, and slender. His complexion was dark, and, before turning gray, his hair and beard were black. The latter was worn in the style known as "chin whiskers." During his later years he walked with a curiously grooved cane, made from the trunk of a sapling that had tried to develop with a hardy vine twined about it.

Outside the pulpit, as well as inside, he was somewhat the Puritan. Although of even temper, he was not without austerity in the home. No member of his family was permitted to do the slightest bit of labor on Sunday, unless it was obviously necessary. It is told that a girl of the household once tried to iron a ribbon on that day, but quickly met with disappointment. He brought up his children under rigid discipline and did not always spare the rod in maintaining it.

Apropos, a story that survives may be related. It has to do with the only time, it is said, that a son of Jesse Pearce ever dared assume a rebellious attitude toward paternal authority. This one, Jesse M. ("Mack"), then in his teens, was one day whipping a horse in the field and using language

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<sup>9</sup> See the *History of White County, Illinois*, Chicago, 1883, p. 387.



that hardly measured up to the standard set for the sons of preachers, it seems. Rev. Jesse appeared suddenly on the scene and remonstrated, whereupon Mack replied without noticeable change of spirit, and, if the truth must be told, in phraseology not altogether different from that just previously addressed to the horse. The immediate consequences of this rash act are unknown to the writer, but in fairness to Mack it should be mentioned that he lived to become a substantial farmer, a pillar in Village church, which he served for many years as an elder, and one of the best citizens of his community.

In the pulpit Jesse Pearce was often emphatic, occasionally stern, and always dignified in manner. His voice was naturally loud, though not displeasing to the ear. In moments of emotional stress he was given to extremely high tones as well as to bursts of eloquence. As an exhorter he was both fervent and convincing. His sermons lacked the marks of scholarship, for his education had been but meager. They did, however, bear evidence of sincerity and the good measure of native ability with which Pearce was endowed.<sup>10</sup>

Whatever proclivity he had for polemics was stimulated by frequent and sometimes spirited arguments with his neighboring brother, Rev. Moses Pearce of the Primitive Baptist denomination. The respective theological positions of the two brothers certainly differed enough to invite controversy.

Jesse Pearce's sphere was not confined to his own neighborhood, by any means, nor did the fruits of his labor disappear at his death. Village, through its camp meetings which he directed for so many years, became a little Zion, as it were. Not only was Cumberland Presbyterianism in the immediate section yearly refreshed and recruited there, but these revivals propagated the faith. No less than nine churches of that persuasion sprang up within a radius of fifteen miles of

<sup>10</sup> The writer is indebted to Mrs. Mollie Foster, Norris City, Ill., who remembers Pearce well, for descriptions of his appearance and his preaching; to Miss Mattie Pearce, of the same address, for helpful information; and especially to Richard Spicknall, Jr., attorney and abstractor, Carmi, Ill., for transcripts of county records bearing on the subject.

Village,<sup>11</sup> some of them in a few years after Pearce's death. Others indebted more or less to the same source for their inception were organized at more distant points. Moreover, Robert Macklin Davis, while preparing for the ministry, was virtually an ecclesiastical protege of Pearce; and Davis later became very active in founding new churches in Southern Illinois for the denomination and was at the time of his death, in 1908, probably its most revered character in this section.

Not long before his death Pearce wrote a poem, in which he sought to present an account of his spiritual experiences in life, in summary form.<sup>12</sup> At his request this was set to music by his son, Dr. A. R. Pearce, a gifted singer and a teacher of vocal music. Doctor Pearce sang this composition at the funeral service held in honor of his father. Rev. John Crawford delivered the sermon on this occasion.

Jesse Pearce was survived by his widow and ten of his children, his daughter Jane having preceded him in death by some years. Two of his sons became ministers; three, physicians; and all who were not of its clergy served as elders in the Cumberland Presbyterian church at some period in their lives.

A list of his children and grandchildren follows:

(1) Malinda; b. Nov. 26, 1810; d. Oct. 24, 1888; m. Moses Mitchell (Mar. 10, 1810-July 20, 1877). Issue: Elizabeth Ann, m. Jefferson Darnell; . . . . ., m. Robert Darnell; Mary Jane, m. James Donavan—2nd, William Dunn; Alexander (d. in service, Civil War), unmarried; Margaret E. (Feb. 7, 1846—Feb. 2, 1864), unmarried.

(2) James A., M. D.; b. Nov. 23, 1811; d. Dec. 29, 1854; m. Sarah, dau. Rev. William Davis. Issue: William Detroit ("Bud"), m. Almeda Kinsall; Catherine, m. Abner McCord Blackard; Harriet Ann (d. 1918), m. Ed. C. Oliver—2nd, Felix G. Blackard (Sept. 16, 1830—1911), Feb. 26, 1866; Lafayette D. (Oct. 6, 1852—Aug. 25, 1872), unmarried.

<sup>11</sup> Union Ridge, Palestine (Omaha), Mt. Oval, New Haven, Oak Grove, Norris City, Ridgway, Mt. Olive, and Hazel Ridge.

<sup>12</sup> A copy of this poem is now in the possession of Pearce's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Ella Hogan Rowe of Omaha, Illinois.

(3) Rev. Moses J., merchant; b. May 6, 1813; d. Aug. 26, 1857; m. Mrs. Levina (Mason) Sharp (May 6, 1806—June 28, 1843), widow William Sharp, Dec. 20, 1832—2nd, Ella Trousdale, later wife of Rev. John Crawford. Issue of Moses J.: Jesse A. (d. 1836), infant; Lowery E. (d. 1839), infant; Samantha (Feb. 14, 1839—Dec. 10, 1892), m. William Obed Welch; Sarah, m. Levi Guinn; Martin D., unmarried; James M. (b. Aug. 27, 1847), m. Julia Miller; Jerome D., m. . . . . Gowdy; Fostina, m. Watt Kimbro; Susan R., m. . . . . Wimmick. The first three children mentioned are known to have been by the first marriage.

(4) Elizabeth; m. Priestly P. Davis (July 6, 1816—Aug. 20, 1843), her stepbrother; 2nd, Joseph Wilson. Issue by first marriage: Priestly and Jesse (both d. in service, Civil War), both unmarried; Robert, m. Clara . . . . .; William, m. . . . .

(5) Jane; d. Feb. 13, 1843 (?); m. John N. Gott. Issue: John W., m. . . . . West; Sarah E. (June 9, 1833—Mch. 24, 1865), m. Felix G. Blackard.

(6) Harvey Rice, M. D., donated site for courthouse, Harrisburg, Ill., and also part of cemetery there; b. Apr. 17, 1818; d. Aug. 17, 1884; m. Sarah Elvira Davis, his stepsister. Issue: Mahala Jane, m. Thomas Webber of Galatia; Catherine, m. Sergt-Maj. Axel Nyberg; Polly Priscilla, m. Dr. E. M. Province; Sarah Ann, m. Capt. C. K. Davis; Margaret Ellen, m. Capt. W. G. Sloan (now retired wholesale merchant, St. Louis, Mo.); Kate, m. W. V. Choisser (attorney); John, unmarried; Capt. James H. (county clerk, Saline Co., for sixteen years); Jo R. (b. Jan. 11, 1855), m. Margaret Ellis Goodrich; Thomas J., d. young. Note—See Smith's *History of Southern Illinois*, pp. 852-854, and the *Adjutant General's Report; Illinois*, Vol. 8, p. 22.

(7) Rev. Elbert B.; b. Jan. 2, 1819; d. Nov. 4, 1856; m. Mary P. Wilson (Jan. 8, 1829—July 21, 1853); 2nd, Eliza Blackard. Issue of Elbert B.: Parthena, m. Robert Wilson; Sarah E., m. Franklin Blackard.

(8) Jesse M., farmer; b. June 13, 1822; d. May 11, 1902; m. Sarah C. Harrell (Mch. 27, 1825—Feb. 17, 1905). Issue: William, unmarried; Polly, m. John Edmonds; James Monroe, m. . . . . Keasler; Louisa, m. Alexander Edwards; Malinda, m. Cassius Hill; Arminda, m. . . . . Messenger; Margaret (?), m. Andrew Black; Marshall; Verazena, m. . . . . Bozarth (sister of Judge H. P.); Marion. Marshall and Marion both married.

(9) Alexander Robinson, M. D.; b. Aug. 20, 1824; d. June 10, 1874; m. Elizabeth (Nov. 21, 1824—July 31, 1897), dau. William and Levina (Mason) Sharp, Jan. 18, 1844. Issue: William H. (Nov. 4, 1844—Mch. 31, 1881; sergt.-maj., 120th Ill. Inf., at close of Civil War; four times elected clerk of White co.), m. Judith Emma (Nov. 8, 1846—Dec. 10, 1887), dau. William and Molly (McMurtry) McGill, Nov. 14, 1864; Polly Levina (Jan. 9, 1847—Mch. 31, 1881), m. Thomas Inlow Porter (b. ca. 1847; lately retired after about thirty-five years service as chief of the Chicago division of the U. S. secret service); Martha Jalina (Jan. 18, 1849—1915), m. Thomas Inlow Porter; Paris Lycurgus (Mch. 4, 1851—Dec. 15, 1856); Lowery Ewing (Dec. 2, 1853—Jan. 4, 1854); Alzina Clemenza (Dec. 29, 1854—Aug. 8, 1899), m. George Washington, s. John and Lucinda (Abney) Smith, Mch. 7, 1873; Clarissa E. (Apr. 3, 1858— . . . . .), m. Richard (June 6, 1854— . . . . .; now attorney, Carmi, Ill.), s. Richard Spicknall, Sr.; Viola Ann (Nov. 1, 1860— . . . . .), m. J. Robert Hogan (d. ca. 1912), 1876; Lora J. (Mch. 21, 1863—ca. 1899), m. Alexander Aarons—2nd, . . . . . Johnson of New Harmony, Ind.; Otis Inlow (b. and d. 1866); Olive Oatman (July 31, 1867— . . . . .), m. Jehu (Jan. 1, 1857—Feb. 21, 1929), s. Wesley Trammell, Mch. 25, 1885.

(10) Elisha H.; b. Oct. 10, 1826; d. July 17, 1875; m. Arminda . . . . ., of Indiana. Issue: George; Granville R. (July 31, 1849—ca. 1905), m. Margaret, dau. Fleming and Hester (Abney) Winfree, 1860; Edmond (June 24, 1856—Dec. 31, 1883), m. Belle Carson; Verona C. (Sept. 5, 1859—



Sept. 21, 1880), unmarried; Tina (May 22, 1861—Mar. 6, 1869) Hardinia, m. Robert Kinsall; Otis; Otto; Molly.

(11) Polly Ann; m. Alfred Blackard. Issue: Molly, m. John Robinson; Emma, m. Finley Harrell; Hugh, m. Julia A. (Sept. 18, 1855—July, 1882), dau. Capt. Alfred and Mary A. (Langford) Pearce—3rd, Belle Carson; Harvey, m. Jennie, dau. Rev. R. M. and Polly (Sharp) Davis.

Note.—The names of Pearce's children, above, are arranged in order of age, with the possible exception of the three whose dates of birth are unknown to the writer. A similar lack of data makes it impossible to vouch for the correctness of the order given in every case among the groups of grandchildren, also.

## **LINCOLN STATUE.**

### **Bunker Hill, Macoupin County, Illinois.**

The fact that this county has a very beautiful statue of Lincoln at Bunker Hill is perhaps not widely known. Judge J. B. Vaughn, of Carlinville, has written a short description of it as follows:

“It is a beautiful monument, thirty-five or forty feet high. The statue of Lincoln is life-sized, and at the bottom there is a life-sized bronze lady, kneeling, with pencil in hand, inscribing on the page the sentence, “With charity toward all and malice toward none, etc.”

“On the opposite side there is the following inscription, dated 1904: ‘In everlasting memory of the conflict by which the union was preserved in which they took part, this statue of Abraham Lincoln is presented to the citizens of Bunker Hill by the soldiers of Company B, First Missouri cavalry, Charles Clinton, captain.’ (The story has it that Clinton furnished the money to pay for the monument.)”

ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL,  
August 6, 1929.

## NECROLOGY

**MRS. SARAH ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM.**

1824-1929.

BY ALBERT R. LYLES, M. D.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Cunningham was born in Clarke county, Indiana, December 19th, 1824, and died at her home five miles east of Virginia, Illinois, April 3, 1929, aged one hundred four years, four months and fourteen days. In November, 1825, her parents moved from Clarke county, Indiana, to what is now Cass county, Illinois. It was at that time part of Morgan county. Henry Hopkins, her father, moved on to a farm within one mile of the present Cunningham home where she died, and it was in this vicinity she spent more than one hundred and three years of her life.

On October first 1856, she was married to James Cunningham, and to this union two children were born, both of whom are still living. Her son, Henry, with whom she has made her home for many years, and a daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Ellen Fox, who lives within two miles of the Cunningham home. She also has six grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

She was one of twelve children, one dying in infancy, the rest reaching maturity. Mrs. Rebecca Hopkins Blair, the mother of Mrs. John Black of Virginia, Illinois, was the oldest and her sister Miss Ruth Hopkins, who has long been a constant companion at her home is yet living and was the youngest child. Her father, Henry Hopkins was born in the state of Delaware, October 14, 1794, and when twelve years of age was taken to Kentucky by his parents. After reaching the age of twenty-one years, he became disgusted with slavery which existed at that time in Kentucky, and moved to Clarke county, Indiana. It was here that Mrs. Cunningham was born. Her mother was Elizabeth Beggs before her mar-





SARAH HOPKINS CUNNINGHAM  
Virginia, Illinois



riage to Henry Hopkins. She was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky, June 15, 1798. When she was two years of age her parents moved with her to Clarke county, Indiana, and it was here she met and married Henry Hopkins when she was eighteen years of age. Henry Hopkins was the son of Robert Hopkins and Nancy (Spence) Hopkins. Robert Hopkins was of Welsh descent while his wife was of Scotch descent. The husband of Mrs. Cunningham, James Cunningham, was born in Scotland and came to Illinois when but a boy, and spent his entire life on a farm. He was one of seven children. They were all born in Scotland and all have passed away. Mr. James Cunningham preceded his wife in death February 7, 1906.

Mrs. Cunningham joined the Methodist church when she was eighteen years of age, and remained a devoted and constant church attendant as long as she was physically able to go. The little Methodist church (Garner Chapel) was only two miles from her home, and it was here she attended church most of her life. Garner Chapel was founded by Rev. James Garner and it was he who united Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham in the Bonds of Matrimony. The church was first built of logs, and for many years the log church was used as a place of worship. The present building is a frame building, and is a neat little church with beautiful surroundings. It is the third building to be erected on this same ground. It has always been surrounded by a class of good substantial farmers, and till the last few years has supported a pastor. Since the advent of the automobile many of the former members have transferred their membership to the church in town, and for the last few years the church has been without a pastor. The building is yet kept in good shape and is used principally for Sunday school with an occasional sermon.

While Mrs. Cunningham attained a great age, she will be greatly missed by a host of relatives and friends. All who knew her had the highest respect and love for her, and whether or not they were relatives, they knew her as Aunt Sarah.

**MRS. JAYNE BARTLETT KERR.**

1879-1929.

State Secretary of Illinois Tuberculosis Association.

By ROSE MOSS SCOTT (Mrs. WILLIAM T.)

On the 16th day of July, 1929, death removed from the State, the esteemed and efficient executive secretary of the Illinois Tuberculosis and Public Health Association, Mrs. Jayne Bartlett Kerr, one who was widely known, greatly beloved and respected by all with whom and for whom she labored.

Ten years Mrs. Kerr was active in promoting the good work of the Association. She had much to do with promotion of the Christmas Seal campaigns, the planning of clinics and development of open air hospitals. To help in providing funds for such life saving, humanitarian work was her principal objective. Her greatest joy was found in giving comfort and relief to those afflicted with tuberculosis. Such devotion to high ideals makes life worth while.

Her life of service lives on. As well to say that the sun at evening time, when it sinks with a burst of glory from our sight, is dead as to say that she is dead. She sank to rest as she had lived, in full armor.

Mrs. Jayne Bartlett Kerr, daughter of Warren S. and Louisa F. Bartlett, was born January 8, 1879, at Marshall, Illinois, and passed to her reward July 16, 1929.

Her early life was spent in Marshall, where during her girlhood days she displayed the trait of leadership, so essential in her work in later years.

She was married to Louis Wilson Kerr of Chicago, Illinois, on May 12, 1898, who preceded her in death. She is survived by one son, Louis B. Kerr, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and one sister, Mrs. Curtis B. Wilson of Hutton, Indiana.



Mrs. Kerr was very active throughout her life in club work, and was a member of the Illinois State Historical Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the American Colonists, Abraham Lincoln Chapter of Eastern Star and of the Business and Professional Woman's Club.

Mrs. Kerr served on the staff of the State Tuberculosis Association as field secretary for seven years, beginning her work in that capacity in 1919. Because of her efficiency, she was appointed as Executive Secretary in 1926, in which capacity she served until her death.

The funeral services were held in Marshall, Illinois, July 18th, at the Congregational church. Interment in the Marshall Cemetery. Her resting place in the warm, sweet bosom of mother earth, among the friends and loved ones of former years.

#### TRIBUTE TO MRS. KERR.

We left her asleep in God's garden,  
Covered with garlands of flowers;  
On the hillside, forest trees  
Keep watch through the lonely hours.

Garlands of roses and lilies,  
Perfect symbols of her life;  
Roses and lilies she gave others  
That fragrant with love were rife.

As the scent to the rose, memories  
So precious we will never forget.  
The service she gave to others  
Dost assure, she abides with us yet.

She walked so closely beside us,  
Made glorified each new day;  
Yes—we will miss her;  
While in beauty she walks a new way.

(From Ill. State Journal, July 26, 1929.)

**MARY EMILY BROOKS.**

Mary Emily Brooks, principal of the preparatory department of the Bettie Stuart Institute, died at her home, 1931 Park Avenue, at 7:45 o'clock Friday evening, July 25, 1929.

She had been ill but a short time, having suffered a stroke of apoplexy on the preceding Thursday. She rallied for a few days but gradually grew weaker until the end came.

She began her career as a teacher in the Brooks school under the principalship of her father, the late Andrew M. Brooks. She taught a few years in Decatur and when her mother became principal of the Bettie Stuart Institute, she began teaching in that school.

Like her father, she had the power of imparting instruction to others, and many of her pupils attribute their success to her conscientious training. She was the eldest daughter of the late Andrew M. and Eliza Welch Brooks, and is survived by her sisters Margaret E., Anne Hamilton, Frances, and Alice Johnson Fayart of this city, and two brothers, James W. of Chicago, and Andrew M. Brooks, Jr., of Nashville, Tennessee.

She was a member of the First Presbyterian church, the D. A. R., the Eastern Star and the Illinois State Historical Society.

The funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian church July 27 at 4 o'clock, Dr. John T. Thomas officiating.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Maps, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6-35. Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1928. (Nos. 6-26 out of print.)

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. clvi and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. xxxiii and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 1 and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. civ and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. cxviii and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

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\* Out of Print.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. clxvii and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. lvii and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xxviii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. cxii and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. xxxiii and 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. xxx and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. viii and 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI. British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xviii and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVII. Law Series, Vol. I. The laws of the Northwest Territory, 1788-1800. Edited with introduction by Theodore Calvin Pease. xxxvi and 591 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Statistical Series, Vol. I. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. lxviii and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIX. Virginia Series, Vol. IV. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1781-1784. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James, Ph. D., LL. D. lxxv and 572 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1926.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XX. Lincoln Series, Vol. II. The Diary of Orville Hickman Browning, Vol. I, 1850-1864. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease and James G. Randall. xxxii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.



\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 161 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

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Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XXII, No. 3, October, 1929.

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\* Out of Print.



## NEW SALEM: EARLY CHAPTER IN LINCOLN'S LIFE.

### PREFACE.

The town of New Salem is now a State park and owes its present existence to the fact that Abraham Lincoln lived there during six years of his early life. Though the last cabin had long since disappeared in 1906, William Randolph Hearst purchased the tract of land on which the village had stood and in 1919 it was deeded to the State of Illinois for a memorial to the Great Emancipator.\* Two years previous to this latter date the "Old Salem Lincoln League" had been formed to create an interest in the restoration of the place and its labors were assisted by the cooperation of people of prominence in America and England. An especially stimulating impulse was given to this movement by the local members of the League during the Centennial year (1918) when, in order to make an authentic setting for a pageant which was to be given there in celebration, a re-survey of the place was made on the lines of the original one made by Reuben Harrison, signed October 23, 1829. An old map which had been platted by R. J. Onstot

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\* The several steps by which New Salem has come into being as a State park are precisely covered in the following statement prepared for this work by the President of the Old Salem Lincoln League, Mr. G. E. Nelson, of Springfield, Illinois:

"Honorable William Randolph Hearst purchased the sixty acres of land comprising the tract of land which includes the site of New Salem in the year 1906. He in turn at once conveyed the same as a gift to Old Salem Cumberland Presbyterian State Chautauqua Association, familiarly known as Old Salem Chautauqua Association, with a reversionary provision which provided that in the event said grantee should fail to hold an annual assembly the said land should revert to the grantor, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns. No assembly was held in the year 1916 as the Old Salem Cumberland Presbyterian State Chautauqua Association had sold and abandoned the Chautauqua Park. In the early part of the year 1917 a new corporation was organized under the name of Old Salem Chautauqua Association and this corporation purchased what is known as Old Salem Chautauqua Park. At the same time the Old Salem Lincoln League was organized and later incorporated. This League, by resolutions, requested Mr. Hearst and the Old Salem Cumberland Presbyterian State Chautauqua Association, respectively, to convey the said sixty acres of land to the State of Illinois as and for a public park. Both Mr. Hearst and the said old Chautauqua Association responded at once and the Legislature passed a bill providing for the acceptance of said land as a gift. This took place in the year 1919. (Approved April 3, 1919.)"

was found helpful in locating the sites of the stores and residences and the memory of many "old timers" was drawn upon in establishing roads, wells, and places of special association so that a proper and true beginning was made for this unique enterprise. The places restored at that time were the Berry and Lincoln store, the Rutledge Tavern and the home of Dr. Allen. Since then a number of other buildings have been erected in addition to a museum and many more are in contemplation as appropriations from State funds for this purpose accumulate.

The pageant written for that occasion and presented there upon the bluff was one of great significance and served to revivify the scenes of that early day. Whenever possible the characters were impersonated by descendants of those who enacted the original drama and the very costumes of that period—exhumed from attics and long-locked trunks—were employed wherever possible and gave a verisimilitude to the performance that was strangely moving.

The story of these years has been told by every historian who has essayed the Life of the Martyr President with unvarying repetitive monotony. So thorough has been the research that it is no longer possible to add much new material to that already set forth. Although there are those still living who knew the man, and there is abundant testimony of those who have had the tale from their fathers, the "legend"—that cumulative body of fact—is already established and may not be gainsaid. For a legend has this authority, that no matter what factual minutiae may be violated, to the vast outrage of the purist, it invariably holds to the larger reality which is truth. It will be accepted to the end of the story for the affirmations of the heart are based upon man's intuitive understanding of the logic of life.

I have checked my story by those biographers who were most nearly contemporaneous with this period, Herndon, Rankin and Onstot; and by the later researches growing out of the work of the members of the "Old Salem Lincoln League" in their excellent little book called "Lincoln and



New Salem." From the mass of material so presented I have winnowed out such points as have, in accordance with the Napoleonic epigram defining history, been "agreed upon." But I have chosen to present my story in a series of pictures, the action being, in especial, associated with Place. Pictures which have been formed in my own mind's eye by the long agglutination of time.

Born within a few leagues of New Salem of people native to that locality, the Lincoln legend has seemed to me no less than a particularly sacred heritage. Familiarity with this subject began in tales told me from my infancy and worn smooth on the tongues of men; from the several members of my own family, for my mother was born at Petersburg and her mother, Martha Eubank Osborn, had lived with her father, S. G. Eubank—Lincoln's close friend—at the Globe Tavern in Springfield at the time when the Lincolns lived there; and later, through the family of my husband—the Dr. Chandler of the Lincoln-Chandler episode being his grandfather and the brother of the wife of Dr. Allen. Many stories, too, have come to me through such men as John and Duff Armstrong, who were often at my father's house—sons of that Jack Armstrong who was the famed wrestler of Clary's Grove. And I remember a hot afternoon in my late teens when "Aunty Hill"—the Mrs. Samuel Hill of Salem days—told me the story of Ann Rutledge. Showed me old daguerreotypes of herself and Ann (which last now seems to have disappeared) and, from a precious old reliquary, produced a scrap of "bottle green" flannel, from which cloth the two friends, when girls, had riding-habits in duplicate. Those impressions upon my consciousness are present as reflexes in the emotion of today, and I never find myself upon that hill where New Salem stood—and now stands again—but I feel the stirring of those ghosts about me. It is this emotion and sense of a "present being" out of a by-gone day that I wish to give my readers.

Historically, this period in the life of Lincoln must be of special interest, as it seems to me, because it represents a

cycle of beginnings; and through its observance we may see him moving forward to the high place which destiny had reserved for him with that certain and unhindered valiance which is the prerogative of great souls and in which fine performance the particular genius of America resides.

J. C. C.

## NEW SALEM: EARLY CHAPTER IN LINCOLN'S LIFE.

BY JOSEPHINE CRAVEN CHANDLER.

The spirit of Romance which concerns itself not less with man habitat than with his daemon has rarely evinced itself with more gratifying fulfillment of design than in the history of the small village of New Salem. Fallen into desuetude for three quarters of a century after its decade of stirring life it has achieved a factual and imaginative recrudescence. Like Jurgin of the Cabellean romance, it has won back "over the grave of a dream and through the malice of time."

This town, whose claim to the honor of restoration rests upon its association with the genius of one man, stands upon a bluff above the Sangamon river not far from Petersburg, Illinois. Many years have been required for that high artistic justice which waits upon event to seek out this quiet place and confer upon it a distinction unique among memorials—a town re-built to serve as a shrine to the memory of a nation's hero and savior.

The brief term of its natural life was almost exactly contemporaneous with that period in the life of Abraham Lincoln which was the most highly developmental of his career. Two years of rugged, pioneer growth had served to set the stage for that six-year drama and two more, following his departure, sufficed for its degradation to the status of those many forsaken towns—the rejecta of our too swift moving civilization—upon which the pathos of oblivion has come to rest.

As early as 1828, we are told, two men, John Cameron and his uncle, James Rutledge, pushing forward to what was nearly the northernmost limit of civilization, established a mill that was both a grist and a saw mill upon the Sangamon at this point. As frequently happened, the mill served as a

nucleus round which a town should be established and three years later there was added to the cabins of the two millers a blacksmith shop, two stores, and several log dwellings. A church which served as a school house also stood on an adjoining hill.

Such was the general prospect on that 19th day of April, 1831, when Abraham Lincoln, the young Kentuckian, piloted his flat-boat round the perilous bend of the Sangamon river, there at the foot of the bluff on which New Salem stood, and came to stick, both with let and hindrance, on the cribbed, rock dam of the Cameron, Rutledge mill. Tall and gaunt he stood—six foot four in his course brown broghans. Dressed, not uncommonly, perhaps, in trowsers of buckskin with a checked shirt, and a jacket of butternut colored jeans. “A straw hat,” says Onstot, who was, himself, a Salem man—“as though to distinguish him from that other Kentuckian, who must wear, for all posterity, through snow and sun, a coon-skin cap.”

A flat-boat is as good as a galley, perhaps, for the prosecution of an odyssey and Lincoln—tall and gaunt and twenty-one—was to find in this adventure a hazard of destiny not unworthy of his courage. For in this place he was to equip himself for the successive roles which he should play in life as politician, lawyer, statesman, and martyr; and here the mad horsemen of ambition, love, despair and death should ride the great highway of his soul.

The first glimpse of the village and its people was perhaps, after all, a not ungenial one to Lincoln since, despite the awkwardness of his situation—his crude craft with its sails of cloth and plank perched midway on the dam—and for all the advice, bucolic humor and bandinage of sorts offered him by the delighted spectators on the river bank, he was to prove himself, as ever and anon, master of situation. It was, in fact, no inconsiderable plight in which to find one’s self and several laborious experiments were tried before the simpler





Charles Dreyer

Rutledge Mill (no longer standing) with Clary's Grocery and Offut's Store (where Lincoln clerked) on the bluff at the right



one of boring a hole in the prow of the boat was thought of. The humor of this apparently paradoxical proceeding must have appeared uproarious to the onlookers until a shift of the cargo to the front re-established the equilibrium of the boat by tipping it forward and letting the water, now accumulated in the bow of the craft run out, so freeing it from its vexed position.

The break so effected in the monotony of the days was grateful to the town and the youth, who was its hero, a figure not untouched with romance. As night came on his further acquaintance on the bluff, there in the vicinity of Clary's grocery, must have increased his luster, for it was to appear that Lincoln had, judged by the standards of that day, seen life and seen it vividly. He had tended a ferry on the Ohio river, where the world went by as on a holiday; he had held residence in three states, which argued an outlook unprovincial; and he had made the great trip to New Orleans and was on his way again. Moreover, he was in the high physical day of his life. Brawn spoke from every line of his great figure. In the preceding year was proof of a very considerable prowess. He had driven one of the ox teams on that weary journey which marked the exodus of the Lincolns from Indiana to Illinois; he had assisted, not very feebly, we may suppose, in the erection of the cabin that was to house the family; and then, with that same ox team, had "broken" for cultivation ten acres of tough native prairie, having already split the rails that were to fence them in. An item of "three thousand rails for Major Warnick" is added to the list. As the first act of independence, in recognition of his now arrived majority, he had accepted from Denton Offutt the contract to build for him, with the moderate assistance of two other members of his family, the boat which was to convey himself, its owner, his cousin, John Hanks, and his half-brother, John Johnson, southward on his second trip to New Orleans, to be interrupted, *en passant*, by the serio-comic episode at the mill.

Brawn, rather than brain, commended him that night; but more than all else he held in fee that which must prove



the touch-stone of good fellowship in all the ports of the world where men of might and mirth are gathered—the gift of telling tales.

The village of New Salem, thriftily employing opportunity, did a stroke of business for itself on that auspicious April day, when it presented to Denton Offutt the allurements of prospective citizenship. Whether or not he made definite purchase of a store-site at that time—the deed reads September 2, 1831—it is clear that he determined upon a return and when the cargo of pork, corn and live stock was delivered at New Orleans, he proceeded, after an interval of a month, to come north by steamer, purchasing at St. Louis a stock of goods for a store which he proposed to build upon the bluff. Lincoln, who had been retained in his employment, also returned to Salem early in August and about the time of Offutt's arrival on the ground, having first paid a visit to his people, now living in Coles County—incidentally pausing to gather fresh laurels from the issue of a wrestling match with one John Needham—and a general stir, as of things coming alive, was felt along the bluff.

The Offutt store was well located for the purposes of trade, for the prosperity of the merchants of New Salem depended almost entirely upon the patronage of the farmers who brought their grain to the mill. It stood just on the bluff's crest and narrowly abutted the one diagonal and precipitous path by which the mill was reached. So steep it was, in fact, that only one man is said ever to have negotiated it with an ox cart. Instead, the patient backs of mules and horses bore the burden, heavy grain sacks, each holding a bushel, depending from either side like saddle bags. Sometimes, so brisk was trade, that the whole of that hillside was covered with horses, standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, tied to trees and saplings, waiting for the great wheel to perform its labor. Boys usually were employed for this errand, trips being frequent and according to the requirements of the larder; but sometimes farmers from remote districts would come in wagons with a week's provisions and



patiently bide their time as, bushel by bushel, the grain was ground and returned to them, minus a just payment in toll. As always, in the neighborhood of grist-mills, fishing was especially good and afforded employment for those waiting hours that was not uncongenial.

No more picturesque—one had almost said, picaresque—character than that of Denton Offutt is afforded by the short and simple annals of New Salem. His origin, as his end, is lost in mystery, but his colorful presence about the streets, for that one short year of residence, may not be forgotten. A village is a nation in microcosm, and in every village will be found an exponent of the spirit which realized its apotheosis, in America, in that montebank of prodigious size and delightful memory, P. T. Barnum. Swaggering, posturing, humbugging with benevolent chicanery; investing incident with an importance magnified to absurd proportions; thinking in terms of millions; living in terms of mastery; drowning in frequent and innumerable “deep potations” the insolence of those moments of clear vision that are the nemesis of every man of dreams, Denton Offutt was the Barnum of New Salem.

It was in some such ringmaster method that Offutt introduced Lincoln to New Salem. His store was in the part of the village that was held in least esteem by the better element. That portion of the bluff had, hitherto, been dominated by but one building—Clary’s grocery. Its proprietor was of that roistering group that hailed from a point a few miles farther west known as Clary’s Grove and his store was patronized by them—with gusto. The settlement at that point was made up of families lately migrated from Kentucky. They were men of considerable sporting instinct, hard riders, hard drinkers and hard fighters. The sons of these men were, in Herndon’s phrase, a “generous parcel of rowdies” and their social instincts a source of terror to the townspeople even in this pioneer community. The names of Watkins, Clary, Greene, Potter, Beekman and Spear, all fine pioneer names in the present larger community, trace back to this small set-

tlement in and about a magnificent sugar maple grove that stood on the edge of the prairie. The "grocery" was, as may be guessed, in the local terminology, a saloon and to be distinguished from a "store" which contained food stuffs, drygoods and sometimes furniture, in addition to the ubiquitous barrel of whiskey. Clary's enjoyed the advantage of isolation, being located on the north end of the T-shaped bluff, and well off the main street. Just as the bar of Clary's constituted the forum for debate, so the open, level space without, on the south, provided an arena where tests of skill and strength and games of sorts were indulged in. Wrestling, jumping and foot-racing were among the former diversions.

There was a never failing interest in marksmanship, and target shooting for beef and turkey was common during the winter months. In fair weather, marbles and horse-shoes had their season and farther to the south the strangely diabolical sport of gander-pulling was prosecuted. For this amusement a gander, preferably tough and old, was tied by its feet to the horizontal branch of a tree about eight feet above the ground, its head depending helplessly, the neck being greased. The contestants paid ten cents each for the privilege of riding their horses at full speed beneath the luckless bird. The man who succeeded in pulling off its head, of course, got the goose. The entry of horses into the game gave it an unusual sporting feature and as many as twenty contestants sometimes entered the lists of this strange and ungallant tourney. Horse racing, for which this group had a particular fondness, was relegated to the west end of the bluff, the start being made on Main Street and the finish at a point designated on the road to the Grove.

The Offutt store, which was erected just south of Clary's grocery, though in local parlance a store and not a "grocery," proved no unpleasant neighbor, and its location afforded its proprietor a vantage point for the promotion of his latest enthusiasm.

It redounds to the perspicacity of Offutt that he discriminated in his new employee a man of parts. Not only did he

entrust the management of his store and the mill, which he had taken over, to this tall youth but, quite without the latter's knowledge or consent, proposed him for championship in various fields of sport. The oppressive arrogance of the Clary's Grove boys, and possibly some personal antipathy for their leader, Bill Clary, awakened in him a spirit of opposition and we find him laying a bet of ten dollars that Clary's man, Jack Armstrong, the local champion, could not out-wrestle Lincoln.

Word went out to all the surrounding neighborhood and men gathered for the event from far and wide. Especially were the men from Wolf—a community on the south—and from Clary's Grove in evidence, and all manner of properties, from pocket-knives to money, staked on the result. In the circle made by the breathless onlookers the two men fought long with strength and skill, but both kept firmly on their feet—the splendid proportions and solid structure of Armstrong and the long arms and tough sinews of Lincoln making for equal advantage. Then Armstrong, goaded by the fear of losing his place as master bully among “the boys,” violated the ethics of sport by resorting to a “foul.” Enraged by such tactics Lincoln, profiting by the length of his arms, grasped his opponent by the throat and, holding him at arms length, “shook him like a child” and slammed him to the ground. The Grove boys with a cry of “foul” were about to set upon him when Armstrong, shamed by his just punishment, vindicated his essential manliness by declaring the throw to have been fair, shook Lincoln's hand with all good will, and the affair ended in a truce of friendship with the “gang” that lasted throughout his life. With the family of Jack Armstrong was established a friendship that was both fine and strong, having its high dramatic touch when, in the late fifties, Lincoln undertook the defense of the son of that mighty man when he, Duff, stood trial for the alleged murder of James Metzker—the famous “almanac trial”—a defense that resulted in acquittal.

Legend accumulates around this phase of Lincoln's life with phantastic emphasis on detail. One sees in the insistence on physical prowess materials that would, at an earlier day, inevitably have gone to the making of a saga. They have their correlatives in the story of the Gaelic hero, Cuchulin of Miurthemne, of the strong men of the Mabinogion, and in the folk tales centered round the heroes of our own great timber region. Nor has the tendency to ornament been lacking; and sometimes one finds an incident told in such flowing, lyric language and touched with such convincing idiom that an imaginative unity pervades the whole and makes a picture to be inalienably associated with this place.

Consider, in this connection, a bit of narrative from the Onstot "Pioneers of Menard and Mason Counties" describing a group of "events" in which the skill of Lincoln was to be fairly tried:

First, he was to run a foot race with a man from Wolf. "Trot him out," said Abe. Second, he was to wrestle with a man from Little Grove. "All right," said Abe. Third, he must fight a man from Sand Ridge. "Nothing wrong about that," said Abe.

An expert foot racer from Wolf was distanced in the race. After a few minutes rest a Little Grove man stripped for the wrestle. "What holds do you prefer?" "Suit yourself," said Abe. "Catch-as-catch-can," said the man from the Grove. They stood about twenty feet apart and went at each other like two rams. Abe's opponent was a short, heavy set fellow and came with his head down, expecting to butt Abe and to upset him, but Abe was not built that way. He stepped aside and caught the fellow by the nap of the neck, threw him heels over head and gave him a fall hard enough to break every bone in his body. This woke the boys up and they retired again to consult. Abe was now getting mad. "Bring in your man from Sand Ridge," said he. "I can do



him up in three shakes of a sheep's tail, and I can whip the whole pack of you if you give me ten minutes between fights."

It has seemed to the historian unnecessary to state that in this encounter, too, the hero whipped his man and that in the precise and quaintly specified aforesaid time. Thus we have glimpsed a hero in the making.

To this particular section of the bluff, then, may be definitely assigned that group of associations belonging to the first year of Lincoln's residence in New Salem—a year which may be said to have constituted a "trial by strength." For though his interests in sports and contests of this sort continued through life—one learns of wrestling matches at Vandalia and games of marbles at Washington—it was chiefly as an umpire and an enthusiastic but disinterested onlooker that he figured. With what he called "wooling and pulling," the mere rough scuffle of unmannered spirits, he was always out of temper and with all aspects of cruelty intolerant and indignant.

One other picture, however, no unimportant one, must be added to this locality. For here in the long, drowsy afternoons when trade, both at store and mill, was slack, Lincoln applied himself, with that intellectual eagerness so strangely at variance with his personal expression as implied by gesture and demeanor, to the furtherance of his education. It is probable that the limited library of the Rev. John Cameron, at whose house he boarded, was drawn upon for desultory reading but the pursuance of Kirkham's "Grammar," borrowed or bought at some pains from one named Vanner, was conducted under the tutelage of the village school-master, Mentor Graham, whom he had assisted as clerk of election immediately on his return to New Salem following the trip to New Orleans. "Abe was always a good loafer, I've heard my mother say," said John Armstrong once, then in his latter years; and so he must always have appeared to those thrifty folks, unmindful of the eternal economy of leisure, as he lay, book in hand, on the pine counter of the store, his head on a

pile of dry goods; or under the spreading trees of oak and walnut that crown the bluff there above the dam.

To this place, also, belongs the first association with the man, who in later life, contributed so many colorful and convincing pictures of his life-long friend. William G. Greene, already boasting a nickname that the Prince of Wales might envy, "Slicky Bill," was, though still in his teens, known throughout the neighborhood as shrewd and steady. "A likely young fellow," by all accounts. Greene was made assistant in the Offutt store, his special function being to discriminate from among the patrons of that place those who might be granted credit. He was a lad of more than ordinary keenness and was even then preparing himself for entrance in the little new college at Jacksonville, where his gifts of mind and personality, already well developed, should secure him contacts that were to prove of service to him through life. It is possible that, his taste being for politics, he may, more than any other person, have stimulated Lincoln to a definite interest in that field. The friendship between the two boys, so begun, was to result in many mutual services and not the least of these, considering the particular need in which Lincoln stood at that moment in his educative progress, was the one to which he later humorously alluded when he acknowledged to Seward that he, Bill Greene, had "taught him grammar." That is, Greene held the book and read out the questions, between sales of tea and tobacco, while Abe searched his memory for the reply. And it is possible that Samuel Kirkham never quite so patently accomplished his avowed aim to "render interesting and delightful a study which has hitherto been considered devious, dry and irksome," as on this occasion, the success of such adventures lying, like beauty, in the beholder's eyes. One pauses, indeed, to consider if any other grammarian has been, even by his own confession, so inspired.

At all events, tea and tobacco and grammar, not less than wrestling, games and yarns, are to be associated with this place, and with the first year of Lincoln's life in Salem.

It is not without fitness that we observe that the spring of 1832, which marked the first definite sign of ambitious awakening in Lincoln, should have witnessed the departure of the ringmaster from the circus; for Offutt's store had, in the quaint phrase of its manager, "petered out." Not, however, without having performed a grateful service to his protege, and not by that same token, to be forgotten. Herndon, through a fortunate bit of correspondence, discovers him in the late fifties to be in Baltimore. At this time one may, without anachronist incoherence, imagine him as garbed in the bravely checked trowsers, the glowing waist-coat and the stovepipe hat of the period. Still smelling of the sawdust, he tames vicious horses before an admiring throng—the old oil-of-bergamot ruse—and professes to accomplish that wonder by whispering into their ears a secret formula—a secret which he imparts to the gullible for the trivial sum of five dollars. Mr. Herndon's correspondent shrewdly surmises that Offutt was not living in 1861 or he would have been heard of at that time, and one is constrained to reflect that what must have proved a precious contribution to the unofficial annals of the White House was lost to history.

The spring of 1832 may be thought of, in the philosophic history of New Salem, as the season of the Great Dream. The commercial insularity of the prairie towns was their great disadvantage and bar to growth. As the country developed its "infant resources" transportation became, more and more, a problem in present need of solution. Almost all towns were located on watercourses, but the smaller streams, such as the Sangamon, though furnishing motor power for mills, fish for a variation of diet, and a sure source of water supply against the occasional devastating drouths of summer, were impracticable as a very considerable means of transportation owing to the hindrance of drift wood which tended to accumulate at the sharp turns made by the meandering of their channels. It is probable that no man in that region was

more familiar with the Sangamon river, as effecting the problem of its navigation, than was Lincoln. Twice that year he had piloted a flat-boat down that stream and his employment as manager of the Cameron, Rutledge mill, leased by Offutt, had given him the opportunity for accurate observation of the water stages prevailing at different seasons.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when on March 15 of that year, he announced, through the *Sangamo Journal*, his candidacy for a seat in the legislative body of the State of Illinois, he named as the first of those "sentiments with regard to local affairs," which was the only preliminary required of such aspirants, the clearing out and straightening of the Sangamon. He gave it as his opinion that the river could be rendered "completely navigable as high as the mouth of the south fork, or probably higher, to vessels of from 25 to 30 ton burden, for at least one-half of all common years, and to vessels of much greater burden, a part of the time." He then entered into specific consideration of the several requirements for such a task, showing a concise knowledge of the physiography of the stream and matured reflection upon its problems. He adds, "Finally, I believe the improvement of the Sangamon river to be vastly important and highly desirable to the people of the county; and if elected, any measure in the legislature, having this for its object, which may appear judicious, will meet my approbation and receive my support."

No railroads had as yet been built in Illinois, nor should be, for a matter of six years. The cost of such an enterprise, estimated at two hundred and ninety thousand dollars, was vastly beyond the resources of the State, and the very mention of so great a sum, fell upon the imagination, in the language of Lincoln, "with a heart appalling shock." It was, then, not only just, but timely, that he should make his first bid for the approval of the people as the proponent of this important issue.

Scarcely had the handbills supplementing the *Journal* letter, announcing Lincoln's candidacy, been broadcast



through the county, when the whole of the Sangamon valley was startled by the news that a project long talked of as a possibility was about to be realized. A certain Captain Wm. Bogue, an enterprising and far-sighted man, who owned a mill in the vicinity of Springfield, had arranged for the promotion of a plan that was to demonstrate beyond possibility of doubt the navigability of the Sangamon. A steamer called the *Talisman*, had been chartered for the purpose. She had left her port at Cincinnati, sailed down the Ohio to the Mississippi, up that river to the mouth of the Illinois, and would soon arrive at Beardstown; from which point she would make her dramatic and convincing voyage up the Sangamon, penetrating the wilderness as far as Springfield. From Springfield to Beardstown, says one historian, was "one wild hurrah." Enthusiasm ran high, even with the most conservative and a "boom," brief but violent, was felt through all the arteries of trade. Towns along the river hitherto unsurveyed, were platted off and values were everywhere inflated out of all just proportion. For weeks in advance the Springfield stores advertised that on a given date goods would arrive "direct from the East, per steamer, *Talisman*." A general conviction prevailed that with the accomplishment of the enterprise, the success of which seemed never to have been doubted, the people of this region should have a definite and dependable artery connecting them with the larger world of trade; and that, so much being accomplished, their material prosperity was assured.

Word coming that the *Talisman* had reached Beardstown, Abraham Lincoln, together with Rowan Herndon and other practiced rivermen, set out on foot for that place, taking with them axes, long poles and other tools that might be needed in clearing a passage for the boat. Arriving there he was asked, at the suggestion, perhaps, of Captain Bogue, to undertake the task of piloting the steamer through that last perilous part of the trip. That the assistance of the Salem men was gratefully accepted can not be doubted, for, we are told, so slow was the passage of the boat on the upper

reaches of the river that no more than four miles a day were covered. Though weeks were consumed by the trip, the enthusiasm of the people knew no diminution. Men and boys on foot and horseback followed the boat on both sides of the river; guns were fired in honor of the occasion at every passing town and stops were honored by the usual festivities; toasts being drunk and speeches made at banquets and barbecues in celebration of the momentous event. New Salem, too, had her hour of glory.

At Bogue's Mill, the landing on the Sangamon nearest to Springfield, the boat's objective, the *Talisman* remained for a time. The *Sangamo Journal* gives a florid account of a dance tendered the boat's officers and the accompanying party, though Lincoln—according to Herndon—was not bidden. Nevertheless, the occasion was a valuable one to the man who had proved, as he believed, the justification of his dream. As the pilot who had brought the boat through the last perilous part of the trip he was referred to as authority on all questions touching the river's possibilities and so came into direct relations with the merchants and other men of affairs gathered there.

After the stay of a week only, owing to the fact that the water of the river was falling rapidly, the *Talisman* started on her return. Though the clearance effected on her up-coming trip was an advantage to her progress down stream, sand-bars were now exposed and the river's channel narrowed in consequence, and the passage rendered highly difficult. At New Salem, on this account, it was found impossible to get the steamer past the dam unless a part of the structure should be removed. Thus, for the second time within the year, was the bluff-side turned into an amphitheater for the observance of a drama in which Lincoln played the leading role. Excitement ran high as the mill owners refused to allow damage to their property and the officers of the boat made threats about the illegality of stopping navigable streams. On April 5 the *Journal* published a crude bit of verse describing the visit of the boat and covering the New Salem episode with:

And when we came to Salem dam,  
Up we went against it jam.  
We tried to cross with all our might  
But found we couldn't and staid all night.

After a time, compromise was effected. The top layer of logs was taken off to let the vessel pass, the "chaff and buncomb" died away, and a fortnight later Lincoln delivered the *Talisman* and its party safely at Beardstown. Although the last attempt ever recorded had been made to negotiate that stream by any vessel of size the issue seemed to have been successfully decided, the navigability of the Sangamon proved. And there the matter, beginning in illusion and ending in fiasco, terminated. In fact, though the operation was a success—the patient had died!

Event succeeded event with surprising swiftness and effect during the spring and summer of 1832, there in New Salem. Scarcely had the tumult and the shouting died, following the unfruitful adventure of the *Talisman*, when a rumor of war threw its shadow over the community. New Salem had escaped, by good fortune, that alarming first chapter common to so many western towns—the Indian chapter. Shick Shack, the last chief of the Sangamon country, had left of his own volition in 1825, though there was still a troublesome remnant of the Sac and Fox people beyond the Illinois river. But the older men, many of them, had seen Indian fighting and the peril implicit in the very name was enough to inspire terror and its attending emotion, hatred, for these departing people. Now came the news that Black Hawk, the great Sac chief, had violated his treaty with the whites and had returned to the Rock River country in northern Illinois to re-establish his ancient rights.

On April 16th, came a rider to the bluff bearing official tidings. Handbills, issued by Governor Reynolds, asking for volunteers to meet the Indian uprising, were scattered here and there and posted about the town. Then at Clary's "grocery," at the tavern, at Hill and McNeil's (McNamar's)



store, men, fused by the instinct of defense, gathered into groups for discussion of the great news; and as always, women wept behind closed doors; shuddered in their hearts and fell to the small business of provisioning knapsacks and pouring lead into moulds for bullets. There was quick action, first and last, for we learn that within six days a company was got together, fitted out with an anomalous assortment of horses, rifles and other soldierly appurtenances and started on its way to the place of rendezvous. At Richland, on the 21st, Lincoln was chosen captain, an honor that gave him great satisfaction, from his own subsequent statement, and two days later the New Salem contingent presented itself at Beardstown, where it joined the Illinois Volunteers, and with them set out for the north, following the old Indian trail to a point on Rock River (now Rock Island), where it was sworn into Federal service.

The Black Hawk war, as history has shown, proved to be less a war than a skirmish, conducted without military dignity nor too much discipline. It was, in fact, a name

full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Within twenty-five days the fourth regiment of mounted volunteers of Gen. Whiteside's brigade, of which Lincoln's company was a part, was disbanded. Lincoln, however, as though determined to see it through, twice re-enlisted, finally was honorably discharged and mustered out at Whitewater, Wisconsin, on July the 10th, arriving back in New Salem on foot at a date near the end of July.

In less than a hundred days, then, Abe was home. We do not learn that any musical organization, if the village boasted such, greeted him with "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," nor that laurels, hypothetical or other, awaited his youthful brow. He afterward referred with light irony to his "military record," to his "blood spilt in battle—mosquito's blood." The Black Hawk War, like Offutt's store and the great dream inspired by the adventure of the *Talisman*, had



"petered out." But it was news along the river, it was news along the bluff, it was news in every house and store and place of human intercourse in Salem, that *Abe was home*.

With the closing of these several ventures, all so hopefully begun and so dismally concluded, the Lincoln associations in New Salem tend to move from that portion of the bluff immediately above the river and to come into more definite relations with the long ridge running east and west, Main Street, its central artery, losing itself in the road to Clary's Grove and the prairie. The mill, leased for that year by Offutt, and the Offutt store, had passed from the scene of his activities. Even the home of the Rev. John Cameron, on the south end of the T, with its plethora of godliness and girls, knew him no more, unless in the character of guest. His next move, which was to locate him on the village "square," was to invest him with the new dignity of proprietor.

Main Street was the one avenue having the dignity of a name in Salem. It was intersected at a point just west of the Rutledge Tavern by the thoroughfare known to that day as the Springfield road. The established trail of the road antedates the town by several years and its ancient ruts, which time and disuse have reduced to the vague significance of a patteran, showing where the feet of the long-gone generations passed, are now only faintly discernible. With superb indifference to the dictates of chain and compass it wound its way from the south between riotous growths of plum and sumac—having crossed, by ford, the little stream then called Purkapple "crick," now known as the West Branch—and, crossing the ridge, on which New Salem stood, turned east and north, adjusting itself to the "draw" between the hills, and so continued on its pleasant way to Beardstown.

The terminals of the Springfield road were Beardstown and the town whose name it bore. They were the two most important cities in Illinois, north of St. Louis. Beardstown was the shipping point, the Illinois river being the waterway

connecting the inland farmer with the markets of St. Louis and New Orleans. Save for the limited service of flatboats, this highway bore the burden of freighting for all this section of the country. Hogs, sheep and cattle were driven along this road by weary stages during the open seasons of the year and long trains of wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, and filled with corn, wheat and oats made, during the late summer and autumn, a continuous pageant. All the rich fruitage of those prairie and valley farms, not converted by the water mills into food for man, or stored in rude cribs and bins for the winter provender of beasts, was transported in this way to market.

Midway between Springfield and Beardstown the Hickey Tavern, commonly called the half-way house,\* gave rest and succor to these travelers. It was located, picturesquely, at the foot of a great hill looking towards the Sangamon and named, in honor of the chief who was its last Indian resident, Shick Shack Knob.

Salem had a post office as early as 1829. It was established on Christmas day of that year and Harvey Ross, who was the carrier, traveled between Havana—a point twenty miles north-west of Beardstown on the Illinois River—and Springfield; Salem being his only stop, and his trips bi-weekly. Four times by proved record—and doubtless there are other trips unrecorded—Lincoln made the journey on foot over this road between Salem and Beardstown; in one instance he preferring to do so rather than wait twenty-four hours while a wagon was loaded with merchandise for the Offutt store, thus saving him a walk of more than forty miles. That he essayed the trip to Springfield, nineteen miles away, on foot frequently, we are assured; sometimes after business hours and for a matter of no greater urgency than the borrowing of a book from Stuart's

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\* This hill stands on the stock farm owned by J. W. Lynn, in Cass County, eight miles from Chandlerville, Illinois. In that comfortable log house, which had been the Tavern—now replaced by a prosperous, modern frame one—I lived in the nineties for the better part of a year and came there to know its memories. There Lincoln often stayed the night, and a wrestling match with its host is one of its interesting associations. The last of the stock pens had not at that time disappeared, and a tradition of big yarns, big fights, a murder and a suicide hung about the place. No half-way house without its decent ghost!



Old Road that ran between Beardstown and Springfield







Law library. He commonly read as he walked and used the occasion for memorizing passages that he wished to know "by heart," frequently reciting them aloud, with no other audience than the trees and hills.

The old Springfield road is no more. Instead, a broad, fine highway now sweeps between the mill site and the bluff, its course dictated by engineering economics. A concrete bridge spans the little Purkapile "crick." But if the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, as perceived in the vision of the poet Lindsay still walks the streets of Springfield, Illinois, at midnight, must it not sometimes, in the quiet hour of gathering dusk, travel this ancient road?

The years of 1832-1833 are thought to have been the most prosperous in the history of New Salem. A veritable rush of settlers seems to have been added to the town and log dwellings and stores sprang up all along Main Street. The Rutledge Tavern, undoubtedly the first house built there, now added a wing to accommodate increasing patronage and across the street that godly man, Dr. John Allen, came to be its neighbor; to do battle with chills and fever, the peculiar pathologic hardship of the pioneer in this section; with all the ills that youth and age are heir to, but particularly to those demanding pains of birth and death. To the cure of bodies he sought to add the cure of souls. His Presbyterian faith laid its unyielding discipline over all who came beneath his care. At this house he established the first, and possibly the only, Sunday School, and organized the Temperance Society; and here the Rev. William Berry, father of that profligate son who was to become the business partner of Lincoln, frequently raised his voice in exhortation. The Debating Society, already in function in 1831, was doubtless one of his means to expression for the faith that was in him; and one wonders what positive but well-tempered arguments employed, on occasion, the evening leisure when before the open door or, in winter, the roaring fire, these two men, Dr. Allen and James Rutledge, whose religious tenets were embraced by the same creed but

whose geographic derivation implied so wide a divergence in social customs and ideas, came to issue.

A touch of gracious, if plain living and high thinking was here, no doubt. For the silk hat and well made saddle bags of Dr. Allen, still in evidence, attest the gentility of his way of life; and James Rutledge, that well beloved soul who came by way of Kentucky from South Carolina, whose connections were in high places and whose library, though scanty, bespoke a certain scholarship was, if the term might be applied to a character so unpretentious, the gentleman of the village.

If the Allen home was the center of religious sociability the tavern, though well conducted, afforded a more liberal atmosphere. James Rutledge was a deeply religious man. His wife is spoken of as quiet, kindly and capable. His several daughters assisted with the work of the place. The son, David, a serious, intelligent youth, was diligently preparing himself at this time for the course at Jacksonville College which he began a few years later. But at this place was entertained whatever wayfarer chanced between Springfield and Beardstown or Havana. The mail carrier stopped four times a week as he passed and returned with the bi-weekly mail; drovers from the south often paused for food or shelter on their long trips to market; and itinerant preachers rested from their labors as they went from point to point on their mission of saving souls. Every day brought some new visitor to the fireside, some strange voice to the table. And beside the "transients" certain regular boarders were accommodated. From the spring of 1832 to the summer of 1834 Lincoln was one of these, occupying one of the two upper rooms and sharing his bed, for a part of the time at least, with A. Y. Ellis, who has given us glimpses of the man as he appeared at that time.

He has preserved for us, for instance, a long, droll doggerel which Lincoln recited to him with relish, called "How St. Patrick Came to be Born on the 17th of March"; and he has told us of nights when the occupants of the loft, which

contained a number of beds, most of them filled every night, would be kept in a roar of laughter till long after midnight by Lincoln's stories and jokes.

On occasion, in the sitting room of the tavern, preachings would be held. The Rev. John Cameron and the Rev. James Berry are known to have exhorted there on Sunday afternoons; and for quilting bees and such domestic gatherings the room was always in requisition.

Across the street from the Tavern stood the Hill-McNeil (McNamar) store. It was the principal place of general merchandise in the town when Lincoln arrived there and seems to have remained so to the end. During much of the time the post office was located there. Samuel Hill served for the two terms as postmaster. It was used again for that purpose for a time when Lincoln served in that capacity. It had for its proprietors probably the two most able business men in New Salem and it carried a very considerable stock of goods.

That Samuel Hill was a thoroughgoing business man was proved by the success of every enterprise into which he entered, not only in New Salem, but later in Petersburg, where he established and operated the woolen mills, but neither his build nor temperament fitted him for the heroic role in that pioneer town. His temper was a somewhat testy and unpleasant one, and such characteristics required a certain protection in that day of rough justice. There is a tradition to the effect that the strong arm of the great Scotchman, John Ferguson, was once employed for that purpose, the protagonist being no other than the redoubtable Jack Armstrong, and the recompense a set of blue china dishes. He had been the unsuccessful suitor of Ann Rutledge, the fair hand of that maiden being given instead to his partner, John McNeil (McNamar), but, nothing daunted, he had wooed and won that excellent young woman, Parthenia Nance, and had built for her a home beside the store on Main Street. If the rivalry over Ann ever troubled the harmony of the business affiliations of the two partners history has not recorded it.



Just as Clary's "grocery," the home of Dr. Allen and the Rutledge Tavern each gathered its special coterie about it, so the Hill and McNeil (McNamar) store was a focal point for social intercourse having a flavor of its own, for it was the forum for political discussion in New Salem. It boasted the unique convenience of a porch, and here, while they waited for the incoming mail or loitered for the mere sake of talk, the men of the community discussed the questions of consuming interest of that day. And great questions were up for argument. The problem of human slavery, which was threatening the unity of the nation; the Temperance question; and those matters affecting so directly the commercial advancement and prosperity of the West, the problem of transportation. Several newspapers came to this office bearing tidings from larger centers of interest, among them the *Louisville Journal*, the *Cincinnati Gazette* and the *St. Louis Republican*, besides that recently established paper, published at Springfield, Illinois, the *Sangamo Journal*, later to be called the *Illinois State Journal*. The privilege of the first perusal of these fell automatically to the postmaster and their news was commonly dispensed by him. In any event the intelligence obtained on matters of moment became common property there on the porch of the store and passed through those mouths to a wider audience.

Probably the most arresting figure that lent its presence there was the somewhat eccentric one of Illinois' greatest pioneer preacher, Peter Cartwright. Pausing now and again as he came to and fro on his long, arduous trips about the country, or merely for the sake of the mail and to purchase provisions for his home at Pleasant Plains, ten miles away, he dominated by very force of personality every group in which he found himself. For twenty years, at this date, a presiding elder, he was already the most famous of the Methodist itinerants. In the course of a long life he was to have traveled with Bible and rifle, eleven circuits and four districts. Having finished his work in the Wabash district, comprising almost all of southern Illinois, he was now come to



the Salt River district and every remote outpost of this swiftly advancing civilization was to know his voice. At camp meetings it was not unusual for the number of converts to reach two and three hundred. His great sincerity and almost violent energy, his terse humor and dauntless courage, and, more than all, perhaps, his quick decisions in tense moments, left a trail of anecdote still reminiscent in the chronicle of that day. He could rebuke a Governor of State at his own table or turn a dance into a prayer meeting with a dramatic fitness and dispatch that moved the offenders to admiration. His own deacons were not without the pale of his displeasure. "Three prayers like that would freeze Hell over, Brother," he said to a too unemotional supplicant at the throne of grace, and the sting of his invective was a weapon that was mightier than the sword. His great white hat, with its wide furred brim and its eight-inch crown, protected him from the suns of summer as well as from the snows of winter, and became as familiarly a part of him to the people among whom he moved as the color of his hair.

It was in 1832 that Cartwright, in his run for reelection for the State Legislature, defeated the stripling Lincoln; a decision by the people to be reversed in the Congressional election of 1846, when the two men again were political opponents. It seems strange that neither history nor tradition is greatly enriched by items from the debates nor of the campaign repartee of these two men so distinguished for the quality of their wit and story. It is likewise notable that the exhaustive autobiography of Cartwright bears no mention of the Great Emancipator.

But the man whose hospitality afforded him a place of audience, however, there on the porch of the Hill-McNeil (McNamar) store is treated to no such kindly neglect by Cartwright. It is said that he repaid the dislike which he had, by some chance, awakened in Samuel Hill by amused contempt, taking actual pleasure in annoying him and sometimes making him for hours the helpless victim of his wit. Once, according to Onstot, he discussed his spiritual welfare for the benefit of

a delighted audience: "He said he had some doubts whether Hill had a soul, until one day he put a quarter of a dollar on his lips, when his soul came struggling up to get the piece of silver."

Just east of the Hill-McNeil (McNamar) store was the building originally owned by Reuben Radford, but which was subsequently known to fame as the Berry and Lincoln store. The history of that place during the latter occupation—a period of something more than a year—comprises one of the drollest chapters ever written recording the financial operations of great men.

William Berry was the son of that Rev. James Berry, residing in the neighborhood of Rock Creek, four miles distant, who sometimes preached on Sunday afternoons in the Allen and Rutledge houses. He followed the picturesque tradition of minister's sons by proving something of a prodigal; having a weakness for liquor, an unstable will and a somewhat spasmodic ambition. In one of these latter moments he bought out the holding of James Herndon in a store in the village. Lincoln, believing perhaps that the opening promised well, and influenced in part, it is sometimes asserted, by the solicitations of the elder Berry, who hoped much from the steadying influence of Lincoln upon his son, bought the stock of Rowan Herndon and the two men entered in this modest way the mercantile world of the bluff.

The surprising growth which New Salem had enjoyed in the past two years had resulted in an over anticipation of its commercial possibilities. Now, however, with the failure of the Offutt store and the dwindling of the hope that the Sangamon might prove navigable, there was a distinct diminution of that fine enthusiasm that had inspired the opening months of the year. In expectation of the inrush of settlers which should have made New Salem the great river town of all this section, various enterprises had sprung up and among them a surfeit of stores. Clary's grocery was no longer in operation, but in its stead the Chrissman Brothers kept a place of general merchandise; Hill and McNeil (McNamar) still domi-

nated Main Street and Reuben Radford had come to be their neighbor; and just back of Dr. Allen's residence, facing on the Springfield road, the brothers, Rowan and James Herndon, cousins of the Lincoln biographer, had opened a store.

But competition so stimulating to the life of trade was, in this instance, over done. The eagerness of the Herndon boys to sell was the first sign of the inevitable reaction. Presently the Chrissman Brothers failed. James Rutledge took over their meager stock, re-selling to Berry and Lincoln at a slightly later date; and a dramatic episode persuaded Reuben Radford of the unsuitability of his temper to the exigencies of frontier trade.

By some chance Radford had incurred the ill-will of the Clary's Grove boys and, sensing danger, he had unwisely resorted to tactics betraying his timidity. On a day when he found it necessary to be away from the place, he left instructions with his brother, a mere boy who clerked for him, that in the event of a visit from that quarter, the "boys" were to be sold but two drinks apiece. With a fatal instinct for trouble, on that very afternoon the "boys" arrived. Like a certain Roman hero they not only came, they saw and conquered. To the burgeoning spirit of these lads two drinks was insult, nothing less, so they proceeded to lay waste the land. "After us the deluge," might have been their motto, as windows, counters, furnishings and stock suffered the fierce out-pouring of their wrath. When they had finished, the debris covered the floor, a hopeless litter of glass and splintered wood, and the ruin appeared complete. "Two drinks," had been avenged and handsomely; but in all justice to their sense of fitness it must be admitted that the ample stock of liquor that had suffered violation in the heat of battle had not been discharged through the gutter nor emptied into the street. Rather, the personal resources of those sons of Belial had obviated that ruthless waste.

Honor being satisfied, the insult wiped out in this fitting manner, the gang had re-mounted and started on their way. Some docile looking cows, however, grazing peacefully beside



the road, their heads turned homeward towards the milking shed, furnished inspiration for an anti-climax. Detaching their bells, the boys fastened them to the tails of their leaders' horses and with a clatter of spurs and hoofs, and a wild, unearthly jangle of cattle bells, they went flaming down the wind disappearing in a cloud of dust, their berserker yells falling with diminishing fury upon the astonished air.

Reuben Radford, scenting disaster from afar, hurried back to town and viewed with dismay the ruin of his grocery. In a fury of disgust and anger he vowed that he would accept the first offer made him for what remained of the business. William Greene, pausing on his way to the mill, looked through a broken window, offered him four hundred dollars, and it was done.

Having become the proprietor of a store in this sudden manner, young Greene sat down among the ruins and considered his bargain, a bit ruefully, perhaps. By this time a good proportion of the village had arrived upon the scene and there was a confusing medley of comment and advice, but Lincoln, looking over the situation in the interest of his friend, thought it not so bad and proceeded to take an inventory. His figures showed a stock on hand worth twelve hundred dollars and after consulting Berry, he offered Radford seven hundred and fifty dollars for his bargain. Greene took the offer, accepting, in turn, the notes of Berry and Lincoln. A horse with saddle and bridle, accredited at a valuation of thirty-five dollars, was later turned in against the debt and it may be assumed that the remaining amount was paid in cash. Thus by one afternoon's work the Clary's Grove boys had avenged their wrong, Reuben Radford had disposed, however disadvantageously, of his business, and Berry and Lincoln had wiped out competition in New Salem, with the single exception of Hill and McNeil (McNamar), by the peaceful process of absorbing it. Property was moving in the village.

The large part which confidence plays in all systems of finance is amusingly conspicuous in this small cycle of sales and purchases. If any actual money changed hands, it was



furnished by Berry and Lincoln in payment of the Radford stock. This, however, is at best conjectural. But both Berry and Lincoln gave notes to cover their original purchase from the Herndon Brothers; Greene gave his note to Radford; Berry and Lincoln assumed Greene's obligation when they took over the store, and Rutledge had been paid in the same manner. During the following year, when Berry and Lincoln chose to retire from merchandising, they sold to two brothers named Trent, accepting notes. In an incredibly brief time the Trents had failed and fled, Berry had died, and Lincoln was left to assume the entire obligation, a chastened and a wiser man.

The accumulated burden of this series of transactions was humorously referred to by Lincoln afterwards as "the national debt," but it was in reality a serious matter and one that weighed heavily upon him for many years. The last of the notes was not lifted until as late as 1848, when he was serving his second term in Congress.

The firm of Berry and Lincoln, which began operations in the fall of 1832, making, on its paper basis, so brave a showing of prosperity, continued for a time to be carried forward by the very momentum gained by the acquisition of the several competitive stocks. If Berry was too often attendant upon the spigot in the capacity of consumer, and Lincoln too frequently pre-occupied with philosophy and politics for the demands of salesmanship, yet the latter had at least one valuable commercial asset, personal popularity. The post office, which had been held by Samuel Hill since the failure of the business of Isaac Chrissman, passed now to Lincoln, owing to a petition circulated by the women of New Salem, who resented the incivility of being made to wait for mail while liquor customers were being served. Lincoln's commission, reading May 7, 1833, was held by him till the office was discontinued in 1836. The remuneration was small, but it was gratefully accepted and it is likely that trade was enhanced thereby.

At an earlier date in that year an attempt had been made to increase the profits of the business by disposing of the accumulated stock of liquors which had come to the firm of

Berry and Lincoln as a result of their several investments by dispensing it in quantities smaller than the gallon measure prescribed by law where sales were not covered by a license. This seems to have been particularly advisable after the Radford stock had been purchased, for their license was granted in March of that year.

But whatever shifts might be resorted to for the stimulation of trade, the two partners were forced in time to acknowledge that business was in a bad way, their proceeds governed by the law of diminishing returns, and, in the fall of that year, they disposed of it as previously stated.

It has been the habit of biographers to refer to New Salem as the alma mater of Abraham Lincoln; the place where he prepared himself for the big job of living. If this idea may be accepted then the years 1832-33 must be regarded as the freshman period, during which he bore his hazing well, acknowledging his mistakes with frankness and rueful humor, and pressed on undismayed to fresh adventures.

Judged by all standards of mercantile success the Berry and Lincoln enterprise had failed but in the larger reading of life the year devoted to that failure was one of the great years of the Martyr President's life. The store fronting on Main Street, exactly faced the Springfield road as it crossed the bluff from the south. At this point it detoured slightly to the east before it yielded to the easier grade offered by the draw between the hills, passing to the west of the Offutt store and continuing northward. Such glimpses of the outside world as Lincoln saw at this time came to his door. The bi-weekly mail; the stage-coach, which now ran between Beardstown and Springfield; an occasional band of movers, or a lone family plying west; and the farmers coming to mill to purchase provisions in the village and to inquire for their infrequent mail, these were the diversions of the days.

Main Street bearing west from this point now boasted, besides the tavern and the home of Dr. Allen, eight or ten residences and several industries. Peter Lukins, the shoemaker, had a shop in his house where he accomplished the





Berry and Lincoln Store facing on the Village Square and the Springfield Road





complete manufacture of his wares, making, sometimes, from a bundle of hides, shoes for the entire family, which he delivered direct to the consumer, happily obviating the middle man. His neighbor, Johnson, the wheelright, plied his trade without competition, making spinning wheels, chairs and looms for the whole community. Henry Onstot, father of the historian, built a cooper shop next to his residence at the western extremity of the street, drawing upon the immediate surrounding timber for his supply of the white oak which was used for making staves for barrels. The wood was allowed to season for a year in advance of its use and yielded a pleasant odor on the evening air. He supplied not only the home trade of farmers, bringing their corn and wheat to the mill, but manufactured a surplus to be shipped to Springfield and Beardstown.

Across the street from the cooper shop was the double house owned by Jack Kelso and Joshua Miller, the blacksmith. Jack Kelso was that "beloved vagabond" whose whilom scholarship, not less than his devotion to the rod and line, made him the scandal of the town. To him Lincoln owed his induction into the poetry of Burns and Shakespeare; and possibly the volumes of Paine and Volney, whose philosophy found an echo in his earlier disquisitions, were lent from the same library.

Miller's smithy, which was adjacent to the house, was the busiest place on the entire street. Its ringing anvil made music on the drowsy air all through the summer days and its forge glowed far into the evening hours. In that vicinity, Martin Waddell, the hatter, lived. He made hats from skins, fifty cents being charged for those of rabbit fur and as much as two dollars for those made from coon skins.

The dominating industry on that side of the street, however, though it was located well back against the timber line, was the great storehouse and carding machine established by Samuel Hill and operated by that stalwart Kentuckian, Hardin Bale. Every farmer kept sheep in those days and with the spring shearing, which fell in May, wool began to pour

into the warehouse in sacks and bundles of all shapes and sizes—every conceivable wrapper being employed from old bed-quilts to petticoats, the bundles being fastened with the great thorns of the honey locust in place of pins—until by June, the building was full to bursting. All through the summer the carding would be in progress. The motive power of the machine was furnished by oxen and the tramping of the heavy beasts could be faintly heard all through the town. Its wheel, which was forty feet in diameter, stood at an incline of twenty-five degrees and made a dramatic silhouette against the forest. The carding mill, when in operation, was one of the chief centers of interest thereabouts. Thus in the span of one street, of not more than a quarter of a mile in length, seven industries were represented and the mill, which was approached at the extreme eastern end, made an eighth. These, with the two stores and the tavern, argued a very considerable commercial life in a village of three hundred souls or less, and one having variety.

The Berry and Lincoln store boasted no such luxury as a porch, but a great oak tree spread its limbs before its door making a friendly place for rest and talk. And here in the quiet of the long summer days, when the farmers were in their fields and trade was restricted to the occasional sale of a few yards of calico or a gallon of molasses, Lincoln sat, or lay at length, lost in the pages of a book. In fact, so frequent is the allusion to this habit, that he seems almost continually to have been so employed, and at all times and places. At the store, on the river bank, by the blazing shavings, which Henry Onstot allowed him to burn in his cooper shop at night, and by the glowing forge across the street. Even on the trips to and from Springfield, when daylight permitted, and about the countryside, delivering letters which he carried in his hat, and walking up and down the village street. It has been told how, meeting a neighbor at such times, he would close his book, keeping his finger in the place, and with the air of lightly detaching himself, enter into a friendly conversation. Later, continuing down the street, he would reopen the volume



The Lincoln White Oak, which still flourishes at the top of Salem Hill



Chas. Russell





and resume his reading precisely as though he had been perusing some trivial tale, instead of—as was frequently the case—an abstruse treatise on philosophy or law.

“What you readin’, Abe?” called Squire Godbey, once, seeing him so occupied on the top of a woodpile, catching the last of the daylight after a hard day’s work.

“I’m not reading,” said Abe, “I’m studying.”

“Studying what?” persisted the Squire.

“Law,” said Abe.

“Good God a’mighty,” muttered that troubled man, reflecting the bewilderment not uncommon among these friends and neighbors in New Salem.

Among the men of more than ordinary quality whom Lincoln had come to know during his three months experience in the Black Hawk War, was one John T. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield, Illinois. By chance he had fallen in with him after the muster out at Whitewater, Wisconsin, when they had shared by turns the service of Stuart’s horse—Lincoln’s having been stolen enroute—as far as Peoria, Illinois. From Peoria they had traveled by canoe to Havana, and from that point made the trip home on foot. The enforced companionship of those two weeks had fixed a friendship that should later result in a partnership and had awakened so keen an interest in Stuart for Lincoln that, learning of the latter’s interest in law—for he had already made a small beginning through the perusal of some volumes lent him by Squire Bowling Greene—he begged him to make use of his own legal library and offered to assist him in any way he might.

With so helpful a friend, Lincoln’s interest was now turned more decidedly than before towards the profession of the law, but an incident which occurred that summer pointed, it would seem, by the very finger of destiny, fixed his choice beyond all variation and set his feet definitely upon the long, unbroken, upward climb that was to end at the pinnacle of national preferment, the White House.

On a day when trade was dull, a mover's cart came over the hill on the Springfield road, pausing before the Berry and Lincoln store, before turning westwards towards the prairie. By way of lessening his load and gaining a little cash, the itinerant sold to Lincoln a barrel for fifty cents. Having no immediate use for it, the purchase having been inspired chiefly by a wish to help the needy man, Lincoln rolled it to the back of the store, where it remained for several weeks. One day, however, with a view to tidying the place, he emptied out the contents, which were mostly old paper and the like, to find at the bottom—a very hostage from the gods—a complete set of Blackstone's "Commentaries."

The importance of the incident at this time in his career scarcely could be estimated; but if the "Commentaries," like the stone which builders rejected, should become the head of the corner in the temple of his intellectual life, a matter of no less significance, involving the whole of his spiritual and moral nature since it belonged to his love-life, was now developing from delicate and imperceptible beginnings to a fact of demanding proportions.

About the time that Lincoln moved from the Cameron boarding house to the Tavern and entered into the negotiation making him a member of the firm of Berry and Lincoln, John McNeil, who was the junior partner in the Hill-McNeil (McNamar) store, sold his holdings in the business to his partner and taking his money with him—for he had sold to the only merchant in town who would have been able to pay him in cold cash—departed for the east. It had been for some time a matter of common knowledge that he was affianced to Ann, the third daughter of James Rutledge. That he had prospered during the three years which he had spent in Salem is certain, for in December of 1831 he had purchased the farm of the Rev. John Cameron, on Sand Ridge, and the following July the adjoining land belonging to James Rutledge. These farms lay six miles north of New Salem and had been "entered" by the two men on their coming into Sangamon County.

Though he had been known in New Salem during all this time as John McNeil, it appears that in the deeds to these two holdings he had given his name as John McNamar, requesting that this fact should be held in confidence until his departure in the early autumn. Whether or not he confided this matter to his sweetheart is not known, but three people certainly—the Rev. James Cameron, James Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln—knew it; and immediately after his departure for the east the whole village became aware that a certain imposture had been visited upon them.

Lincoln had been employed by McNamar in drawing up the necessary papers to the transfer of the farms. Even at so early a date, through the perusal of law books borrowed from Squire Bowling Greene, he had equipped himself for such minor business as covered sales of land. McNamar was a thrifty man, and it may be conjectured that the young law student charged a fee smaller than that which Squire Bowling Greene imposed for like service; but it also is likely that, living with Lincoln, as he did, under the same roof, he had come to have not only a respect for his ability, but an abiding confidence in his reticence.

The reason given by McNamar for the deception practiced in bearing a fictitious name, though an unusual one, redounded to his credit. He claimed that the demands of an indigent family had harassed him so sorely in his home town that he had found it impossible to make any financial progress, while by cutting himself off from all home communication he had been able to accumulate a small fortune in a few years and was now returning to New York with the intention of bringing his parents back to New Salem and establishing them on the Sand Ridge property.

All went smoothly for a time and Ann appears to have accepted the explanation in good faith and assurance. But presently the peculiar odium attaching to secrecy in such delicate matters gained a certain unpleasant currency as it passed from mouth to mouth, and a chill shadow of apprehension fell upon the spirit of the sensitive girl. Accustomed,



after the fashion of remote communities, to dramatize life and its smallest possibilities where human conduct is at issue, John McNamar became the presumptive delinquent in New Salem of a dozen conjectured crimes. Financial trouble was a reasonable hypothesis; the escapades belonging to youth were suggested by the less fevered imagination. But in the morbid psychology of those unhappy women to be found in every social group, disaffected by life and bereft of dreams, there could be but one explanation—a wife or a forsaken mistress.

As though to confirm this apprehension, letters—those uncertain emissaries of love—were infrequent and too labored with apology. One, received tardily from Ohio, reported a fever; another, from New York, the lingering illness of the father of John McNamar. These letters are not now in existence, but it may be supposed that this unsentimental man was not one to inject into them a note of passion or to awaken a faith inspiring love transcending the cruel hurt to her maiden pride. Shortly, the letters stopped altogether. James Rutledge, with uncompromising directness of vision, felt the deceit about the name a sufficient proof of moral defection and advised his daughter plainly to that effect. The girl's mother, with greater temperance, asked her to write to McNamar frankly stating her situation and, after allowing three months for a reply, to consider herself at liberty, which she did. No answer came.

The humiliation which the conduct of her lover had caused Ann Rutledge, added to the violence done to her affections, turned finally to a feeling of resentment in the girl—a sentiment which she expressed to her friend and sometime tutor, Miss Rogers, who lived across the river. Lincoln, whose position as postmaster gave him knowledge of that deferred reply, must have awaited the issue with impatience.

As we have seen, Lincoln had private knowledge of the deception practiced by McNamar in the matter of the false cognomen several months before the latter's departure for



the east; but what his conjecture might have been as to its cause, or his judgment affecting the character of the man, it is impossible to say. He had moved from the Cameron boarding house to the Rutledge Tavern about the time of McNamar's exodus. It is probable that an attraction for the fair daughter of the landlord was the motivating cause. There is a tradition, in fact, which dates back for reference, to the effect that on the occasion of his first appearance there in Salem, maneuvering his flatboat past the dam, he had seen her standing on the hill, a pink sunbonnet on her head and plum blossoms in her arms, and had gravely raised his hat to her gay salute. Such a tradition would insist, with relentless logic, that his return to the village in August was sentimental rather than commercial.

There seems to be no basis for this story beyond the dictates of that instinct which insists that the love stories of all great men follow the classic formula for which the Dante-Beatrice romance is prototype. It is logical, however, to assume that Lincoln with his studious mind, his intellectual curiosity, his abiding wish for self-improvement, should have been attracted to this lovely and serious minded girl as to no other in New Salem. James Rutledge had marked an unusual quality of mind and character in the raw river pilot during the first winter which he had spent in New Salem and had inducted him into the debating society which he himself had organized; and Ann was, like himself, a diligent student under the instruction of Mentor Graham. It is likely that text-books were used in common between herself and Lincoln for on the fly-leaf of that volume of Kirkham's grammar which had been gotten at such pains is written "Ann Rutledge is learning English grammar."

Lincoln was not without warm friends uniting him with the Rutledges in a close community of taste. Across the Sangamon and four miles of bottom land and prairie lived a family by the name of Rogers. Col. Matthew Rogers was the postmaster of a little station that had been named in his honor, but which later was called Athens. The Rutledges

were close friends with this family and shared with them a certain responsibility towards the spiritual welfare of the community, since they alternated in holding church meetings at their home, no Presbyterian church existing thereabouts. Lincoln had made early acquaintance with them through Mentor Graham, who knew of a certain chest of books which Colonel Rogers had brought with him from Cooperstown, New York, and had sent him there to borrow. This acquaintance, which had ripened into friendship, constituted a source of inspiration and pleasure to the young man. There was in the Rogers, as in the Rutledge family, a respect for learning and a desire for self-improvement that constituted a touchstone of friendship. Two of the Rogers boys were reading medicine, and the eldest had twice made the trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans, a point of mutual experience between himself and Lincoln resulting in endless comparisons, reminiscences and yarns. Moreover, the newspapers received at the Rogers postoffice were not all duplicates of those received at New Salem, and several new sources of information were opened to Lincoln in this way.

One of Colonel Rogers' daughters, though ten years older than Ann Rutledge, was her close friend and confidant. She became the mother of Henry B. Rankin, whose several books on Lincoln are a valuable source of information to students of his life. It was to her that Ann confided her deep feeling of indignation and resentment over the conduct of McNamar, "such as," says Mrs. Rankin, "could be expected of any well bred southern girl under circumstances showing such unaccountable neglect."

With Ann Rutledge, then, the "well bred southern girl," Abraham Lincoln shared not only tastes and ambitions, but friends and—not less essential to the demands of emotion—a deep feeling for nature as well. For such awkwardness and shyness as is attributed to the latter during these early years propinquity is specific, and the very nearness of their physical lives must have made for that happy intercourse of mind and heart in daily living which prospers love.

Glancing out of the window of his store, or pausing between chapters of his book, as he sat beneath the spreading roof-tree, Lincoln could glimpse the young girl moving about the house or yard or sitting at her window employed with sewing or spinning. When he entered the tavern for his meals, or climbed the ladder to his loft-bed in the evening, her sweet presence must have flashed upon him. There are stories of Sunday evenings when the family sang in unison and he turned for her by fire and candle light the worn pages of the "Missouri Harmony Songbook" and, it is told, she sang for him alone sometimes in her clear, strong, girlish voice.

It is not known just when the bond of betrothal was fixed between these twain. Common allusion places it as late as 1834, but a stone found in after years by William Greene near the Berry and Lincoln store bears this legend, chipped into its surface: "A. Lincoln and Ann Rutledge were betrothed here July 4, 1833." The validity of evidence of this type is not easily established, but a comparison of the lettering of this legend with that carved by a jackknife on his axe handle, "A. Lincoln, New Salem, 1834," housed in the same collection (the Oliver R. Barrett collection) shows a convincing similarity in chirographic characteristic. Allowing for the difference in the hardness of the two materials, stone and wood, the rigidity of the uprights, especially the n's, is striking; and the numerals, particularly the closed 8's and 3's with their flowing lower portion, are identical.

Ann Rutledge never had an engagement ring from Lincoln and there seems to have been no plan for an immediate marriage. Their love was no sudden nor demanding flareup of the passions, but a happy, grave communion of earnest souls, building with deliberate and well disciplined emotion towards a union that must be, in the nature of things, a "long look ahead." If we assume that the date carved on the stone fixes the day of their betrothal, then the period of their engagement, terminated by her untimely death on August 25, 1835, must be accounted as two years and a little less than two months.



Mrs. Hardin Bale, who was her neighbor, has given us this description of Ann, according to Herndon:

“Miss Rutledge had auburn hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. She was pretty, slightly slender, but in everything a good-hearted young woman. She was about five feet two inches high and weighed in the neighborhood of a hundred and twenty pounds. She was beloved by all who knew her.”

The late fall of 1833 found Lincoln, like Othello, with his occupation gone. His business had dwindled to a remnant and that remnant had been sold to the Trents. He was engaged to be married or, at least, prospering in his suit; but the hard realities that too often confront the dreamer were upon him. He must live. There was the postoffice still, whose headquarters he now located at the store of Samuel Hill, but its revenues were meager. There were rails to be split and clerking of sorts could be obtained; he might learn the blacksmithing trade from Joshua Miller, apprenticing himself till he should have become proficient. But there seemed little in the future of these openings and life was real, life was earnest to this young man. He must turn to something that would pay him a decent living and leave him a certain leisure for the prosecution of that line of study to which he now was definitely committed—the study of the Law.

In November came respite. An appointment, recommended by his friends, as deputy to the county surveyor, John Calhoun. Preparation was necessary for the work and in mathematics not less than in grammar, his education—that education which he had got “by littles”—was deficient. He had remarked on finishing the grammar, “If that’s what you call a science, I think I’ll have a go at another.” It was now time for that “go,” so with a copy of Flint and Gibson’s “Theory and Practice of Surveying,” and the able assistance of Mentor Graham, he set to work.

Mentor Graham was the veteran schoolmaster of that community. In that useful capacity he had served for more than fifty years. He owned a little farm adjacent to New Salem and a brick house stood upon it. For a term of years



antedating the founding of New Salem he had taught a little school in the Baptist Church which stood on a slight rise of wooded ground across Purkapile "crick," south of the village. It was here that Lincoln had worked over the grammar, in hours not devoted to the regular routine, and possibly at his house as well; and here he now applied himself to the more difficult problems which were embraced by the science covering the mensuration of areas.

This church was the stronghold of that particular sect of Baptists known as "Hardshells." It was one of the good old time religions whose unyielding doctrines and literal interpretations of scriptural injunction made a certain dramatic appeal to the imagination of the pioneer, though held in some disdain by the more progressive denominations. The Bales, the Onstots, and the Greens were among the supporters of this church. One of the Bales, in fact, was a mighty preacher and revivalist, sometimes baptizing as many as forty converts at one time in the waters below the mill dam. Among its interesting sacraments was the one of foot-washing, making literal application of that lovely Biblical symbol teaching humility and service.

This church, supported largely by families deriving from Kentucky, was slow to accept certain ethical ideas promulgated by Dr. Allen and his group of "intellectuals," the Temperance Society in especial. Mentor Graham actually was turned out of the church and refused communion because of having joined that radical organization. At the same meeting, however, as though to establish an equilibrium, another member was read out for insobriety; whereupon a third brother, having struck a middle course between the two extremes, drew from his pocket a half empty flask and rose to a point of logic:

\*"Brethering," he said, using one of the quaint locutions familiar in that sect, "it seems to me you are not consistent because you have turned out one man for taking the pledge

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\* Pioneers of Menard and Mason Counties.—Onstot.

and another for getting drunk. Now, brethering, how much of this critter (giving the bottle a dramatic shake) have I got to drink to have good standing among you?"

The question seems entirely pertinent, but like all similar inquisitions, for which the historic one of Pilate is precedent, we are compelled to wait—and sometimes through the centuries—for an answer.

Near by the church is the crumbling remnant of a little cemetery, the few names decipherable on the stones having recently been deepened to prevent their complete obliteration at the hand of time. In some instances concrete has been used to re-enforce them and the low mounds are all but leveled to the earth. All day, in this silent spot, where dust has returned to dust, memories stand guard. Round about, thickets of sumac and the wild plum, sassafras and alder make, as it were, an ambuscade against the intruding eye; but above the grassy place where the graves are, undisturbed by any foot-fall, save that of the occasional Lincoln pilgrim, walnut and oak and hickory spread their protecting arms and "share in the tender dream of death."

Cemeteries have ever been the haunt of lovers since they furnish, perhaps by their very silence, that hint of eternity requisite to love's philosophy; and doubtless these two, halloved in the memory of this phantom town, stood often here, resting for a moment beside these stones, pledging again that oneness that has been realized "not through union, but through separation."

The new business of surveying, which was to prove lucrative in the main—the pay being three dollars a day when there was work to be done—was not impressive in its first returns. For a piece of work done for Russel Godbey—the same who had surprised Lincoln studying law on his wood-pile—the latter received in fee, to-wit: two buck skins. They were probably merchantable, but their utilitarian possibilities were suggested by the nature of this new work which required

unflinching contact with briars and even rougher underbrush; so he took them to Hannah Armstrong, wife of his friend, Jack Armstrong, who "foxed" them onto his trowsers—re-compensing her labors the while by tending the baby and entertaining the small brood about her maternal skirts. The date on the record of this survey reads January, 1834.

One infers that the new deputy was fairly busy in the practice of his profession for, deducting the time spent in the sessions of the legislature during the next two years, the records of his work, including the survey of farms, roads and towns, covers an astonishingly ample territory. The town of Petersburg, two miles distant, which was to absorb New Salem; the proposed town of Huron, in the Sand Ridge neighborhood which, for some reason, failed to materialize; the town of Bath, important as a river shipping point before the railroad came to diminish her importance, and other small places still point with pride to the distinction which this association has conferred upon them. All up and down the valley of the Sangamon his stakes were set and many re-surveys have shown the precision and accuracy of his work.

On these trips about the country, so effective was the herald of his increasing fame, that groups of men and boys would be on hand for his arrival to hear his jokes and stories, following him, sometimes from place to place, carrying the chain and performing gratis such services as should insure them a share in his society.

A great fund of anecdote has accumulated covering these trips and among them is one which, though in common currency, has never before, I believe, been told with entire accuracy.

It concerns the alleged exchange of horses between Lincoln and Dr. Chandler when the latter was making a hurried trip to the capital to enter a land claim before a rival aspirant for the same tract should forestall him.

Dr. Charles Chandler, a native of Woodstock, Conn., came to Illinois in the spring of 1832 and settled on one of the tributaries of the Sangamon known as Panther Creek. The



village which he founded—since named in his honor, Chandlerville—lies about halfway between Beardstown and New Salem on the Springfield road. Records of land in that county show that on June 2nd, of that year, he entered a half of a quarter section of land in that locality and that again, on June 3rd, of 1833, he entered a quarter section.

In the spring of the following year, visitors from the East came to this part of the country. Henry Laurens Ingalls (invariably mis-named in the several accounts), with his two brothers, Charles Francis and Edmund, and his two sisters, Lydia and Deborah, having sold the ancestral home at Pomfret, Abington Township, Connecticut, had set out for the Illinois country, having in mind the establishment of a new home in this land of promise. The immediate objective was the place of their long-time friend and former neighbor, Dr. Chandler. \*A diary kept by Charles Francis, in his sister Lydia's account book, covers the journey, day by day, with the brevity and succinctness of a ship's log.

Under date of April 21, 1834, we find: "Left Abington for Illinois. Called at Mr. Chandler's.† Passed through Eastfort, Ashford and Mansfield, over a smooth, but very hilly road, and spent the night at Dimick's in Coventry, sixteen miles from Abington." And so on, recording the progress of the journey by stage and water passage until on May 27th, we find, "Landed at Ross Ferry (Havana) at mouth of Spoon river, forty miles from Beardstown at 9:00 o'clock, p. m. Staid at Smith's Inn." And on May 28th, the date of reaching Chandlerville, "Came up bottom on foot and I returned and got the trunk, it being Wednesday."

Tuesday following, it being June 3, "the girls and Edmund arrived . . ."

From this point the story is authoritatively carried forward in a letter to me, by Mrs. S. L. B. Chandler, formerly of Chandlerville, Ill., but late of Washington, D. C., who had it from Dr. Chandler, himself, who was her husband's father.

\* "The Coming of the Ingalls Family into Illinois in 1834," by Mrs. Mary F. P. Dixon. Illinois State Historical Society, July, 1925.

† Captain John Chandler, father of Dr. Charles Chandler, of Chandlerville.



"In the year 1834," she writes, "Mr. Ingalls arrived from the east to inspect the land. Father Chandler, anxious to promote the growth of the new settlement, took him through the Sangamon valley showing him its beauties and agricultural advantages. But Mr. Ingalls saw nothing that pleased him so well as a tract adjoining the Chandler land and including the eighty acres which Father intended later to purchase.

As an inducement to the man to settle there, Father Chandler offered to give up his claim to half of the eighty acre piece, but no, he must have the whole, and expressed his intention to go at once to Springfield and secure a title.

"Father Chandler went home, counted his cash and, finding it deficient, borrowed of his good neighbor, McAuly, saddled his best horse and left for Springfield.

"Knowing the 'lay of the land' from frequent professional calls, he took a 'bee line' over hill and dale, having the advantage of Ingalls who, being a stranger, was making the journey by horse and wagon. When within a few miles of Springfield, Father Chandler overtook two men on horseback and, knowing he was safe in doing so, slackened his pace and rode slowly along with them, resting his beast and falling into conversation, explained the cause of his haste. One of the men was so worked up at the treachery of Ingalls that he offered to exchange horses with Father Chandler that he might the more surely defeat his adversary. Gratefully declining the offer (knowing that his steed was equal to the emergency) he *rode his own horse into Springfield*. He reached the land office, entered his claim, and met Mr. Ingalls as he came out.

"A few years later, Dr. Chandler wanted his land surveyed and sent for a young surveyor at New Salem, Illinois. When the man arrived he proved to be the same gentleman who had offered to swap horses years before. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

"In telling me this story, Father Chandler said at the close, 'I became a Lincoln man then and I have been one ever

since.' This was the beginning of a life-long friendship between the two men and accords with the facts of Father Chandler's substantial aid in Lincoln's campaign for the presidency and his being his guest at the first inauguration."

The "substantial aid" referred to in the closing sentence of this letter relates to the several points of contact which Dr. Chandler was enabled to establish for his friend through his eastern connections.

Antedating, in fact, the service referred to, was the matter of Lincoln's Massachusetts engagements in the presidential campaign immediately following the adjournment of Congress in August of 1848; the Hon. Linus Child, who was chairman of the Whig Central Committee being a brother-in-law. He also personally introduced Lincoln at the Lowell meeting Sept. 18, of that year. A more particular assistance, however, was rendered through the close connection with his relative and friend, Henry Chandler Bowen, editor of the New York *Independent* who, according to Henry B. Rankin, ("Intimate Character Sketches of Abraham Lincoln") "took a leading part in originating and promoting the invitation that induced Lincoln to come to New York and make a speech"—the famous Cooper's Institute speech.

Henry C. Bowen, like Dr. Chandler, had come from the town of Woodstock, Conn., which his forefathers had, with the Chandlers, helped to establish. Six generations of the young physician's family had lived here, and a like continuity of residence in the family of Mr. Bowen had established a bond that was confirmed and renewed through Dr. Chandler's frequent returns to the east.

In the matter of the Ingalls episode it is likely that no great rupture was caused by the apparent violence done to friendship and hospitality, for the unwritten law which obtained among the early settlers, that any man making an entry of land should be entitled to enter an additional eighty acres tract on either side of his original claim if he so desired, could not have been regarded by a tenderfoot—arrived but sixteen days in the country—in so serious a light as appeared

to older residents. Just what the moral attitude of Dr. Chandler may have been upon this matter is not known, but in 1841, his first wife having died, he married Clarissa Child, sister of Lavinia, the wife of Henry Ingalls.

It is an interesting coincidence in the light of the long and close friendship of Abraham Lincoln and Dr. Chandler that the funeral addresses of the two men should have been delivered by the same divine, Dr. Albert Hale.

It must not be supposed that the demands of the new work, now that the arduous weeks of preparation were past, compelled a relaxation of Lincoln's interest in the Law. In all times and places affording him opportunity he devoted himself to the demands of that jealous mistress. Since it was in line with the advantages offered by this profession, particularly in that day, he again essayed for a place of public office, and in the spring of 1834 announced his candidacy for a place in the legislature. As his acquaintance was by now greatly extended through the district, and his popularity enhanced thereby, he was in August duly elected with a gratifying majority and in December of that year went to Vandalia, which was then the capital of the State, to take his seat in the Ninth General Assembly.

Though notoriously indifferent in the matter of his personal appearance, Lincoln was not insensitive to the dignity inherent in his new position. Of his friend, Mr. Smoot, he borrowed two hundred dollars and, outfitting himself in a manner becoming his office, went off properly dressed in a suit of jeans, taking the stage coach to Springfield and there changing to one that delivered him at his destination, a journey covering the better part of two days.

In grouping associations about the New Salem "square" and the old Springfield road, one should not forget this significant one of Lincoln's departure for Vandalia, for he was setting out upon the journey required by his first important office in the service of the people; inaugurating, if you will,



another of those "beginnings" which were to make for that tremendous wisdom and strength for which he should stand in need in the years that were yet "a long look ahead."

Either before the store of Samuel Hill, where the mail was collected, or before the Rutledge Tavern, where passengers were taken on, he must have entered the stage that was to bear him on his way.

Imagination brings to the mind's eye interesting pictures of the scene. The villagers would be out *en masse* and many a farmer from up and down the river, for the honor of sending a representative from the town would not go unregarded, and Lincoln's personal popularity was exceptional; the "boys" from Clary's Grove, who had been so important a factor in the promotion of his campaign, would not omit their cheering presence nor fail to tender the honor of an hilarious escort down the snowy reaches of the road; young Bill Greene (home for the holidays from his second year at college at Jacksonville) would be on hand, and Mentor Graham and many another cherished friend; and in the doorway of the Tavern, pride in her eye and courage and faith in her gesture, shall we not imagine Ann, waving a brave adieu?

When Lincoln returned to New Salem in the spring of 1835, he resumed his residence in the Tavern, but that hostelry was no longer under the management of James Rutledge. Henry Onstot, the cooper, had taken it over and its former landlord, as a result of declining fortunes, had moved to Sand Ridge. Until such time, then, as he could make definite arrangements for the future of himself and family, he occupied with them the Cameron house, formerly owned by his mill partner, but now belonging to John McNamar.

In view of the fact that the latter had, by default, broken his engagement to Ann, and that she was now engaged to another, such a proceeding seems a little strange. But it must be remembered that McNamar had been gone for nearly three years. The farms which he had purchased from Rutledge and Cameron were, presumably, under the control of a manager. Furthermore, the limitations of pioneer life made for a



sort of freemasonry in accommodation. The Cameron house stood vacant and the Rutledges made temporary use of it.

Lincoln resumed his surveying immediately upon his return, making frequent trips to Sand Ridge, and definite plans were formed for the following winter. Though James Rutledge was impoverished he was not destitute, and by hardship and the stress of circumstances he was nothing daunted. A letter from David Rutledge, brother of Ann, dated from College Hill, Jacksonville, Illinois, July 27, shows that the son was attending a summer course and remarks, in a note enclosed to his "valued sister," that he is glad to hear that she has "a notion of coming to school."

That she had more than a "notion" is proved by the fact of her tutoring with the Miss Rogers, mentioned earlier in this narrative, in preparation. We are told by her family that she expected to attend Jacksonville Female Academy in the fall of that year.

So much for plans and dreams.

The spring and summer of 1835 was notable for its heavy and continued rainfalls. High temperatures prevailing, in addition to this humidity, made a condition precisely favorable to the malarial fever prevalent in these river bottoms. The connection between that invidious insect, the mosquito, and the disease was not at that time comprehended, and the violence of the ague attending it was devastating in its attacks, leaving death in its trail all over that region. Quinine, the specific in the treatment of this affection, had been introduced by Dr. Chandler in the district surrounding Chandlerville but Dr. Allen, his relative by marriage, unalert to its virtue, or perhaps unconvinced, was still prescribing the old combination of Peruvian bark, jalop, calomel and boneset tea.

Lincoln, between jobs of surveying, had nursed the sick with tender hands and unremitting patience. Two of the Rutledge family had benefited by his services early in the summer, but just as the epidemic seemed almost to have passed Ann succumbed. Worn out, perhaps, with the care of the other members of her family, she was an easy victim. At

her request Lincoln, who was away on a surveying trip, was sent for. He came with all speed, but when he arrived she lay fever-ravished and near the end of her strength. There was an hour when the two were alone together, an hour of farewell. Then, within two days, she died.

Ann Rutledge was laid to rest in the little cemetery near by and adjoining the church called Concord, now gone. Lincoln, with the restraint of those whose suffering is deep, proceeded with his work, but within the week he was found to be the victim of the fever he had sought to combat in others. On the advice of Dr. Allen he was taken to the home of Bowling Greene near New Salem, and there the good squire and his wife Nancy nursed him through his long illness. The suffering so terribly impressed upon his last days of consciousness now dominated his delirium and gave currency to the rumor of madness induced by grief. Weeks of patient nursing by these faithful friends brought back to life and restored to strength and usefulness the stricken man, but the great loss which he had sustained induced a deep melancholy that brooded over him, almost detaching him from the common interests of life for many months. It may be doubted if so deep a grief is ever quite forgotten by a man of his marked profundity of feeling. Certainly he stood often at her grave, and in after life he declared how dear to him was the very name she bore. Once when a storm raged all through the dreadful night, William Greene heard him pacing back and forth, back and forth. "What's the matter, Abe?" he inquired, distressed by his disquiet. But Abe was deeply stirred. "Oh, I cannot sleep," he said, "while the rain is falling on her grave." It was the old agony of lovers, since the world began; the cry of the mate that is bereft.

Ann Rutledge died on the 25th of August, 1835, and a few weeks later her father also passed. He was laid beside her. And on a day in the fall of that same year John McNamar, with his widowed mother, his sisters and brother, drove into town.

History is apparently in agreement upon the indifference which McNamar displayed towards the unhappy end which his negligence had brought upon his love affair. Mrs. Samuel Hill, however, on that afternoon referred to in the preface of this work, stated that the wagon load of furniture which he had brought with him from Springfield—for Ann's letter had not reached him and he had expected to consummate the plan made three years before—was unloaded back of one of the village stores and—for news of her death reached him quickly—allowed to remain there through the better part of a week, though a sodden autumn rain fell incessantly. Such an evidence of distraction in so thrifty a man may not be regarded as without significance. His emotion, however, was permitted no display and history has regarded his reticence as indifference.

The Rutledge family, however, remained on the McNamar farm till the following spring, when they left for the other side of the Illinois River, where they located in the little village of Lewistown.

Before that time arrived the aged mother of John McNamar, too, had died and was laid in the Concord cemetery. Since that place was small, being a measured acre, it can scarcely be supposed that he had not on that one occasion at least, seen the grave of his former sweetheart, though in his declining years John McNamar could not identify it. He married within two and a half years and became a man of wealth and prominence. He died in his ripe old age in that very place, though the house was not the same, where Ann had passed—an honest, just, but unsentimental man.

The dust of Ann Rutledge no longer reposes in Concord cemetery.\* The place, though protected from intrusion by a fence, is now so overgrown by weeds and grass and bushes that it is almost lost to the eye. Not even a road approaches

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\* The present church and cemetery called Concord is about a mile from the place where Ann Rutledge was buried. Some of the bodies were removed from the old cemetery to the new one, but the Rutledge graves were untouched until 1890.



it. But in 1890 the remainder of dust that was her body was removed to Oakland cemetery in Petersburg and a granite stone placed to mark the spot. Upon the face of this stone is graved the epitaph that has its more enduring tablet in the human heart of America—the poem by which Edgar Lee Masters, in his “Spoon River Anthology,” epitomizes the character and influence of this sweet girl:

Out of me unworthy and unknown  
The vibrations of deathless music;  
“With malice toward none, with charity for all,”  
Out of me the forgiveness of millions towards  
    millions,  
And the beneficent face of a nation  
Shining with justice and truth.  
I am Ann Rutledge who sleeps beneath these weeds,  
Beloved in the life of Abraham Lincoln,  
Wedded to him not through union,  
But through separation.  
Bloom forever, O Republic,  
From the dust of my bosom!

Abraham Lincoln, recoiling from the sharp blow of his grief, returned to his surveying. Owing to the increased sales of land, and the division of the larger parcels into small farms, he found the business surprisingly good for the next year and a half, at the end of which time, being duly elected to his old seat, he returned to Vandalia to serve his second term in the legislature. Though John Calhoun was no longer the county surveyor, Lincoln was retained as deputy under his successor, and it is likely that certain inroads were made upon the main bulk of the “national debt.”

One small and nearly insignificant episode belongs to this period. With the matrons of New Salem Lincoln was always a favorite, and in the fall of 1836, a year after the death of Ann, a friend, Mrs. Bennett Able, who was about to return to Kentucky for a visit with her family, entered, in a bantering



mood, into a contract to bring back with her a sister, Miss Mary Owens, who had visited New Salem three years before, for a wife for Abe. Whether or not the pledge had any serious bearing on the fact, the sister, a handsome though corpulent girl, did return with Mrs. Able and, in the same spirit of banter, Abe paid suit and actually did propose.

As Miss Owens was a woman of superior quality and advantages, and of a highly intellectual type, Lincoln must have had a genuine pleasure in her society; but in a letter brought to light by Herndon, wherein he promises to back up his joking proposal, he makes no pretense of any heartfelt emotion, but states: "I want in all cases to do right; and most particularly in all cases with women." The lady refused. Not only on the occasion of the first advance, but on the later conscientious declaration of intentions. Her own reflection upon this refusal in after years was stated: "I suppose my feelings were not sufficiently enlisted to have the matter consummated."

In writing confidentially afterwards to Mrs. O. H. Brown-ing (wife of one of his colleagues) Lincoln declared: "Through life I have been in no bondage, either real or imaginary, from the thralldom of which I have so much desired to be free."

Lincoln's second term in the legislature, though having no special place in this account of his life in New Salem, was vastly important in his development. He was one of that famous group of men known, because of their great height and size (averaging over six feet and weighing more than two hundred pounds) as the "Long Nine." The term to which he was elected was the most notable in the history of Illinois, the famous Tenth Assembly.

"Upon the roll of members of the House, in the old capitol in Vandalia," said Adlai Stevenson, "were names inseparably associated with the history of the State and the

Nation. From its list were yet to be chosen two Governors of the Commonwealth, one member of the Cabinet, three Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, eight Representatives in Congress, six Senators and one President of the United States. That would be a notable assemblage of law makers of any country or time that included in its membership McClernand, Edwards, Ewing, Semple, Logan, Hardin, Brown-ing, Shields, Baker, Stuart, Douglas and Lincoln."

But the Tenth Assembly was notable not only for the distinguished names upon its roll, but for the passage of two remarkable bills. The first provided for the great Internal Improvement system which called for an expenditure of funds that labored the resources of the State for many years, actually retarding, as a result, the progress which Illinois was then making. The second concerned the removal of the seat of government from Vandalia.

Among the towns bidding for the honor of its succession were Alton, Decatur, Peoria, Jacksonville, Illiopolis and Springfield. Lincoln, amusingly enough, considering his private adventure in business, served on the Committee of Finance that effected the first bill, but management of the latter bill was entrusted to him in recognition of his astuteness as a parliamentarian and "log roller."

He, of course, with the "Long Nine," fought the thing through step by step, contending every inch of the way. Though the bill was twice laid on the table and the issue seemed lost again and again, he never despaired, and its passage was secured only two days before the session closed, a joint vote of both Houses being obtained.

The success of this issue, his first public triumph, inspired Lincoln with great self-confidence. After a long series of failures one signal success had been obtained, his genius for politics proved.

The gratitude of Springfield was unbounded, and the return of the legislators to that place, enroute for their several homes, greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. "The mani-

festation of public delight," said one historian, "had never been equalled before save when the steamer *Talisman* made its famous trip down the Sangamon in 1832." A great dinner was given in honor of the "Long Nine" and other demonstrations, attended with oratory. In all of this Lincoln, though neglected in the *Talisman* affair, was honored first. He had at last come into his own.

Lincoln returned to New Salem and the Rutledge (now the Onstot) Tavern once more, but not to stay. That same month of March of 1837, which witnessed his triumphal entry into Springfield, a statesman of proved ability, marked his admission to the bar of Illinois and the consummating of an agreement admitting him to partnership with his old friend of Black Hawk days, John T. Stuart, whose office faced the court house square in Springfield.

His departure from New Salem was not impressive. Here he had lived, learned and loved during a period of six years. He was burdened, still, with debt; but he could not, even in that saddened hour, have failed to appraise his gain in knowledge, experience and mental maturity. His feet were set upon the straight path from which they never should depart but his worldly effects were few. Putting these into a pair of saddle bags and mounting a borrowed horse, he rode sadly, but courageously, down the road—the old Springfield road—towards the Capital which he had helped to establish, never to return again, in the role of citizen.

James O'Donnell Bennett, writing in the *Chicago Tribune* under date of August 6, 1926, is authority for the statement that Lincoln expected to make New Salem his rural home after his second term in the President's chair was ended. However that may be, it is known that he held the place always in tenderest recollection and beguiled many a weary hour, when the heavier matters of state had borne him down, with humorous stories recollected from those years and illustrative, in their very homeliness, of the contradictions and inconsistencies present in the larger aspects of life.

Here it is that the true patriot, wishing to acquaint himself with this early chapter in Lincoln's life, walks softly, revisiting the scenes with imagination; and if he brings to them the quality of that love which is the highest patriotism he may, through those sensibilities that are above the mere conscious processes of thought, feel the stirring of the ghosts of that long past time.







C. J. F. CLARKE AND WIFE

## **SKETCH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX CLARKE**

### **With LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER.**

CONTRIBUTED BY HIS SON, CHARLES R. CLARKE.

My father, the subject of this sketch, was born at the ancestral Clarke home on Clarke Hill, near Northwood, New Hampshire, December 10, 1806.

Of his ancestors, David, his father, Jonathan, his grandfather, and Joseph, his great-grandfather, it is said "Joseph" was born May 9, 1719, and died March 10, 1790. He married Deborah Taylor in 1744. Their son, Jonathan, was born January 7, 1748, and married Susannah Lane of Stratham, New Hampshire, February 4, 1773. They came the same year from Stratham to Northwood and settled on what has ever been known as Clarke Hill.

Jonathan Clarke was First Sergeant in Captain Henry Dearborn's Company, in the battle of Bunker Hill. Of their three daughters and two sons, David, the fourth child, was born May 22, 1782, and married Mary Burnham, March 9, 1806. He died February 19, 1824.

Jonathan, who first came to Northwood, was a man of good natural ability, and of considerable education for his time, and soon became a leading spirit in all the interests of the town, honored with every trust in the power of the people to bestow. Few men ever contributed more towards shaping the character of a community than Jonathan Clarke.

His son, David, the father of Charles J. F. Clarke, followed his father's example, and, by uprightness of character, intelligence, business capacity and christian example, was a rich legacy to the town.

My father, after receiving what schooling he could get at Northwood, attended Pembroke Academy. Among his papers a book was found in which is copied in a neat hand, propositions, demonstrations, and solutions in geometry, trigonometry and surveying.

While he was a student in Pembroke, in 1825, General Lafayette visited the school and shook hands with all the students. In after years, when my father related the incident to a neighbor, the neighbor remarked, "Clarke, you are a great man to have the privilege of shaking hands with General Lafayette."

Sometime during the winter of 1833-34, my father, in company with Matthew S. Marsh, perhaps a relative, left Northwood to seek a home in the Illinois country. Young Marsh had an uncle in Boston, a ship owner, who gave his nephew a passage to New Orleans and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where he was to meet his friend Clarke, who was coming the Ohio river route.

While visiting a friend in Ohio and awaiting a letter from Marsh, my father was urged to teach a subscription school, and he consented on condition that they would get some one to take his place as soon as he heard from Marsh. Within a few weeks the letter came, and he proceeded on his way to St. Louis, where he found Marsh awaiting him. Hearing much about the Sangamo country and the town of New Salem, they decided to visit the place, which they did.

An account of my father's journey down the Ohio, his description of the country, manners and customs of the people of New Salem, his second trip west by the Great Lakes after visiting his mother in 1837, is vividly related in his letters to his mother back at Northwood.

Early in 1834 they both purchased land, part of which they bought jointly. This latter tract lies on both sides of a beautiful drive along Rocky Branch and adjacent to Old Salem Park.







Home of C. J. F. Clarke of Rock Creek Precinct, Menard County, Illinois. In this home built ninety years ago, the letters by Charles J. F. Clarke were written.

Mr. Marsh married Martha Jane Short, and later on sold his land and lived in Cass County, in Jacksonville, and afterward, in Chicago.

The land my father bought in 1834 in Section 3, T. 17 N, R. 7, Menard County, from James Cox, became the Clarke homestead. The heirs still own the land.

November 25, 1841, he married Rachel Smith, of Cass County, and to this union four children were born: John, Minnie (Mrs. J. H. Burkeholder), Charles R. and Luella.

My father was esteemed and honored by his fellow men for his sterling character, his honesty, and his ability to serve. Although of a sedate and solemn mien, yet he was a great favorite among the young people, no doubt owing his ability and willingness to furnish music on his violin at their gatherings.

He served eight years as county judge, and four years as commissioner. My mother died January 13, 1908. I was only a small boy when my father died, April 9, 1870, and I remember but little about him; but my mother, Ah! that mother of mine! such kindness, such gentleness, such labor of love, as she strove to raise her children to be true christian men and women! The memory of this sainted mother has remained an abiding influence all these years.

Illinois, Sangamon County, New Salem, August 3d, 1834.

Dear Friends—

I have ben thinking of writing for a few weeks past but have ben very busily engaged in the harvest field. I recd a letter from Eliza in twenty seven days from date, which I am very much obliged to her for, also one from Hollis, one from Smith and one from Buzzell. It appears that old Northwood remains pretty much stationary. I am very glad you have spunked up a little in your part of town with regard to music and often think I should like to be there to take a part in it. It appears you have all left the old mansion and the name of Clarke has almost become extinct. I dont know but it is all

for the best if you are contented I ought not to murmur. Hollis is, or has ben at Pembroke I suppose he would not thank me for any advice but I would advise him to get married soon and settle down and be contented, he will find that to be as good a course as he can pursue.

I should like for some of your neighbors, who have the "western fever" to come out into this fat land, but conclude I never shall see any of them this side of Northwood, they would think they could not find the way and I think it would puzzle some of them to find the way out of the state. I know of no importance news to write, all I have heard talked of for the last month is politics. Our election takes place the first monday in August. There is quite as much excitement here as in N. H. on such occasions. I attended an old fashioned *Kentucky barbecue* last week for the benefit of candidates where they had feasting and drinking in the woods, the people behaved very well. There were many candidates present and each one made a stump speech.

I suppose you have news of the cholera being in the "West" by your papers, there has ben no cases very near this, none I believe nearer than Rushvill, thirty miles distant. There have ben some cases of it in almost every town in this country and indeed New Orleans has never ben rid of it. There is but a little said or thought about it. Eliza wrote me Doc Bartlet from Salisbury was on his way to the "succor state" but I have ben informed he returned back in a few days, by some men from Salisbury who were passing through this state a few weeks since, their names I have forgot.

We have got some of the right old hard headed Calvinist Baptist in this country, some such as you had forty years since. They preach the hardest election doctring that I ever heard. They say, they were created for Heaven (the church members) and such as die in their sins were created for Hell, or in other words, God made a part of mankind for eternal happiness and the ballance for endless misery. This is a kind of doctering I cant stand. They also go in for your Concord



"Priest Craft exposed" many copies of which are circulated in this neighbourhood. We have a sect called the "Cumberland Presbyterians" which are quite numerous and respectable, also quite a number of Methodist together with many other denominations that deserve no name. The "Jackson-vill College" is doing more for this country than any eastern man could expect. It was established by eastern people principally in the New England States. Doc Beechers son is the president. Mr. Green, the man we board with, has two sons there. They almost astonish the old folks when they come home. I have ben requested by all those that I have recd letters from to write what the people live in, what they live on &c. I will tell you. I should judge nine tenths of them live in log houses and cabbins the other tenth either in brick or framed houses. The people generally have large farmes and have not thought so much of fine buildings as they have of adding land to land, they are now however beginning to build better houses. Many a rich farmer lives in a house not half so good as your old hogs pen and not any larger. We live generally on bacon, eggs, bread, coffee. Potatoes are not much used, ten bushels is a large crop and more than is used in a family in a year. Sweet potatoes are raised here very easy. The wheat crop is very good, corn is very promising. Mother wished to know what kind of trees grow here. We have all kinds except pine and hemlock, houses are built of white oak and black walnut and white walnut and some linn. Allmost all kinds of fruit grows here spontaneously among them are the crab apple, cherry, two or three kinds of plums, black and white haw, gooseberrys &c. &c. The black walnut is a beautiful tree the wood of which is very much like mahogany. There is a considerable quantity of cotton raised here but none for expotation. Tobacco grows well here, &c. &c.

The women work much harder than the men do. A man can get corn & pork enough to last his family a fortnight for a single day's work, while a woman must keep scrubing from morning till night the same in this country as in any other.

I have an invitation to wedding next thursday and expect to have a real succor wedding. It is to be in a log cabin with only one room, we shall stay all night as the custome is in this country, and the probability is, the floor will be the common bedstead for us all. The bride is a yanky girl from some of the eastern states and is the last of five that have got married since they came to the succor state. I have received a number of papers from friends in Northwood as well those you sent me, one from N. H. Leavitt last week. Hollis wished to know about schools &c. I believe it to be good business worth from eighteen to twenty five dollars pr. month clear. Schools are supported here different from what they are in N. England every one pays for the number he sends, there is no tax about it. Good teachers are in demand, I speak of country schools. Schools in villages are worth much more. You wrote me Uncle C. thought of a takeing a tour to N. York. I think he will be very much pleased with the west thus far, but I wish he would come as far as Illinois and Missouri think he would be more pleased with the natural appearances of this country than with N. Y. The water in this country although very different from N. E. agrees with me, it is very hard to wash with and is pregnated with lime and some with copperas. I never enjoyed better health and believe this country to perfectly healthy. Mary Folsom is about one hundred and fifty miles from me. I think of takeing a trip into the military tract this fall and shall not be far from her. If I should may probably call upon her. (Torn page) situated in the same latitude of Philadelphia about two hundred miles south of lake Michigan and if I ever return to my native land shall return by the lakes, when I write you next shall tell you when I think of going home. I think the sooner the better. There will be more emigrants to this state this year than in any three previous and it will continue untill it is densely settled. I suppose you think we are among the Indians and wolves &c. but you are mistaken there are no Indians within two hundred miles and has ben no difficulty since Black Hawk was taken. Encourage your neighbours to move to the succor state, young

folk in particular. As near as I can learn my writeing is made too public. I wish you to keep my nonsense pretty much within your own circle. My respects to relation and friends.

With much respect I subscribe myself your harrum  
scarum succor,

C. J. F. CLARKE.

New Salem (Sangamon County) Ill. October 4th, 1835.

Dear Friends—I need not tell you that I am at home once more. After a long passage I arrived here one week to day having ben thirty five days on my journey. I had a very good passage to Buffalo but waited there five days for a Steam Boat that was bound to the upper lakes and Chicago, was fifteen days from Buffalo to Chicago. We had some very bad weather on the lakes and came near all being lost, our boat was large 350 tons burthen but the waves tossed her about like a wash-tub. The voyage was very pleasant after we left Detroit through Lake St. Clair and the river St. Clair and we had one day's pleasant sailing on lake Huron the remainder was very rough to the straits of Mackinaw. We spent a few hours here very pleasant. There is a small vil- lage here and the inhabitance are mostly French and Indians the houses are built of poles covered with bark, some of them have the appearance of having ben built fifty or a hundred years. Hunting and fishing is the principal business of the inhabitance. There is a large garrison here with a large num- ber of soldiers. From this place we went to Green Bay expe- rienced a very heavy gale in the evening had to put about ship and run back ten miles under and island where we lay at anchor all night the next day we made the bay and run up eighty miles to the head of it to a town called Navarino here we lay thirty six hours and then run back to the mouth of the bay and had to stay there two days and three nights anchored under a high bluff of rocks and not a single human except Indians within hundreds of miles of us, in trying to get out this place we had liked to run on a reef of rocks. From



this place to Chicago we had a tremendous gale, every body sick or scared very badly, but thank fortune we at last reached Chicago.

After telling you so much about my sea voyage I will tell you something of my land passage. I had liked to have had to stayed at Chicago a week as my turn would not come any sooner in the stage but luckily I met with five others who wanted to go south and we hired an old dutchman to brings us in a waggon to Springfield we were five days to Springfield. We had very pleasant weather but the fare on the road was rather poor. We stoped one night at a house or rather it was a small cabin (one room only) where we were rather crowded there being twenty seven lodgers, the landlord said he had often lodged that number we *put out* early in the morning feeling thankfull that we had not ben lost in the crowd. We reached Springfield on Saturday and Sunday I walked home where I found all the folks well. Marsh got letter from his brother a week before I got home, stateing that I left Northwood the 24th August this created some anxiety about me untill I arrived.

It has ben very sickly this season through all the western country two or three deaths in our neighbourhood and a great many cases of sickness generally chills and fevers and billious fevers. Marsh has ben well. Colby & Caverno have ben taking their seasoning have had some fever and ague, they are both about now and able to attend to business.

Marsh had many sore afflictions while I was absent one was the speculators were buying up all the land in our part of the country and another was his horse and mine both got very badly gored by a bull (they both got well before I arrived), there was a violent tornado passed over this part of the country and blew down all the fences and destroyed much timber.

My letter will not be particularly interesting to you other than to know that I arrived here safe and sound, my time piece also came safe. I was surprised that it did, as it had a great many jolts (everything came safe. A young man



from Warner came all the way with me to Chicago by name of Wells he has two sisters at Alton and has gon there to see them. I traveled eight days with three men from Salisbury one a late graduate at Dartmouth by name of Stevens has gon to Kentucky to teach school, the others I do not know they have gon into Michigan.

I suppose the little visiting parties in Northwood are pretty much broaken up as George S. Timothy H. Miss Porter C. (?) Batchelor &c. have left town. I saw Piper and S. Caverno at Lockport, both very well. Piper I suppose is engaged to a lady at Lewiston it is said she is wealthy. I received a letter from Esq. Dearborn last week you may say to him that I will answer it as soon as possible. The land in this section of the country has a most all ben bought up since I left here by speculators, some of ——— (torn page) will make very poor speculations in my opinion.

Write me soon as convenient. Is Margarett crying yet? if so write me how your patience is. Remember me to all enquiring relations and acquaintances. I look some for uncle Clarke this way in a few weeks and J—— (not legible) Caverno also, there are two chances to one to be disappointed. The corn crop is very great in this part of the State this fall. I have had my health remarkable well since I saw you. Tell Mr. Danielson I spoke for that widow for him shall expect him next summer.

Write me soon.

CHAS. J. F. CLARKE.

P. S. If John's eyes prevent him from persuing his studies try to persuade him to go to some trade. C. J. F. C.

New Salem (Sangamon County) Ill. August 22, 1836.

Dear Friends.

I am yet in the land of the living and in perfect health with the exception of a bad cold, the first I have had in twelve months. Our country is remarkably healthy at this time, for this season of the year. Doctors have not much to do, last

year I have ben told there were not well people enough to take proper care of the sick.

Recd. a letter from Hollis dated the last of June was very much pleased to think he had not forgotten how to write, wish he would write me often. I conclude from his manner of writing that he is very much pleased with his futer prospects and more particularly with his better half.

It appears there have ben some changes and overturres since I was at Northwood was a little surprised to hear of aunt Shackford marriage and conclude it has ben the means of scattering her family to the world without a home, our cousin Wm. Hale (I have undersood) lays the blame to mother & Hollis, am glad to hear old Northwood is improving. Hollis wrote me there was a prospect of new buildings being built in his neighbourhood and business takeing a start I wish the enterprising youth of the "old domain" might do something.

Mrs. Pillsbury<sup>1</sup> arrived here the first of June she had a good passage of twenty three days by way of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis &c. she likes the appearance of the country very much but like the most of people that are with strangers and some distance from their native land, was a little discontented at first, but is getting over that. She and David have gon to keeping house and live very pretty for people in the "Western" country. She has had no less than four suiters since she has ben here, three widowers and one old bachelor, but has made up her mind to live in a state of single blessedness, a very pleasant way of living in my opinion. There were quite a number of New Hampshire people came the most of the way with her and among the rest was Doc Bartlett of Salisbury. He had a young lady under his care by the name of Chase from Hopkinton I think, they payed so much attention to each other that they were taken

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Pillsbury, wife of Alpha Pillsbury, was born March 23, 1805, married April 9, 1826, and died in Menard County, Illinois, April 3, 1868. Her maiden name was Margaret Caverno. She was the daughter of Jeremiah and Margaret (Brewster) Caverno and the mother of Joseph H. Pillsbury, former judge in Menard County.

to be man and wife on the steam boats by the officers and stuards. I just mention this that you may know how people, very many people conduct themselves when they think they are out of hearing of their families and perhaps this may as well be kept a secret. Caverno<sup>2</sup> is in tolerable health but is hard of hearing yet and I am of the opinion that he never will recover his hearing perfectly again. I shall board with him after a few weeks although it is some distance from my farm but not any farther than I am from it now. I could board very handy but the man is in the habit of takeing too much whisky.

Hollis wrote that you would "catnip" if I did not write whether I was married or not, you can learn from what I have wrote on the preceding page that I am not, so you will not have the trouble of catniping which I should think rather a disagreeable operation. Tell the Miss Meads that Marsh<sup>3</sup> thinks of visiting the east next summer and they must have their caps set for there is a possible chance of success with some one of them, although Miss Martha Short has a very good share of his tender feelings. I have a present to deliver him from her lilly white hand, for such it is. George R. Smith I believe is at home, wish he would muster up his courage and come to this country am confident he would do better here than where he is. I have recd letters from John S. and Clark the last I got from Clarke stated that he should leave Philadelphia and I should see him here some time in October but have since learned from John that he thinks of opening a store in the City and wants him to join him but we all know better than that, might as well move the water power from

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<sup>2</sup>David B. Caverno was an unmarried brother of Mrs. Pillsbury. He was born October 21, 1809, died in Menard County, January 3, 1842. He and Jonathan Colby, natives of New Hampshire, were in 1834 employed as clerks in Boston. Having received several letters from Charles J. F. Clarke and Matthew S. Marsh at New Salem, which gave glowing accounts of the Illinois country, they decided to come west and did come by way of the Great Lakes, arriving at New Salem on election day in 1834. Later they purchased 280 acres of land in Menard County.

<sup>3</sup>Matthew S. Marsh, of New Hampshire, along with Charles J. F. Clarke, decided to seek their fortunes in the west. Marsh had an uncle in Boston, a ship owner, who gave him passage to New Orleans and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where he was to meet Clarke, who came by the Ohio River route. Matthew S. Marsh later married Martha Jane Short. They owned land near New Salem, later on they lived in Cass County, Jacksonville, and Chicago.



Lowell as John. I think the last I heard from Wm. was, that he did not like his place or trade that he was learning. If he is at home tell him from me, to learn some trade that it will be better for him than thousands of dollars. Brother John I suppose is at Salisbury, hope he will continue on at his trade if he does I will ensure you that he "comes out" as the succors say more than any of his mothers children.

Hollis wrote me that farther Prentice had ben to Albany N. Y. and come home full of wonder and amaisement, true there are many works of art which are worth seeing in that place but if he had continued west five or eight hundred miles farther he would there have found the works of nature in its most beautiful form one specimen of which is more beautiful than all the works of art put together but it is more than probable the old gentleman never will see the "garden of America" I mean the valley of the Mississippi. The small pox raged here very much in the fore part of the season, but the most of the people that had it recovered, think I am bullet proof against it, was with it in Ohio and this place and have not taken it. The nights are cool can sleep very comfortable with a woolen quilt over us but the days are very warm as it happens we have nothing to do at this season of the year but make ourselves comfortable, the most of people got through with their work the first of July. I like the climate here better the longer I live in it, it suits my constitution much better than the N. England and I think it would the most of N. England people after they have had a good seasoning. There is some ague about the rivers but that is not so prevalent as formerly, think it will become extinct in time, but it is no great bug bear "any how."

Camp meetings are all the rage here now, there is one for ever week for two months. They are held by Methodist and Cumberland Presbyterian. The Campbelites have a four day's meeting near here commencing this day think I shall attend, they are a strange set of beings and some very smart preachers among them. The next on docket is the fall course races, they commence the first of September and go through



the State racing for each County, four mile heats and repeat, you conclude it is hard ranging to run eight miles and indeed it is, but there are some horses that do it in a few minutes. The money run for is a purse made up by the jockey club in each county, and no betting except private. The purse amounts to several hundred dollars. There are many horses brought here from Kentucky, Tennessee by gentlemen that do nothing else for a livelihood and some of them have as high as fifteen or twenty race horses.

The next thing I believe is politics, our state election took place the first of this month I have only to add that the state will give Martin Van Buren her vote next November for the presidency.

I think I have taken the round pretty well about matters and things in this country, but there is nothing else to fill up a letter with.

Should like to see you all very well and very likely may in the course of two or three years if I should live and have health, twelve months ago I think, I was packing up to leave you and it may be it was the last time but hope not. Uncle J. I think is in the factory business. I think and indeed I know if he had come to this country two years ago and invested his money in real estate it would have ben a fortune for him and his children with a little or no trouble attending the matter. There is no land in this part of the district that is vacant all has ben entered, it is now and old country people are moveing to the west side of the Mississippi and Arkansas. Cousin Lucy S. is keeping school in the Clarke school-house give my compliments to her and tell her to keep up good spirit "for there is better days a comeing" dont know but I shall come back to get her for a wife, she might as well be thinking about it. Remember me to all the "kin and old friends. Tell the Miss Meads if they will come to Illinois will ensure them a good, steady husband, perhaps this is more than they will get there. We have the appearance of great crops of corn, grain was tolerable. Apples are plenty and Peaches in abundance and a plenty of wild fruit. There is a

large Steam Mill building in our neighborhood which makes the fourth within a few miles. Colby<sup>4</sup> is building a house and will be married this winter to a Connecticut Miss. When you write fill up a good large sheet and write it close if you cant find anything but nonsense to write put it in snug, you may take this for an example for snug writeing and a good deal of nonsense.

Afectionately your brother and sone,

O. J. F. CLARKE, Esqr.

Petersburg, (Ill.) Sangamon County, Jany. 15, 1837.

Dear Friends—

I should have written before this but the weather has ben very cold and stormy and no chance of going to the Post Office and even if I had there has ben no mail for the last three or four weeks. The rivers are very full of water and ice and consequently almost impassable, but I am thinking there will be a mail soon and embrace the present time in writeing to you more that you may know I am alive than to communicate news.

We have an uncommon quantity of snow this winter and have had much cold weather with very suden changes. There is now twelve or fifteen inches of snow on the ground half of it fell three weeks since and six inches yesterday. Several persons have ben frozen to death in crossing large Prairies, one man and his daughter were in a large prairie eighteen miles acrost, going to Peoria it was raining all the fore noon and about twelve the wind shifted and it comenced snowing and became very cold, in five minutes it was froze hard enough to bear up a person this man and daughter were in a waggon and found they could not possibly reach any house, alive, they got out of the carriage turned it bottom up got under it and in that situation the were found the next day frozen to death. Several of our neighbors were out driving hogs, had got west, when they reached the house were unable to get of their

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<sup>4</sup>Jonathan Colby, a native of New Hampshire. He was the father of Henry H. Colby.

horses without assistance, a great many hogs have ben frozen to death one of our neighbours had lost fifty, a drove of nine hundred fat hogs were in the Prairie four miles from any house or timber at the time of the sudden change, the men left the hogs and made out to get to a house alive although they were very much frozen one was not expected to live. The hogs piled themselves up into a heap and remained there three days before the could be got away and then they were hauled on sleds, twenty only were found dead.

Pork has ben very high this season, has ben up six dollars pr. hundred it has fallen down to four, we can do good business at raising pork at three dollars and when it is up to five or six it is the best business in the country. I got Eliza letter about a month after it was mailed. I find she is the only one that will take the trouble to write me. I have ben in this country three years and Hollis has wrote me but twice in the time. I should like for John to write me if he is in your town. I would write to him were I shure he is in Northwood. I fear he has a disposition to be idle and unsteady minded, it will not do for him to be flying from one thing to another it is of not great consequence what brand of business he persues if he will but stick to it. If he wastes two or three years now of his time idleing about (as I did, at his age) he will never be sorry for it but once and that will be as long as he lives. If he will learn house carpenters trade and come into this country I will warrant him a rich man in a few years, finally tradesmen of all kinds are in great demand here and will be for many years, they get from two to five dollars pr. day.

You will see I have dated my letter at Petersburg the Post Office has ben removed from N. Salem to that place about two miles down the river. When I first came here there was but one store and two dwelling houses in Petersburg. There are now seven stores and the number increasing this has all ben don within the last year, the place would grow much faster if they could get carpenters to do the work. The town lots (or as you would call them the house lots) were sold a little



more than one year ago for ten to twenty dollars each, they now sell for fifty to one hundred & fifty, the reason of this is we are about to get a new county here and this place will undoubtedly be the county seat. I am about a good distance from it, about four miles.

I am boarding Caverno which makes up quite a yanke family. Colby is her also. Miss Ingals his intended has ben here to pay us a visit, she is quite a lady or appears to be, is rather more so than I should like for my own use, however I hope she will answer his purpose.

I recd a letter from John Smith lately which stated he was keeping house and intimated that he had a wife. Eliza also wrote "I suppose you have heard that J. Smith is married" but amonge you all I cannot learn who he has married but suppose to the widow a name sake of his, well good luck to him I have given up all idea of ever doeing a trick of that kind, but have no objections to others doeing as they please about things of this sort. I have now got to be an old bachelor and cannot think of trying to raise a family of a half a score, think I shall stay here a few years longer and then take a tour through the States and very likely call on you once more, if I am confined to a family must stay with it, what an idea, cant think of it.

Smith wrote me no news, although he wrote me that poverty prevailed, and the *stuff* was hard to come at where he lives, all this I have ben aware of ever since I left a before I left Lowell. He wrote that Mr. Graves had serious thoughts of coming to Louisville, Ky. to open a boarding school should think he might do well. If he comes with his family, think I shall give them a call, it is only about three hundred miles can ride it on horse back in a week.

Marsh is at Springfield and is getting rather unsteady about the Girls, conclude he has done with Miss Short and is in pursuit of one that has got the *Quills*, they are a beautiful feature in this country as well as in the East. Caverno is still quite hard of hearing and in my opinion will never be any better, he got a letter from his brother John last week. He



has bot the Abraham Hill farm at nine hundred dollars he would ben better took his nine hundred and come here and given away his other farm but people will not believe.

I have an invitation to a quilting this week and think I shall go, the old man has a plenty of Good Cider and apples which you must know are not so common here as in the east and will be quite a rarity although there have ben a plenty of apples this fall for use and peaches in abundance I never saw any good peaches in the east but here they grow to great perfection have seen them large as a large tea cup. If any of you should see the Cavernos you can say to them that we are "about like we are for common just nocking about." Well a little more about this quilting to fill up, it is at wealthy old widowers the house contains rooms, one, where all the invited guests will be invited to take his or her needle as the case may be for any man can quilt as well as the women, we always go soon after breakfast and get the work don by two oclock and then we have a good set down from that time untill we choose to go home. I will not pretend to tell that. I conclude the parties in this country are very much as they were at old canan forty years ago that I have heard Mother speak of.

This winter is so much like the winters that I have seen —(letter torn) East that I am half determined to moove south either to —(letter torn) or Mississippi. The hard winters in New England are one among many objections that I have to living in my own native country and if I were certain that we should have many such as this in this land of plenty, would certainly go South about five or eight degrees.

I must begin to wind up this you will get it the last of February after you March meeting is over should for you to write all the particulars. I saw a Concord paper the other day that gave an account of Sam Bennett and a negro he had better take care how he conducts with the darkys when amonge so many abolitionists and by the way you had all better drop your abolition principles, it is very bad business. My respects to all, tell Samuel Boyd I should like to receive

a letter from him some time when he can find leisure time to write.

(The following was written with different ink.)

Direct in full to Charles J. F. Clarke, Petersburg, Sangamon County, Illinois.

Wish you would send me some news papers occasionally.

Yours C. J. F. CLARKE.

January 22, 1837.

Petersburg, Menard County, Ill., Novm. 1842.

To Doc Moses Hill—

Dr. Sir. It has ben a long time since I wrote you or you me and supposing that the rest of my old correspondents have quite forgotten me. I thought it might be possible that by writeing to you I should be likely to hear again from my native land. I have not heard from any of you I think since the latter part of last winter and then from Hollis. I got an agriculteral paper from Mother the first of the summer and one number of Hills N. H. Pat. all of which were thankfully recd. I should have writen to some of you ere this but have waited from week to week for a letter from some of you tell mother I am not so poor but I can pay for a letter any time.

As the every day saying is "times are very hard" here as respects money but thousands of thousands of every thing else, this part of the world is cramed full of every thing that is to eat there is no end to the grain and stock that is here. Wheat is plenty at twenty five cents pr. bushel corn, oats and potatoes nothing and a drug at that. Pork it is not known what it will be worth, but suppose a little something. There is a factory in Springfield for makeing Lard Oil now going into opperation. There has ben some Gold and Silver brot in here by eastern drovers to buy cattle the price being quite low. I am still getting on in the same old way farming in a middleing sort of a way, raising some stock, &c. &c. Fruit has ben very plenty this season thousands of bushels of peaches roted on the ground, grate many peach orchards were broken to the ground with fruit, Apples quite plenty thou-

sands have roted on the ground the people here make no cider of consequence what they do make they beat the apples in a trough then press the Juice out with a large log. Mr. Marsh and wife were up to see us this fall they have quite a smart little girle just beginning to talk. He is not doeing much business. We have had a remarkable pleasant fall and warm. Apple and cherry trees have blossomed this fall and I saw some second groth pears the other day. It has ben quite a healthy fall our doctors do not find enough rideing for sufficient exercise. We have three pretty good doctors in Petersburg, one Yanke one Virginian and one from Ohio.

I want to hear how you all "come on" and is S. C. Boyd married and if so to whom. I should like to step in and spend an evening with him as well as yourself but it will not be convenient this week. Politics we have none at present stiring. Have not heard from John Smith for a long time, suppose Geo. is married. Went to camp meeting this fall with wife she is a professor. I have raised the largest squash this season I ever saw weight and measure not known. The Washington temperance society has done much good here but some old drunkards left yet. What has become of Geo. Nealey and Charles. Charles Crockett and a lot more and amonge others where is Broth. J. B. Clarke about these days. How does Aunt Smith get along. I have cheese to eat now, my wife makes very good.

Our family is very small now, my old *bach.* partner that used to board with us has gon to house keeping with Cook so there are but two of us and no prospect of *hem.*——&s.—— I suppose Mother is steping about quite smart amonge you wish she could step in and see me. I want to see her very much and want to see you all but mother the most. I have not given up the idea of visiting you again if my health and life is spared two or three years more, but have no idea that any of you will ever come here to see me except John may, as times are here now I could not advise him to come thinking he could do any better here than there or as well but things will change I think before long.



I see something in the papers often about your Millerites we have none here and are there any in Northwood? I have just finished reading the "Mormon Bible" as it is called, the name of the Book is "Book of Mormon" the historical part of it is a fiction the rest of it is taken from the old and new Testament. We dont hear much about them except by the eastern papers. I wish the next time any of you write me that you would occupy a part of the sheet with our family Reccord I suppose Hollis has it as it was there when I lived there. No one here can hardly tell where their grand parents were born, and many know nothing about where their father was born. It is some satisfaction to know these things although no benefitt perhaps. Write me all the town news and neighbourhood scandal and the whereabouts of all my relation, uncle, aunts and cousins. You may take the date of this from the post mark as I dont know when it will get in the post office. We have a mail here every day by stage when I first came here it was intended wonce a week and sometimes we had none for a month, saw that Abe Hill, N. H. Leavitt and I think others of Northwood are takeing the bennefitt of the Bankrupt Law a very short cut to pay debts. Widow Pillsbury and sons are all well. Suppose you have heard from our election that took place last August every thing is democratic. I think the whigs intend to rally again under Coonskins for the next President and think "Harry of the west" will be the candidate, suppose he will get about as many votes as Van got in the last election.

Very respectfully your brother,

C. J. F. CLARKE.

P. S.—Forgot to say remember me to all and say pretty well thank ye.

This letter postmarked Petersburg, Ill., Nov. 15th.



Petersburg, July 2d, 1843 (Menard County, Ill.

Dear Friends. I received your letter (from Doc Hill & Wife) in due season and suppose you recd one from me about the same time. Have recd several News Papers this last spring for which you have my thanks. I should not have written just now but Marsh sent me word that he intends starting East next wednesday and would take charge of any small matter that I might wish to send. I thought would spend a few moments in writeing to you and shall go to his house tomorrow and take this and pay him a visit &c (distance about 12 miles).

I have nothing interesting to write but suppose you like to hear from us *quarterly* and we in return are glad to hear from all of you. We are well, &c.

Marsh wants to know why I cant lay down my tools and go with him, but it was too short notice and indeed I could not leave here this season. I may next season visit you but that is uncertain.

Hurd Twombly's son of Madbury is here with his brother, he graduated last fall at Hanover is a sort of a lawyer &c. I think he will not stop here long, there are more lawyers than business here. He was in Colledge with John Sherburne Jr. of Northwood is acquainted with the Shackfords &c.

As to farming our prospects are dull. Wheat all killed last winter, consequently none raised except a very little spring wheat. There is less corn growing than usual and it is very backward.

We have had a remarkable wet spring and summer that has ben very bad for farming, from appearances we shall have about half crop corn.

Likely Marsh will visit you at Northwood if so he will tell you all about matters and things here. I think money is getting more plenty here and of a good sort mostly specie. Our Banks are destroyed a thing that had ought to have taken place years ago or if they never had ben created the citizens of this state would have ben millions of dollars better off.

We have had some very heavy showers of rain, hail and wind which have done considerable damage in brakeing glass blowing down buildings and timber the first of June there was a storm that blew down all of our fences and laid our farms all common &c. &c.

Free Masonry is looking up a little here, there is a lodge in this place. They had a turnout last week and made quite a respectable appearance, had a band of music from Springfield twelve in number. They played very well *for a new country*.

Our country still goes on in improvements in appearance and wealth notwithstanding the hard times that have ben passing over us. There has ben hundreds and I might say thousands of three & four year old steers drove through here for the eastern markt this spring and summer they were bot very low say from eight to ten dollars pr head they have gon to Pennsylvania and New York, although they were sold low yet they have in the aggregate amounted to a great deal of money, and *hard* money.

Goods have fallen a great deal here within six months we can buy now as cheap as we used to in the east when I left and many articles cheaper.

I have another letter to write to J. Smith and shall not be able to write much more to you.

Twomby says one may travil from Buffalo to Boston in thirty six hours this is going of it quick the canall from the Wabash River to Lake Erie if completed, that is about two hundred miles from here and if there was any way to get over that two hundred miles as quick and cheap as any of the rest of the rout it would be but a small matter to go to Northwood. There is a stage however running from here to the Wabash but it is a hard way of traveling and expensive compared with water and steam.

I believe Marsh thinks of going by the Illinois, Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Pittsburg. Write me soon and all the little particular transactions of the place. Has uncle Jonn returned and where has he ben. Twombly tells me one of his

boys entered colledge in the class after him, but did not stay long in Colledge did not know his name. Henry was in Colledge with him is a great Peace man &c. should like to hear of them all, where is bro. John this summer. I am expecting to see him come stepping in to my door yard every week just as the notion takes him you know, should be very glad if he would, he is all the relative I ever expect to see here.

I must close this and ask you to write soon.

C. J. F. CLARKE.

## LINCOLN IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1856.

BY EARL WELLINGTON WILEY,  
Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

The cry for Lincoln became persistent as the clock ticked off the closing minutes of the session. "Lincoln! We want Lincoln!" chorused the strange medley of politicians convened at Major's Hall in Bloomington, Illinois, May 29, 1856. Whig! Democrat! Know-nothing! Free-soiler! Abolitionist! all were there. They had listened to speech on speech. Browning had spoken in the calm words of the thinker. An eye-witness had described in lurid colors the sacking of Lawrence, in "bloody Kansas." With spiritual fervor Lovejoy had fired away and Cook had exhorted. The call now came for Lincoln.

To the rear of the hall all necks craned when the long frame of Sangamon's "favorite son" unlimbered itself. Cheers of religious fervor shook the walls when he elbowed his way down an aisle of outstretched arms. Delegates jumped to chairs and yelled like collegians. And why not? Abraham Lincoln had finally joined with them. The former Congressman, the man who had served four times in the Illinois legislature, the perennial opponent of the doughty Douglas, who had steadfastly refused to link his political fortune with the group demanding a walling up of the highways of slavery that lead into Federal territories now, four-square, stood with them. The Republican party in Illinois was now organized. The tag-ends of anti-Nebraskans, aimless wanderers since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, two years earlier, were now welded in effective political coherence.

Trumbull! Palmer! Herndon! Coddington! Davis! Lincoln! All were there and all were happy. Political plums now dangled closer to itching palms. They might even elect one



of their number to the governorship that year. They might even help send one of their persuasion into the White House, for the national election was at hand. Lincoln may have gone so far as to dream of a united front when he faced Douglas for the Senate in 1858. And all agreed that party organization, now happily effected, would do much to keep slavery out of Federal territories. There was the common ground of thought and action.

The hall turned bedlam when the Ichabod Crane-built form of Lincoln climbed the platform. His stiff black hair stood up on his head like a rooster's comb. His long arms sagged at his sides with experienced ease. His baggy clothing crumpled on him. And his swarthy face, beaten by the winds and scorched by the sun of the eighth judicial circuit, showed a smile wan but shrewd. For a moment he stood silent as he waited for the storm to subside. Then, in a slow, measured voice, he began speaking. The audience became hushed as he warmed to his theme. Gradually he increased his rate of utterance; his voice climbed to treble notes; his slim frame rose and fell in forceful gesture, and closer and closer he bent into the faces of his audience. The famous "lost" speech was in the making.

The audience drank in his words with child-like thirst. Men "rose from their chairs with pale faces and quivering lips pressed unconsciously towards him." To his words they responded with the same ease that the needle responds to the pole. With him they laughed when his words shot darts of ridicule into the stodgy form of the great Douglas and with him they knitted their sweaty brows when he pictured the ultimate absurdity of the logic of "squatter sovereignty"; they paused with him when he ran his voice high into falsetto notes, and with him they sneered when his words played in trenchant irony; and when he urged them to stand together, they cheered frantically. Little wonder that newspaper men forgot their duties that day. "He was newly baptized and freshly born," declared the loquacious Herndon; "he had the fervor of a new convert; the smothered flame broke out; en-

thusiasm unusual to him blazed up. . . . If Mr. Lincoln was six feet four high usually, at Bloomington that day he was seven feet, and inspired at that."

The consensus of testimony regarding the speech so stands. Lincoln never wrote it out—declared his inability to recall the moving words that he had uttered; and so unchallenged, despite liberal patches of purple, we accept the testimony of men who spoke their praise years after the occasion and years after Lincoln had stepped firmly into the pages of history.

It matters little. It matters more that Lincoln played a man's part in the campaign that followed hard on the heels of the Bloomington conclave. "In the campaign of 1856," he wrote, autobiographically, "Mr. Lincoln made over fifty speeches, no one of which, as far as he remembers, was put in print." What was his argument in these speeches? What was his speaking itinerary? Briefly let us piece together the available facts of these questions.

"Hon. A. Lincoln," reported the *Illinois State Journal* for June 11, 1856, "took the stand and pronounced the most logical and finished argument against the evils to be apprehended from the continued aggression of the slave power that it has been our good fortune to listen to. We shall not mar its beauty by an attempt to give a synopsis of it. The speaker's manner was calm and unimpassioned, he preferring rather to appeal to reason than to excite the feelings of his hearers."

This reference to Lincoln's speech in Springfield, probably on June 10, suggests strongly that Lincoln's Bloomington speech was not the impassioned exhortation that we have been led to think it was. But it is interesting for something else. It convicts William Herndon of a hoax in relating the details of this meeting. Herndon relates in his *Life of Lincoln* that only three men attended this Springfield meeting, called to ratify the proceedings of the Bloomington convention. The men were Lincoln, Herndon, and John Pain; and because of the empty benches, Herndon continues, Lincoln made no

speech. "When Lincoln came into the court house," Herndon writes, "he came with a sadness and a sense of the ludicrous on his face. He walked to the stand, mounted it in a kind of mockery—mirth and sadness all combined—and said substantially: 'Gentlemen, this meeting is larger than I knew it would be. I knew that Herndon and myself would come, but I did not know that any one else would be here; and yet another has come—you, John Pain. These are sad times and seem out of joint. All seems dead, dead, dead; but the age is not yet dead; it liveth as sure as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move nevertheless. Be hopeful. And now let us adjourn, and appeal to the people.' "

Clad in his familiar long linen duster, in much abbreviated brown linen trousers, and in sprawling low shoes, Lincoln took the stand in Shelbyville, June 15, when he met Anthony Thornton, brilliant local orator, in joint debate. We know nothing of the drift of argument of that discussion. Witnesses of the clash, in later years, recalled more of the cordiality that existed between the two men than of what the men said. An oil painting of the scene in Shelbyville, done by Robert Marshall Root, was unveiled in Shelbyville in 1917.

With the coming of Buchanan, of Fillmore, and of Fremont into the campaign, the discussion widened; and Lincoln found himself introducing national issues into his speeches. He spoke at Princeton, July 4, to the huge army of vagabond Fremonters that encircled the little town. According to the *Illinois State Journal* for July 11, 1856, Knox of Rock Island, Peck of Chicago, Cook of LaSalle, Lovejoy of Princeton, and Stripp of Canton all occupied stands there. But the news item of the occasion emphasized the huge bonfires and the tethered horses and the singing and the enthusiasm, rather than the argument advanced by the speakers.

August found Lincoln enlarging the sphere of his canvass. Argumentatively he introduced personalities into his speeches, and these personalities were to be carried over into the discussion that he held with Douglas two years later.



He spoke in Springfield, August 2, when a Fremont Club was organized. "Mr. Lincoln being called upon," reported the *Illinois State Journal* for August 4, 1856, of the event, "explained the object of the meeting, and made a graphic and forcible statement of the true issue of the impending struggle. His remarks were very happy, frequently interrupted by applause and sounds of laughter." What was this "true issue" that Lincoln discussed that night? At Galena, in the same month when he spoke at Springfield, he explained that issue in these words:

"First, then, what is the question between the parties respectively represented by Buchanan and Fremont? Simply this: 'Shall slavery be allowed to extend into United States territories now legally free?' Buchanan says it shall, and Fremont says it shall not.

"That is the naked issue, and the whole of it. Lay the respective platforms side by side, and the difference between them will be found to amount to precisely that...."

Early in August he spoke in Paris and in Grandview, both in Edgar County, and in Charleston and in Shelbyville, in Coles and in Shelby County, respectively. "They were tolerably well satisfied with my work," wrote Lincoln of these speeches to Lyman Trumbull, August 11, 1856, in one of the few comments that we find Lincoln making on his own speeches. But details of these speeches were not reported.

"Mr. Lincoln!" shouted a heckler in Charleston, in the speech there just referred to, "is it true that you entered the State barefoot, driving a yoke of oxen?" The grizzled Lincoln drew himself up to his full stature, narrowed his steel gray eyes at the interloper, admitted that he had entered the State as a barefoot boy and, affecting his falsetto notes, declared that he could name a dozen men more respectable than the heckler who would vouch for the truth of his statement. He then plunged into a eulogy of the opportunities of a government that made it possible for a poor boy, by dint of ability and hard work, to amount to something. When Lincoln and Douglas met in Charleston in their fourth joint de-



bate, two years later, a huge painting of a lank farmer boy standing beside a team of oxen was flung from building to building in a downtown thoroughfare. The likeness symbolized Lincoln.

Late in August Lincoln spoke in Michigan. The *Chicago Press* for August 30, 1856, reported briefly that he presented a strong argument of ninety minutes in Detroit; and it is likely that he made his speech in Kalamazoo on the same trip. August 30 he was home again, speaking in Petersburg, Menard County, on that date.

The Petersburg occasion brought to the front an issue in personalities that was to project itself into the joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858. The *Illinois State Register* of Springfield, as rabidly for Douglas as was the *Illinois State Journal* for Lincoln, precipitated the quarrel, remarking, according to the *Journal* for August 13, 1856: "Mr. Lincoln should show some practice with his preaching. The man who plays his part in politics with Garrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, and Garrison is not just the man to eulogize the sanctity of law and constitution or the blessings of the Union and the States." Referring to Lincoln's speech in Petersburg, the *Journal* retorted: "His remarks, we learn from a correspondent, were well timed and had a most telling effect. He treated the silly falsehood published in the *Register* of the bargain between himself and Trumbull, in regard to the United States Senatorship, with the contempt it deserved."

Was Lincoln working hand in glove with the Abolitionists—with the Black Republicans, as Douglas loved to put it? Had he and Trumbull bargained together in 1854 to "sell out" their respective parties—the Whig and the Democratic—in order to obtain for themselves seats in the Senate of the United States? Lincoln's canvass in 1856, accordingly, anticipated his discussion with Douglas in 1858 on two major issues of the *ad hominem* speeches.

It is well to recall here that Douglas opened that series of debates by propounding seven questions to Lincoln. All of the questions were based on the false assumption that Lincoln

attended a meeting of Abolitionists held in Springfield in 1854. The strategy of the questions was to show the Black Republicanism of Lincoln; politically this would hurt him among the voters, who regarded the Abolitionists as the insanity fringe of the discussion. The fact that Douglas propounded these questions led Lincoln to counter with questions of his own. Among them was the question that drew from Douglas an expression that became known as the "Freeport doctrine." The South called it the "Freeport heresy." The expression meant the political suicide of Douglas. The first three debates in 1858—Ottawa, Freeport, and Jonesboro—were, in general attack, a carry-over of the argument introduced in the canvass of 1856. The cumulative nature of Lincoln's preparation for his great clash with Douglas in 1858 becomes apparent.

The Illinois stump grew warmer in September. Lincoln spoke for Fremont in Lincoln on the 2nd, in Atlanta on the 4th, and in Jacksonville on the 6th. Fifteen hundred heard him speak in Jacksonville, many of whom had gone with him from Springfield to the scene of the rally. The *Illinois State Journal* for September 8, 1856, described the Jacksonville occasion in the following words: "(Lincoln) was heard with breathless attention throughout, and even when the whistle sounded 'all aboard,' his hearers were loth to have him desert. We cannot, in justice to Mr. Lincoln, undertake to give even a brief sketch of his remarks. He addressed himself principally to that portion of the so-called Democratic party who are sincerely opposed to the extension of the institution of slavery into the free territories on our western frontier; and in his own terse, logical and convincing style of argument proved to them that notwithstanding that they may be theoretically opposed to the Kansas iniquity, they do but sustain it in practice if they cast their suffrages for Mr. Buchanan and the party acting in concert with him, the assertions of defenders to the contrary notwithstanding."

Three times in rapid succession Lincoln next spoke in Springfield. He began this series of speeches by addressing

a meeting held at the court house in Springfield on the night of the day that he had spoken in Jacksonville. The purpose of that meeting was to condemn the Kansas outrages. He spoke at the same hall again September 8. The purpose of that meeting was to condemn the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Following the speaking the audience adopted a resolution favoring the admission of Kansas as a free State. He spoke again in Springfield on September 25, when partisans from all over Sangamon County met there to make whoopee for Fremont. Trumbull and Lovejoy were the principal speakers at the afternoon session; John Wentworth, B. S. Edwards, and Lincoln spoke at the evening session. The latter reviewed the entire action of the Government on slavery, much as he had done in Peoria, probably, two years earlier, showing that the original policy of the republic had been to bar slavery from Federal territories. That policy, he concluded, had been altered by Douglas and by Buchanan in their Nebraskan action. "We have heard Mr. Lincoln many times," reported the *Journal* for September 26, 1856, of that speech, "but never was he so powerful, so strong in argument, so convincing in logic."

October heard the biggest guns of the Fremont battery, and Lincoln was on the firing line. The attack opened in Alton, October 2, when Lincoln sounded the tocsin in the afternoon. This occasion, I believe, has never before been called to the attention of modern readers. The *Daily Chicago Journal* for October 6, 1856, stated:

"Hon. A. Lincoln, finding it necessary to return by the evening train, spoke in the afternoon to a large audience in front of the Presbyterian Church. He made, as he always does, an earnest, argumentative, patriotic, and exceedingly able speech. The crowd continued to increase till the conclusion of his speech, and the cheers that went up for free labor, free territories, and Fremont were an unequivocal certificate that the hearts of the masses are right."

Lincoln was in the thick of a three-day mass attack made by the Fremont brigade beginning October 7. The *Daily Chi-*



*cago Journal* for October 8, 1856, describes the first of these occasions, the one in Ottawa, fully. Let me quote the item since, I believe, the description of that event has escaped the eye of modern readers:

GLORIOUS MEETING AT OTTAWA  
TWENTY THOUSAND IN COUNCIL.

Ottawa, October 7th.

"To-day has been a great and glorious one for old La-Salle. Her freemen gathered in thousands from every hill and valley, and came up to honor Freedom by their presence, and pledge themselves anew to her cause.

"Of the many large meetings I have thus far attended in the State, the one held here today equaled the best of them in numbers and enthusiasm.

"The crowd is variously estimated. The best idea I can convey of the hosts present, is to give the number in teams of the procession, which by actual count were *nine thousand and seventy-six*—one, two, four horse, beside the immense throngs on foot, which had poured into the city by Railroads. Three stands were occupied.

"From Stand No. 1, Messrs. Trumbull and Lincoln addressed the people, each of whom made their best speeches. I never listened to more clear, convincing and effective public speaking. . . .

"Messrs. Lincoln, Lovejoy and Trumbull, go from here to attend the grand mass gathering at Joliet to-morrow, from which place you will again hear from

VERITAS."

True to his promise the correspondent "covered" the Joliet and the Peoria rallies; and he continued to speak in terms of partisan endearment. *The Joliet Demonstration! An Immense Gathering! The Freeman of Old Will aroused! Magnificent Display! Great Speeches of Trumbull, Lovejoy, Norton, Lincoln, Bross, Yates, Reading.* Such were the cap-



tions of the article reporting the event in Joliet, as reported in the *Daily Chicago Journal*. "Mr. Trumbull," the item continues, "having concluded, Mr. Lincoln succeeded him in a speech that echoed the universal heart." Of the Peoria rally the *Journal* reported, "There were 14,000 present, who were addressed by Messrs. Trumbull, Lincoln and Bross."

With these wild parties past and with the day of election close at hand a lull came in Lincoln's stump activity. Perhaps he sought to bring his law work up to date. But he was not done speaking entirely. At the courthouse in Springfield he made a short talk at a Fremont gathering held there, October 29, although the principal speaker of that occasion was, according to the *Illinois State Journal* for October 30, 1856, William Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. The *Journal* for November 3, 1856, also reports that Lincoln addressed a throng of fifteen thousand Fremonters met at Jacksonville, November 1. This was the grand wind-up of the campaign and the hottest racket staged by Fremonters in central Illinois in the campaign.

To sum up the major speaking engagements that Lincoln met in 1856, with probable dates: Bloomington, May 29; Springfield, June 10; Shelbyville, June 15; Springfield, August 2; Grandview, Charleston, Paris, Shelbyville, Galena, early in August; Detroit and Kalamazoo, Michigan, late in August; Petersburg, August 30\*; Lincoln, September 2; Atlanta, September 4; Springfield and Jacksonville, September 6; Springfield, September 8 and 25; Alton, October 2; Ottawa, October 7; Joliet, October 8; Peoria, October 9; Springfield, October 29; Jacksonville, November 1.

So much for Lincoln's stump itinerary in 1856. But what of the argument that he advanced on these twenty-four occasions? The repeal of the Missouri Compromise had perverted the political intentions of the founders of the Republic—of the original and true *Republicans*. That was his historic issue. Slavery was wrong in principle, hence slavery should

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\* (One writer describes in detail a speech that he declares that he heard Lincoln make in Petersburg, in October, 1856. I can find no mention of this speech in Springfield newspapers of the time.)

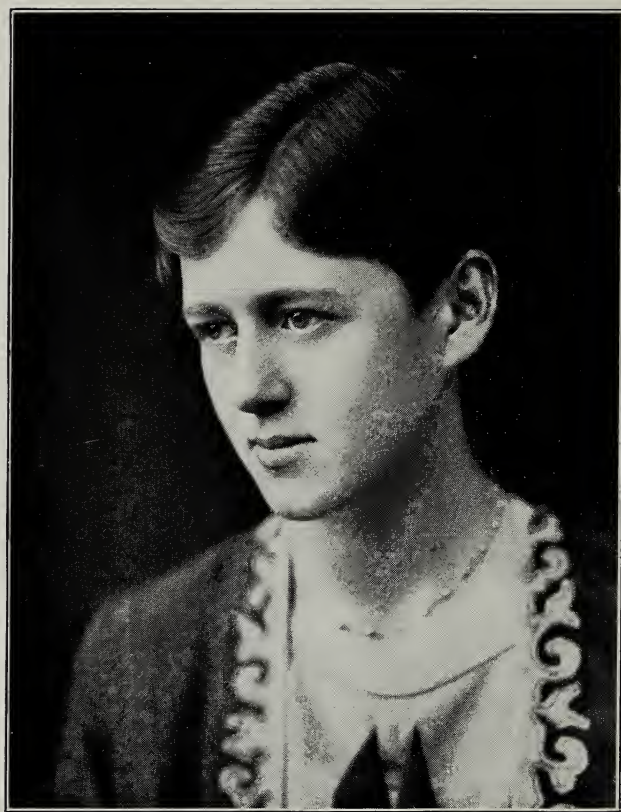
be barred from Federal territories. That was his moral issue. The policy of spreading slavery was separating the Union on geographical grounds—that “the house” was being “divided.” That was his patriotic issue. The stake of the controversy involved something more than the life of the Union: it involved the practicability of free government, itself. That was his philosophic issue.

There were also cross-currents of personalities running through these more solid issues. Had Lincoln and Trumbull “conspired” to “sell out” their respective parties in order to obtain seats in the Senate for themselves? Was Lincoln a political bedfellow of Wendell Phillips, of “Father” Giddings, and of Abolitionists generally?

And underlying both true and false issue runs a persuasive appeal that called on the various hands that had joined together at Bloomington, May 29, to stand together. “Let bygones be bygones,” he implored of them at Galena. “Let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old ‘central ideas’ of the republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us; God is with us. We shall again be able not to declare that ‘all States as States are equal,’ nor yet that ‘all citizens as citizens are equal,’ but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that ‘all men are created equal.’ ”

That appeal was, I believe, the key-note of the speech that Lincoln made in Bloomington, May 29, 1856.





ANNA KATHRYN HURIE



## EARLY MILLS IN ILLINOIS.

BY ANNA KATHRYN HURIE.

A—Historical Importance of the Old (New) Salem Mill.

B—Description of Sangamon River.

C—Locating of Mill and Founding of Town by Cameron.

1—Their advantageous location.

D—Description of Dam.

1—Lincoln flat boat anecdote.

E—The First Building.

1—Description.

2—Offutt lease (Lincoln as mill “tender”).

3—Description of approaching roads.

4—Sale of mill to Bale family by Cameron.

F—The Second Building.

1—Erection.

2—Description.

3—Refitting with new machinery and addition of flour mill.

4—Edgar Lee Masters anecdote.

5—Lankford lease.

6—Destruction of mill by fire.

G—Mill Relics.

H—Hearst Ownership and Transfer to State.

“List to the mill at Salem Hill!  
List to the whirring of the wheel,  
As through the race the water runs  
To grind the flour and grind the meal.

List to the mill! Ah, 'tis no more—  
The whirring wheel is gone;  
The race is closed; in thought alone  
The mill is grinding on.”

There is, perhaps, no mill in Illinois of greater historic interest than the one of the former village of New Salem, which was located on the Sangamon River about two miles south of Petersburg, at a point near the center of, what is now, Menard County. It derives its interest to posterity not only from the part it played in the early development of this section of the country, but from the unique position which it holds, of being so closely associated with the name of Abraham Lincoln, who spent six years of his early life (1831-1837)<sup>1</sup> in the town of New Salem.

At this point in its course the Sangamon River, flowing from the southeast, bends directly westward in its channel and, coming in contact with a high bluff, is turned sharply north. Just below this abrupt bend to the north, crossing the river at a right angle from east to west, was located the New Salem dam site.

In the year 1827<sup>2</sup> Rev. John M. Cameron, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, sold his farm on Rock Creek, a settlement about six miles southwest of the future New Salem, with the apparent idea of relocating and building a mill at some favorable location; for after prospecting about for some months, with Concord Creek to the northwest coming in for consideration, he decided upon the above mentioned site. Consequently on July 29, 1828, he entered a part of the southwest quarter of section 25, township 18 north of range 7, west

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<sup>1</sup> “Lincoln and New Salem,” by the Old Salem Lincoln League.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Lucy Robertson.

of the third P. M., comprising the tract of land on which was situated not only the mill site, but also what soon became the New Salem town site on top of the bluff above and to the west of the dam.

Judging his decision retrospectively, we can only admire his business sagacity; for centrally located, as his mill was, within a radius of from five to ten miles of some half dozen settlements, such as Rock Creek, Clary's Grove, Concord, Sugar Grove, Indian Point, and what later became Athens, we should expect it to build up the magnificent business which it did.

Immediately after entering the land Cameron and his uncle, James Rutledge, while building their log cabin homes on the ridge, petitioned the legislature of Illinois for the right to dam the Sangamon River at the site above mentioned. In due time the right was granted and work on the dam began at once. The dam consisted of a row of log pens built across the river adjoining one another. These were filled with stones and floored over the top with boards, the floor inclining slightly against the current to insure the safe passage of drift wood over the dam. It is said that more than a thousand loads of stone were required to fill the cribs.

This dam was the scene of the now famous flatboat story of Lincoln boring a hole in the bottom of his boat to let out the water. As told by his political opponents, it sounded ridiculous, but as it actually happened was really ingenious. As a member of a flatboat crew he had been employed to take a cargo of country produce to New Orleans. When the boat reached New Salem it was carried by the swift current out on the dam, where it lodged with its prow projecting into the air over the edge. The cargo slid to the stern. This caused the water to run in until it threatened to sink the boat. Lincoln borrowed an augur and, preparing a plug, bored a hole in that end of the boat which projected over the dam. Then, the cargo having been removed, the boat was tipped forward until the water ran out of the hole. After this the plug was driven in and the lightened boat slid safely over the dam.

The first building, often referred to as the "Cameron and Rutledge Mill" or the "Lincoln Mill," was a double structure, combining a grist and saw mill, constructed in 1829.<sup>3</sup> This structure, which was built on pillars made of pens of rock, extending above the level of the dam, was set out some distance from the west bank of the river. A bridge or passageway made of split logs extended from the bank to the mill and passed along the south side of the west section. This west division of the building contained the saw mill and was an open shed twelve feet north and south by sixteen feet east and west. The saw was an "up and down" type and was operated by an "undershot" water wheel. The east part of the building was sixteen feet square, built of logs covered with clapboards. It contained the grist mill which was used for grinding corn. No effort was made at this time to make wheat flour for white bread. The wheel which drove this mill was a horizontal one of the turbine type. Both wheels were located under the east part of the building. The "undershot" wheel, which was to the north of the other, transmitted its power by means of a shaft extending from its axle to a point beneath the saw, where an eccentric conveyed the up and down motion, by means of an iron rod, to the saw above.

In the fall of 1831 the mill was leased to Denton Offut, an enterprising young merchant, who during the previous summer had bought a lot in New Salem at its extreme eastern end near the edge of the bluff. Upon this lot he built a store, which was opened about the middle of September, with "Abe" Lincoln employed to "keep" store and later, during the frequent absences of Mr. Offut, who had numerous business interests elsewhere, to "tend" the mill.<sup>1</sup>

A road, traces of which are still plainly visible down the face of the bluff, branched off from the main street of the village at a point just south of the Offut store. This road, which was little more than a bridle path, constituted the main approach to the mill and came down to the split log passage-

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Lucy Robertson.

<sup>1</sup> "Lincoln and New Salem," by the Old Salem Lincoln League.

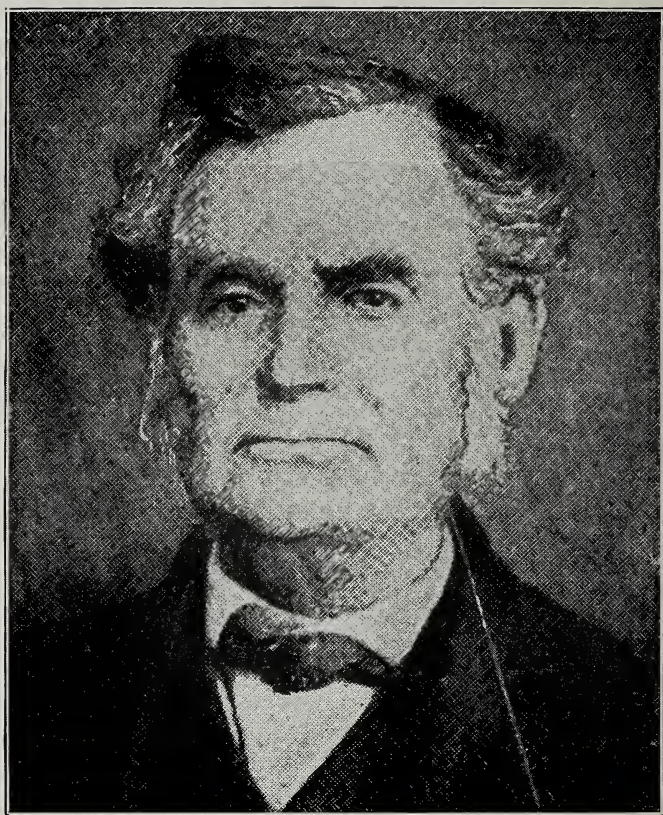




The Old Mill at New Salem, Illinois







REV. JOHN M. CAMERON



way referred to above. This road was rarely traveled except on horseback, which was the chief mode used by the settlers of bringing their grist to mill. Another road,<sup>4</sup> not so steep, approached the mill from the south over much the same course now followed by the public highway, but climbing higher up the bluff as it proceeded southward. Over this road the logs were brought to mill mainly on solid wooden wheeled oxcarts, one end of the log swung under the axle, the other dragging on the ground. The mill customers from the east side of the river followed a road, which traversed the site of the present Old Salem Chautauqua Park, to a ford, which crossed the river a short distance below the dam.

In the spring of 1832 the lease to the mill was terminated by Offut's failure in business and the operation of the mill was again undertaken by its owners.

On January 14, 1841,<sup>2</sup> Cameron, who was at this time a resident of Iowa, sold the mill and mill site to Jacob Bale, an operator of a carding machine in New Salem. Jacob Bale repaired the dam and operated the mill for some time, when he decided to remodel his building and modernize his equipment. After sawing out the necessary timbers he tore down the old building, but before he was able to erect the new one he died. His son, Hardin Bale, in 1852,<sup>2</sup> as administrator of his father's estate, sold the mill and mill site to Abraham Bale, a brother of Jacob.

The erection of this second building, the frame of which was raised in 1853,<sup>6</sup> was undertaken by Abraham Bale, but before it was completed he died, and his four sons, Edward L., Jacob, James L. and Fielding V., who became the owners after their father's death, finished the work. In a later division of the property Fielding Bale, locally known as "Dick" Bale, became the owner of the mill and mill site.

This building was a two-story, weather-boarded frame edifice, thirty feet by fifty feet, located on the site of the

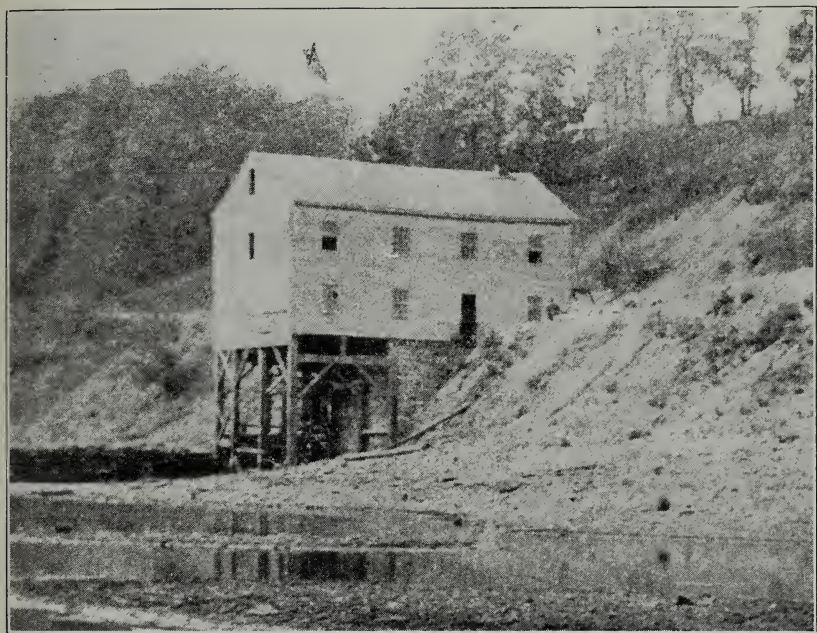
<sup>4</sup>James Arnold.

<sup>2</sup>Menard County Records.

<sup>6</sup>H. H. Colby, an eyewitness.

former structure. On the west, about ten feet away, there was a stone retaining wall that separated the public highway, which at this time had become established around the foot of the bluff, from the road which came down by the door of the mill. Customers coming to mill could drive down this lower driveway to the west door of the first story. From the upper story there was a platform extending out to and resting upon the retaining wall, so that grain could also be unloaded on the second floor. There were two horizontal water wheels situated in the mill races directly under the mill. Large fish would sometimes come through the water gates into the sluices and stop the water wheels until removed. Huge, upright, cylindrical wooden beams extended from the water wheels up to the floor, where they were surmounted by wooden cog-wheels, which transmitted the power from them to the burrs above. At one time, during an ice jam, a large block of ice, crashing its way through the pillar at the southeast corner of the building, demolished one of these cylindrical beams. It was replaced by an octagonal one cut in the nearby timber and hewn by hand, in order to save time. This beam remained a part of the mill throughout the remainder of its existence. The new corn burrs were in sections which were held together by broad iron bands. The total cost of this second structure was something over three thousand dollars, a very large sum of money for that time.

In 1864 Benjamin Smith, a wheelwright, was engaged for several months in remodeling and refitting the interior of the mill with new machinery. French burrs and a bolt were added and white flour as well as meal was made from this time on. The bolt was placed on the second floor and the ground wheat, after leaving the mill, was conveyed to the upper story by means of a cup elevator. Here it was sifted through the bolt and, according to its grade, sent down again through the bran, shorts, or flour chute. Only these three grades were produced at this mill. The cloth used in the bolt was of the finest silk. Misses Alice and Ida Bale, a daughter and niece, respectively, of Fielding Bale, still possess pieces of this



Old Salem Mill near Petersburg, Illinois





cloth. At the time the wheat burrs were installed this was the only flour mill between Springfield and Beardstown.<sup>5</sup>

An interesting incident is told by James Arnold, of Petersburg, that occurred at the mill about fifty years ago. Edgar Lee Masters, now an author of national prominence, but then a small boy living with his parents in Petersburg, while playing around the mill fell into the mill pond. Mr. Arnold, who was only a boy a few years older, was standing on the east bank of the river and saw the accident. Knowing that the younger boy could not swim, he ran across the dam and, jumping into the water, reached the lad as he was "going down for the third time." Seizing him by the hair, he dragged him up on the dam. While calling the boy's father, who was in the mill, he shook him up and down, holding him by the feet, head downwards. When the senior Masters arrived they found a drift log, which chanced to be lodged on the dam and, by rolling the boy over and over on this, they succeeded in expelling the water from his lungs and restoring him to consciousness.

Among the operators of the mill was William C. Lankford, who had it leased during the years 1879 and 1880. After the expiration of his tenancy Mr. Bale again took over the management of the mill. He continued its operation until it was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday evening, September 23, 1883.<sup>7</sup> At the time the fire was discovered Mr. Bale was attending church in Petersburg. The origin of the fire, though unknown, was thought to be incendiary, since there had been no fire in the building for several days and since the padlock of the west door was found next morning unlocked on the hillside near by. During the fire the stone burrs fell into the river and, due to their excessive heat, were broken into many pieces. Two of these fragments were later recovered from the river bed by James Arnold and are now on display at his shop in Petersburg.

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<sup>5</sup> The facts concerning the Bale family ownership of the mill were acquired from Miss Ida Bale, a daughter of James L. Bale.

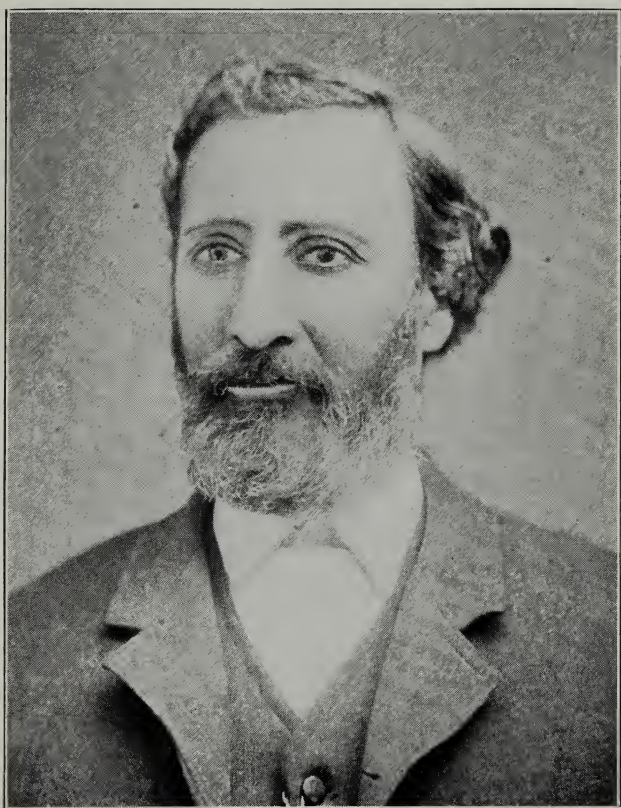
<sup>7</sup> The Petersburg *Democrat*.

Perhaps the most important of the mill relics now in existence are the large mill stones from the first building. After being taken from the structure when it was torn down by Jacob Bale, they were left on the bank of the river for many years. They were then bought by Richard Batterton, Tilman Hornbuckle and others, who used them in a grist mill of their own about four miles up the river. In later years they were purchased from the Batterton and Hornbuckle heirs by C. W. Houghton. Mr. Houghton still owns them and they are at present on exhibition before the Museum building at the Old Salem State Park.

In 1906<sup>2</sup> William Randolph Hearst purchased the mill site from the heirs of Fielding Bale and the New Salem town site from the heirs of James Bale for eleven thousand dollars, and in 1919<sup>2</sup> deeded both tracts of land to the State of Illinois to be made into a State Park, that the historical ground, the Alma Mater of the Great Emancipator, might be preserved for posterity.

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<sup>2</sup> Menard County Records.

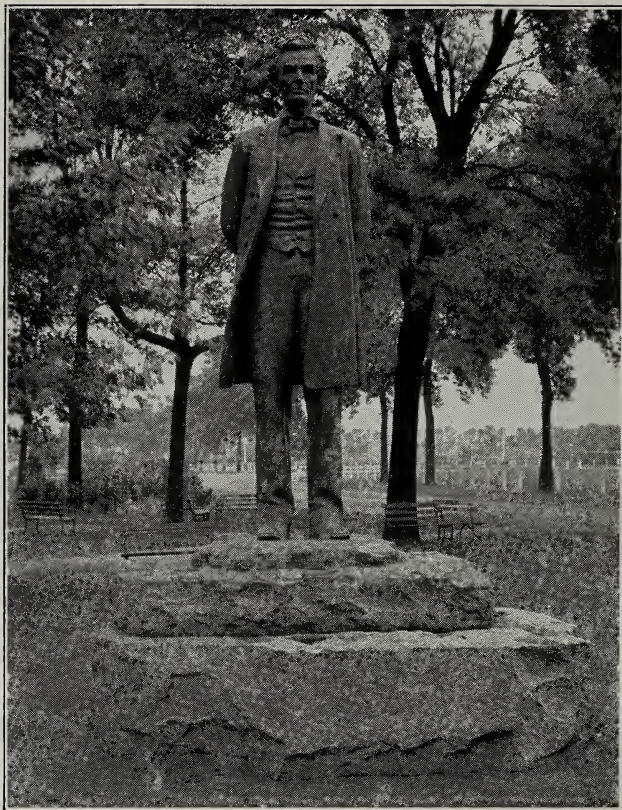


FIELDING V. BALE









Freeport unveils a Lincoln statue

## **LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.**

**Seventy-first Anniversary—August 2, 1929.**

### **FREEPORT UNVEILS A LINCOLN STATUE.**

By ALBERT O. BARTON.

To the growing number of Lincolns in bronze was added another when at Freeport, Illinois, August 27, 1929, a bronze statue of the Emancipator was unveiled at Taylor Park in commemoration of the seventy-first anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in that city. The statue was the work of Leonard Crunelle, sculptor of the Taft studios, Chicago, and was presented to the people of Freeport and Stephenson County by Hon. William Thomas Rawleigh, prominent manufacturer of Freeport. A new conception in art of Lincoln was revealed in the statue in that it represented Lincoln in the role of the debater, the first Lincoln statue of its type so designated. It was therefore most appropriate to the occasion and the location. This statue was also the first to mark one of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debate sites, although all the sites are now marked with boulders or tablets.

Due to elaborate preparations and advertising, the exercises attracted a great concourse of people representing many states besides Illinois. Unlike the cloudy and blustering day of the famous debate seventy-one years before, a day of rare loveliness was vouchsafed the unveiling. This enabled the large assemblage to enjoy the open air exercises at Taylor Park in comfort.

The throng at the Freeport unveiling was unlike that of seventy-one years before. Then the greater number present were farmers and plain folk of the prairie agitated over the burning issue of slavery which they came to hear clarified. The throng at the unveiling in 1929 also included people from

the same great prairie stretches, but with them came large numbers of distinguished citizens, public officials, noted historians and Lincoln scholars, besides delegations of various organizations, who came to pay tribute to the memory of Lincoln.

Of particular interest was a venerable group of men and women whose enviable distinction was that they had heard one or more of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas in the summer and fall of 1858. Besides survivors who heard the Freeport debate, there were many who heard the debates at Ottawa, Galesburg and other points. Likewise of great interest to the gathering was a group of twenty or more Civil War veterans, a number of them in the nineties, and some of whom had known both Lincoln and Douglas. Also conspicuous in the group of distinguished visitors was an official delegation from the Legislature of Wisconsin, then in session, and which voted to send a delegation to represent the state at the unveiling. In this delegation were the presiding officers of both houses of the Legislature, the president of the University of Wisconsin and other prominent officials.

John R. Jackson, president of the Lincoln-Douglas Society, was general chairman of the celebration and welcomed the gathering.

Philip Fox LaFollette, son of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, acted as chairman of the day at the exercises. As his ancestors had been near neighbors and associates of the Lincolns in Kentucky a century before, his selection as chairman may be said to have been one of historical appropriateness. After the invocation by Rev. J. B. McCreary of Freeport, Mr. Rawleigh in a brief address made the presentation of the statue, which was unveiled by two of his grandsons, children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Koenig of Freeport. In behalf of the people of Freeport and Stephenson County, the statue was accepted by Judge Edward E. Laughlin of Freeport. Addresses were then delivered by Dr. Herman J. Burgstahler, president of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa; Dr. John Wesley Hill of Washington, Chan-



cellor of the Abraham Lincoln Memorial University, and United States Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska.

In his address Dr. Hill developed the idea that the secret of Lincoln's greatness and that of the universal esteem in which he was held could be expressed in a sentence: "He was a man of fundamental integrity."

The main address was by Senator Norris, who declared that a solution of many of our present problems and difficulties in government could be brought about by a recurrence to the ideals and principles of Lincoln.

One of the most interesting and valuable features in connection with the dedication exercises was the arrangement of a Lincoln and Douglas exhibit, shown in the great hall of the Freeport Masonic temple. Lincoln scholars present pronounced it the most complete and valuable Lincoln exhibit ever shown, except perhaps for one or two seen at world's fairs. This exhibit, which attracted thousands of visitors during the three days and evenings it was open, included thousands of documents, pictures, relics and other Lincoln memorabilia from many of the larger public and private collections of Illinois and other states. Loans were obtained from the Illinois and Wisconsin State Historical Societies, the Chicago Historical Society, the Lincoln monument collection at Springfield and the J. B. Oakleaf collection at Moline. Other well known collectors represented were John W. Fling, Wyoming, Illinois; Edward Jacob, P. G. Rennick, Charles B. Smith, Fred Orr and Katherine Treft, Peoria; Dr. George A. Zeller, Bartonville, Illinois; Judge Henry Horner and James Rosenthal, Chicago; Barker's Art Store, Springfield; J. F. Sprague, Bement; J. W. Starr, Millersburg, Pennsylvania; A. H. Griffith, Fisk, Wisconsin; J. H. Hauberg, Rock Island; Miss Alda Saxby, Freeport. The famous Hessler portrait of Lincoln was among the articles exhibited and there were original ambrotypes and letters of Lincoln, log cabin replicas, contemporary books, political cartoons, etc. The exhibit was arranged and conducted by a committee headed by Mr. Charles F. Stocking, well known Freeport author.

One of the most interesting and possibly the most valuable of the results of the unveiling activities was the securing of a large number of letters written by survivors who heard one or more of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858. Practically all these letters were written by solicitation in the course of the unveiling "campaign," and with them was also secured other documents and material of historical interest. In these letters the writers recorded their recollections of the debates and added many incidents and touches to these events that have hitherto escaped historians. They served to complete the mental picture of the events described, and as "original documents" form a distinct contribution to the literature of Lincoln.

The unveiling exercises were arranged and carried out after weeks of preparation by the Lincoln-Douglas Society of Freeport, an organization formed for the purpose of fostering and preserving an interest in the historical heritage bequeathed to Freeport by virtue of the famous debate held there in 1858.

The unveiling of 1929 was the fourth notable anniversary observance of the Freeport debate by the citizens of Freeport. In 1901 a boulder with an appropriate tablet was placed at the site of the debate and was dedicated in 1903 by President Roosevelt, then a guest of the city. In 1908 a notable celebration of the fiftieth anniversary was held and in 1922 another on the sixty-fourth anniversary. At each of these celebrations were many persons who had attended the original debate.

A point of interest during the unveiling celebration was the Brewster House, at which Lincoln stopped over night at the time of the debate and where he and Douglas both addressed their followers from the balcony. The old hostelry has become a Lincoln shrine and was appropriately decorated for the occasion, the room occupied by Lincoln on the third floor being equipped in the furniture of the period. A fine portrait of the Lincoln log cabin near Lerna, Illinois, presented by Mrs. Eleanor Gridley, Chicago, well known Lincoln author, was exhibited.

The Crunelle statue, which is of heroic size, is unlike most statues of Lincoln in that it represents him in the earlier period of life, in mid-manhood, before the cares and responsibilities of the presidency had left their impress upon him. Lincoln is represented in the dress of the period, with long flowing coat, and with hands behind his back clasping a roll of manuscript. The pose is that of one facing a great audience. The challenger of Douglas is about to speak and the expression of his face, while serious, indicates the utmost poise and confidence in self. It is the third notable statue of Illinois celebrities made by Mr. Crunelle, the others being his statue of Governor Richard Oglesby, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and that of Governor John M. Palmer at Springfield. Mr. Crunelle and his family were among the guests at the unveiling.

Among other prominent visitors besides the Wisconsin delegation, the speakers on the program, the exhibitors and representatives of historical societies and others mentioned were Dr. Louis A. Warren, Lincoln author and director of the Lincoln Research Foundation, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Emanuel Hertz, New York; Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, Kansas; Miss Jane E. Hamand, owner of the Ann Rutledge collection, Decatur, Illinois; Congressman William R. Johnson and Mrs. Wallace Lighthart, Freeport, whom as a little girl Lincoln had kissed when she presented him with a bouquet while he was going east to be inaugurated. Letters of congratulation were received from former Premier Herriott of France and from many Lincoln scholars, including Dr. William E. Barton and Miss Ida Tarbell. M. P. Rindlaub, ninety-three, of Platteville, Wisconsin, who reported the original debate for his papers, was present and wrote a press report of the unveiling, seventy-one years afterward.

The Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport was of outstanding historical significance, and may also be classed as the high water mark of "stump" debating in American history. Freeport is recognized as a landmark in American history, as set forth by President Roosevelt, as it was here that Lincoln



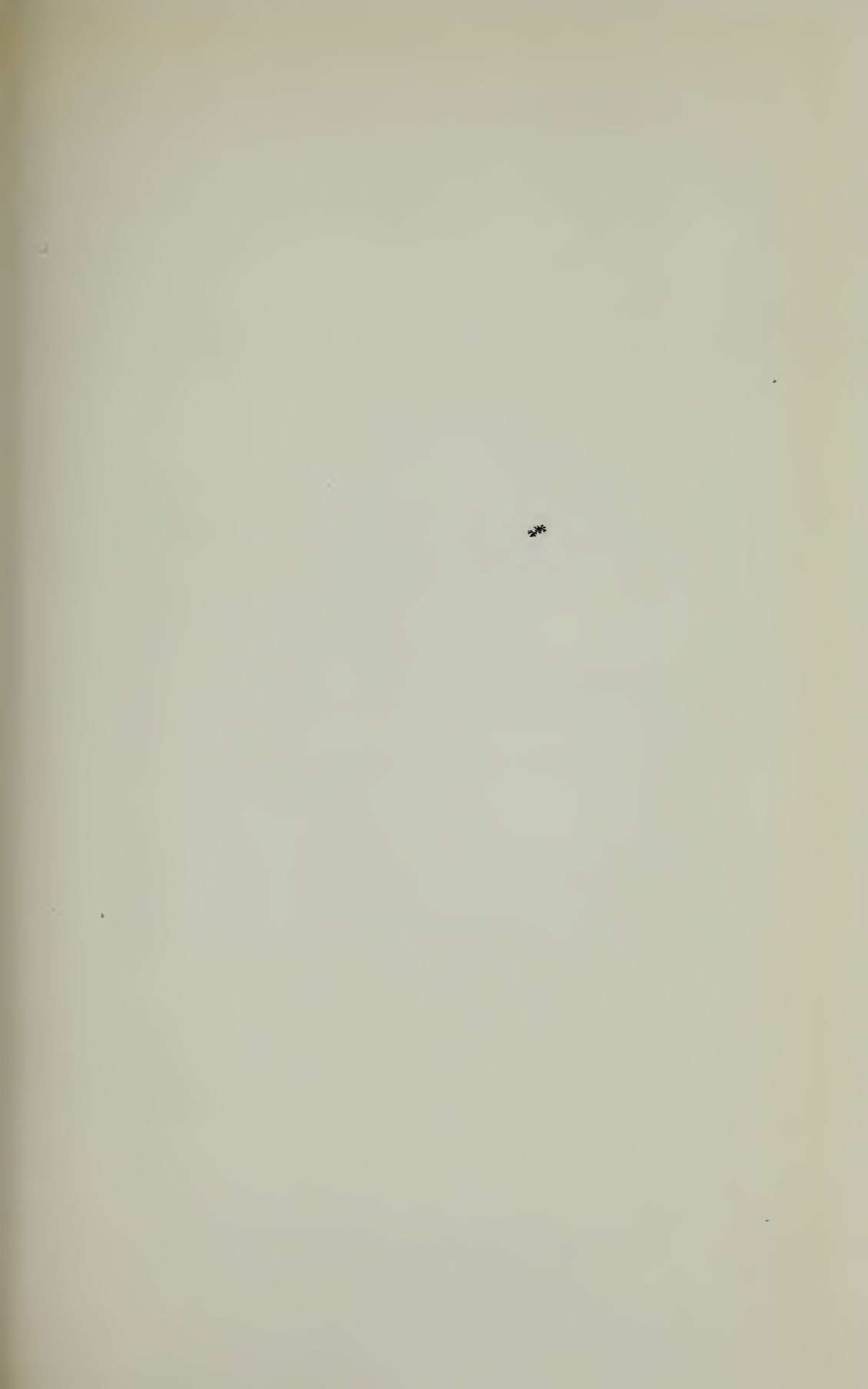
forced Douglas to take a stand on the slavery issue which split the Democratic party in 1860 and resulted in the election of Lincoln as the first Republican President. Among the seven joint debate cities Freeport thus has unique distinction. It was the second of the series of joint debates in the senatorial campaign of 1858. During this debate Lincoln propounded his now famous question that has become known in history as the "Freeport doctrine." Although the United States Supreme Court had just held in the Dred Scott case that slavery might enter the new territories without restrictions, Lincoln forced Douglas to renounce the theory and declare that slavery could be excluded in any territory through "unfriendly legislation." In a handbook distributed at the celebration, Fred L. Holmes, author of "Pilgrimages to Lincoln Haunts," says:

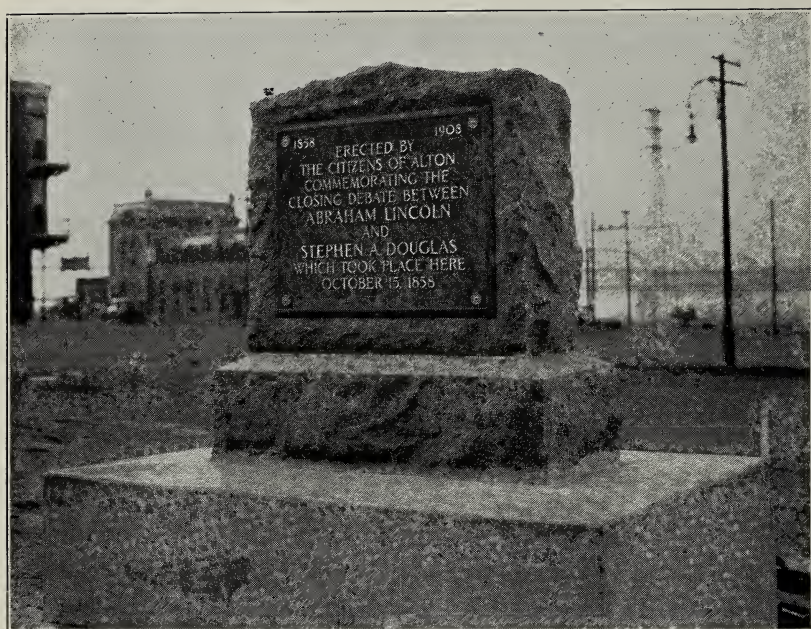
"Statesman and politician had clashed in reasoning. The purpose of Lincoln's question was to force Douglas to either renounce the Dred Scott decision that slavery could not be excluded from a territory, or to abandon his popular sovereignty doctrine that the people of a territory had the right to regulate their own affairs. No matter which answer he would make, the result would be damaging to the aspirations of Senator Douglas to become the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1860."

Of further and timely interest in connection with this subject, it may be here stated, is a brochure on the Freeport unveiling just published by Emanuel Hertz of New York, entitled "How Abraham Lincoln Immortalized the Freeport Debate."

It was a happy idea on the part of Mr. Rawleigh, donor of the statue, to bequeath such memorial to his city and townspeople. The many letters and messages of commendation received by him express appreciation of this fact and indicate the vitality of the Lincoln legend and the profound affection with which the memory of the Emancipator is preserved in the American heart.







Lincoln-Douglas Debate Marker, Alton, Illinois

## LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.\*

Anniversary Observed October 15, 1929. Alton, Illinois.

By W. D. ARMSTRONG, President,  
Madison County Historical Society.

An ideal autumn day caused some three thousand citizens to assemble, to rededicate and take part in the exercises. There were three bands in the parade, Municipal, High School and Recreation; twelve hundred school children from the Public and Parochial Schools were in line; also a large group of Boy Scouts who acted as patrolmen.

Among the audience were a few who heard the Debate in '58 and had seats of honor near the speakers' stand. One of them, Mr. Spencer Wyckoff, of Pasadena, California, came all the way to be present at the ceremonies.

The following program was carried out:

Band concert on Lincoln-Douglas Square, 1:30-2:15 o'clock.

Parade of schools, 2:30.

Invocation—Rev. H. M. Chittenden, Alton.

Address of welcome—Mr. Gaius Paddock, Moro.

Presentation of the Lincoln-Douglas marker to the City of Alton—Mr. W. D. Armstrong, President of the Madison County Historical Society.

Address of acceptance for the City of Alton and presentation to the State of Illinois—Hon. Thomas Butler, Mayor of the City of Alton.

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\* A Tablet commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the debate between Lincoln and Douglas, was placed on the City Hall, October 15, 1908. After the City Hall burned, April 22, 1924, the tablet was placed in the vault of the *Evening Telegraph*. Today, through the generosity of the citizens of Alton and the Madison County Historical Society, it is suitably and permanently restored on the Lincoln and Douglas square, on a red granite stone, near the exact place where the famous debate occurred.

Address of acceptance for the State of Illinois—Senator Norman G. Flagg, Moro.

“Star Spangled Banner.”

The committees in charge were:

Madison County Historical Society—W. D. Armstrong, President; Gaius Paddock, Vice-President; C. S. Gillespie, Secretary; Miss Laura Gonterman, Treasurer; Mrs. Annie C. W. Burton, Historian.

City of Alton—Hon. Thomas Butler, Mayor; members of the city council and city officials.

Reception and General Committee—Mr. Frank R. Milnor, Mr. J. W. Beall, citizens of Alton and members of Madison County Historical Society.

Program—Miss Laura Gonterman, Edwardsville; Hon. Norman G. Flagg, Moro; Mr. Gaius Paddock, Moro; Mr. C. S. Gillespie, Edwardsville.

Mr. W. T. Norton of Alton, in an article concerning the Lincoln-Douglas Debate in that city, on October 15, 1858, says: “The weather on the day of the debate was threatening in the morning, but pleasant in the afternoon, a typical Indian summer day. Lincoln and Douglas, who were rival candidates for the Senate, arrived from Quincy by steamer about daylight, and both took breakfast at the Alton House, on Front Street. After breakfast a committee of Republicans escorted Lincoln to the Franklin House, where he received his friends. Douglas held a reception at the same time at the Alton House.

The city was gaily decorated with flags and bunting and the banners of the two rival candidates. Many significant mottoes were displayed on the flags and banners.

The city was thronged with visitors, many delegations arriving on special trains on the railroads and by steamers from St. Louis. The delegation from the State Capital was escorted by the Springfield Cadets, a fine military company, and Merritt’s Band. This delegation included many State officials.



The speaker's platform was erected at the northeast corner of the city hall, Second and Market Streets. It was decorated with the national colors, but no partisan mottoes were permitted thereon.

Messrs. C. Steggleman and W. T. Miller were the committee to erect platform; B. F. Barry and William Post to superintend music and salutes; Hon. H. G. McPike and Dr. W. C. Quigley in charge of platform.

By agreement of the two parties, the reception of the two speakers was without parades or partisan demonstration, but the various delegations paraded the streets cheering enthusiastically for the two champions, now for Lincoln and then for Douglas.

At 2:00 o'clock, when the debate opened, a crowd of some five or six thousand surrounded the platform. Judge H. W. Billings, a Douglas Democrat, presided, by agreement of the two parties, and introduced the speakers.

Senator Douglas spoke first and was received with loud applause. His voice was shattered by much out-door speaking and he was heard with much difficulty. After Senator Douglas had spoken an hour, Mr. Lincoln was introduced and spoke an hour and a half. He received a tumultuous greeting.

Douglas made a half hour rejoinder and the debate closed, both parties claiming that their champion had won. The speeches were listened to with close attention and the telling points heartily cheered.

Political meetings addressed by noted speakers were held by both parties that evening, as well as the evening before, and drew large crowds.

Many newspaper men were present from abroad to report the debate. Among them were correspondents of the *St. Louis Republican*, *St. Louis Evening News*, the *Boston Traveller*, the *New York Evening Post*, *Chicago Times*, Hon. George T. Brown of the *Alton Courier* and John Fitch of the *Alton National Democrat*. Also Robert R. Hitt and Horace White of the *Chicago Tribune*, both of whom became distinguished national figures.

The noted men in attendance were many. Among them were ex-U. S. Senator David J. Baker and U. S. Senator Lyman Trumbull, both of Alton; ex-Governor John Reynolds of Belleville and ex-Governor J. A. Matteson of Springfield, Hon. Cyrus Edwards of Upper Alton, General Curran, Hon. O. M. Hatch and Hon. James Miller of Springfield, Hon. John M. Palmer of Carlinville, Hon. J. O. Norton of Joliet and many others.

Of the great leaders present that day in Alton, four became aspirants for the Presidency—Lincoln and Douglas in 1860, Trumbull in the Liberal convention of 1872, and General Palmer in 1896. Truly, great statesmen on that day walked these streets and held high converse with our people.”

October 15, 1929. Alton is commemorating today the Seventy-first anniversary of one of the most important debates held in this country. Other famous contests were held in previous times, particularly those during the Revolutionary and Civil wars. However, in those times the population was scattered and news traveled slowly, mostly by letter and eastern newspapers.

When Lincoln and Douglas debated the telegraph was in use, the railroads afforded a more rapid means of transportation, and the mail was more expeditiously handled; so, when these “two intellectual giants of the West” met in their seven debates, the State of Illinois had from 1,500,000 to 1,600,000 population, and from this contingent, all eager to hear the issues at stake, large audiences gathered at the several places where they occurred.

In the Alton debate the question of “the extension of slavery into national territory was practically settled.” Still, the nation had to pass through a civil war and her great Emancipator be assassinated before the final end was reached.

Mr. Lincoln, standing at the north-east corner of the city hall, and looking across the Mississippi River into Missouri, then a slave state, no doubt had in mind the turbulent scenes enacted close to that spot, when in 1837 Elijah P. Lovejoy

had been killed in defense of a free press and the abolition of slavery.

Since those days Alton has grown from 7,000 to 35,000 inhabitants. It has, with State aid, erected a monument to Elijah P. Lovejoy. Its industrial activities have advanced in a most conspicuous way and one might add, "It is a modern city, with every appointment of progress enjoyed by a great metropolis."

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ALTON, ILLINOIS, ON OCTOBER 15, 1929,  
AT THE UNVEILING OF MEMORIAL OF THE SEVENTH  
LINCOLN-DOUGLAS JOINT DEBATE.

By Norman G. Flagg.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mayor and Friends:

A Kentuckian and a Vermonter, two giant figures in our American history, occupy our thoughts this afternoon. Prior to this Alton debate these political rivals had met in joint debate in Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg and Quincy. Lincoln had issued the challenge, a seat in the U. S. Senate was at stake, and the extension of human slavery was the main theme.

Strangely enough the Kentuckian, sprung from Southern ancestry, was opposing the extension of slavery; and strangely again, the Vermonter, he of Yankee lineage, was opposing the abolition of slavery, and was even advocating its extension wherever public opinion sanctioned it.

In 1858 Senator Douglas had reached the zenith of his wonderful public career, and since the death of Clay, Calhoun and Webster was easily the most commanding figure in the National Congress. At this time Abraham Lincoln had won little national renown, but his star was slowly rising, soon to burst forth in transplendent brightness.

So unlike in many respects, these two giant figures also had much in common. Each was truly a self-made man, hav-



ing to depend on his own resources from earliest youth. Lincoln had reached Illinois at the age of twenty-one, with a meager education, and with no capital save his brains and his hands. Stephen A. Douglas had reached Illinois at the age of twenty, after an apprenticeship as a cabinet maker, and upon reaching Winchester, Scott County, had thirty-seven and one-half cents in his pocket. But within ten years thereafter, Douglas had become a prominent attorney, had served as State's attorney, as Register of the Springfield land-office under Van Buren, as a legislator and Congressman; and in 1847, at the age of thirty-four, took his seat in the U. S. Senate, there to remain until his untimely death in June, 1861. But the rise of Lincoln was slow, and prior to his elevation to the Presidency his public service had comprised a captaincy in the Black Hawk war, a small post-mastership, four terms in the Legislature and one term in Congress, and he had suffered numerous defeats at the polls.

And each of these men was a typical American and, as was well stated by your mayor, each was doubtless thoroughly sincere in his convictions. Furthermore, each was blessed with unusual ability to present his convictions to an interested public. Both Lincoln and Douglas loved the Union with patriotic fervor. Let us never forget that it was Douglas, in 1860, when the clouds of secession were gathering, who declared publicly that "Secession is a crime, and if secession prevails, the history of these United States is already written in the history of Mexico." Let us remember, too, that it was Douglas who, in his last illness in May, 1861, declared that "But one course is left for true patriots, and that is to sustain the Union, the Constitution, the Government and the Flag against all assailants."

Three weeks after this Alton debate the election was held. The Kentuckian won the popular vote by a majority of about 4,000, but in those days the legislative vote chose our United States Senators, and there the Vermonter won, the vote being Douglas 54 and Lincoln 46.



Lincoln, a private citizen, returned to his law practice, little dreaming what fate had in store for him in the succeeding six years. And Douglas, elected to a third term in the United States Senate, returned to the routine of his duties in Washington, little knowing that within two short years both he and Lincoln were to be the candidates of their respective parties for the Presidency. Truly, we should all view with deep satisfaction and pride the careers and successes of these two typical Americans; and until this granite block shall crumble into dust, and until such time as yonder beloved Mississippi shall cease its majestic flow to the gulf, until then, shall the memory of these two men endure in the hearts of their countrymen.

In passing, it may be pertinent to mention the extremely important part which our county and our city of Alton played in the awful struggle against human slavery. It was here in Madison County that Edward Coles put into actual practice the abolition of slavery, by granting papers of manumission to each of his slaves on July 4, 1819, and in the Court records in Edwardsville these historic documents are on file. A few years later it was Governor Edward Coles of Edwardsville who led the furious fight which succeeded in keeping Illinois in the free state column. Again, it was here in Alton in 1837 that the sad, sad tragedy of Lovejoy was enacted, when that brave figure was offered up as a human sacrifice in the crusade against slavery. From that tragic day on, the question of slavery became a national issue of the deepest importance.

It is a great disappointment to us all that the Governor cannot be present today, and no one regrets it so much as does he himself. For Governor Emmerson is a descendant of a pioneer Illinois family, he bears the name of Lincoln as his middle name, and he is deeply interested in just such occasions as this. Governor Emmerson, along with all patriotic and historically-minded citizens of this State, appreciates deeply the efforts of the Madison County Historical Society,

under the capable leadership of Prof. Armstrong, and of the citizens of Alton, Mr. Mayor, in placing on this historic spot this beautiful marker. Generations yet unborn cannot forget this event of seventy-one years ago, and this City of Alton honors itself in thus perpetuating in an authentic manner the exact location of the final Lincoln-Douglas debate.

And now, Mr. Mayor, speaking for the moment in behalf of the Chief Executive of this State, it gives me the greatest pleasure to accept, in formal fashion and in the name of all the citizens of Illinois, this splendid memorial.

## TABLET MARKS SITE OF FIRST CHURCH IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

At 10:30 A. M., Thursday, September 26, 1929, the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, unveiled a tablet placed on the Fifth street side of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank, marking the site of the first church in Springfield.

In Book E, page 235, in the Recorder's office of Sangamon County, is found this record: "Land entered by Pascal P. Enos, Old Town Plat, Lots 3 and 4, Block 1, Pascal P. Enos addition, deed to the M. E. church, October 10, 1831." This block of ground occupied one-quarter of a block, located on the southeast corner of Fifth and Monroe streets. It was not until the church had been dedicated that the deed was recorded.

The following is found in the records of the Abstract and Title Company of Sangamon County, Book E, page 235: "Land entered by Pascal P. Enos, old town plat, Lots 3, and 4, Block 1; Pascal P. Enos addition, deed to the M. E. church, October 10, 1831. A friendly suit to construe deed of October 10, 1831, October, 1872, to Dr. John Hardtner, November 1, 1883.

"N. 97, W. 63, Lot 4, to Franklin Life Building Company, May 28, 1891.

"To Franklin Life Company—May 30, 1905.

"To Franklin Ridgely—March 29, 1910.

"To Ridgely National Bank—March 31, 1910.

"To Ridgely-Farmers State Bank—February 1, 1919."

At the December meeting of the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, the following resolution was presented by the Preservation of Historic Spots Committee and adopted:

*“Resolved, That the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, mark the site of the first church in Springfield, known as the Methodist church, situated on Lot 4, Block 1, Pascal P. Enos addition, which is now occupied by the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank.”*

Permission to mark the site was granted to the Springfield Chapter by the Board of Directors of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank and its president, Edward D. Keys, at their meeting, February 13, 1929.

The tablet was made by the W. S. Tyler Company of Chicago and Cleveland. The inscription reads: “The site of the first church erected in Springfield in the summer of 1830, Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1929.”

The Committee on Preservation of Historic Spots includes: Miss Alta Mae Speulda, chairman; Mrs. William Brinton Chittenden, Mrs. Irene DeHaven Knox, Mrs. J. Ralph Tobin, Miss Georgia L. Osborne and Mrs. Mary Stuart Hall.

The following program was presented:

Assembly—Bugle, Boy Scouts of America.

Call to Order—Mrs. William Brinton Chittenden, Regent.

Invocation—Rev. H. W. McPherson, Pastor of First Methodist Church.

Salute to the Flag—Led by Mrs. Robert L. Conn, Chairman of the Flag Committee.

Introduction of Chairman—Mrs. William Brinton Chittenden.

Unveiling of Tablet—Master Noble Stockton, great-great-grandson of Charles R. Matheny.

Flag Bearers—American, Walter Campbell, Color-bearer of Waboose Chapter, Children of the American Revolution; sponsor, Mrs. J. Ralph Tobin. Illinois, Rodman Matheny, great-great-grandson of Charles R. Matheny; sponsor, Mrs. Mary Stuart Hall.

Presentation of Tablet to the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank—Miss Alta Mae Speulda.



Acceptance on behalf of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank—Mr. Edward D. Keys, President.

History of the First Church—Miss Georgia L. Osborne.

Greetings from the Sons of the American Revolution—Prof. A. R. Crook, President.

Benediction—Rev. H. W. McPherson.

Taps—Boy Scouts of America.

### ADDRESS AND INTRODUCTIONS.

MRS. WILLIAM BRINTON CHITTENDEN, Regent,  
Daughters of the American Revolution.

Our Pilgrim Sires crossed a trackless ocean to establish on these shores the Sanctuaries of Life, far from the ceremonies of Court and State, amid the untamed, unpeopled spaces. They build around the Home, the sanctuary of affections; the Schoolhouse, the sanctuary of learning; the Court-house, the sanctuary of law; the Church, the sanctuary of religion; the Ballot Box, the sanctuary of patriotism, a nation that has stood these many years, the acid test of peace and war.

The founders of this new experiment of government had learned well the lessons of history, recognizing that unless peace and justice were the cornerstone of this government, it would repeat the failures of the past. The Bible was not only their manual of devotions, but their political chart as well. Their religion constituted the woof and warp of their daily lives.

A fine and noble soul of the early church expressed a great truth when he said: "Man was made for God, and he is restless until he rests in God." Wherever we find man in his early beginnings, in the heart of a jungle or a part of the teeming millions of a modern city, we find that he is constantly in quest of God.

The public men of the day of our Pilgrim sires were equally under the sway of the Bible and their religion. Thomas Jefferson acknowledged that the germ of the "Declaration of Independence" was caught from the life of an obscure

preacher. Every great and honored statesman in the history of our country has been controlled by a high sense of God. The most solemn and brilliant pages in the lives of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and Lincoln, made their appeal to the people to remember that the greatest thought that can come to man is the thought of his responsibility to God.

And so the descendants of our Pilgrim fathers who trekked across the vast open spaces, the pioneer, as it were, they too build around the Home, the Schoolhouse, the Courthouse, and the Church, that they, too, might have the sanctuaries of life.

And so in keeping with the ideals of our National Society, namely: To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, their first objective being "the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments," we are gathered today. Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, having previously marked the site of the first home, school and courthouse, sanctuaries of life of the pioneers who came to this community, it is fitting that we too shall mark the site of the first church.

Our chairman, and her Committee of Preservation of Historic Spots, have done much research work in connection with these different sites. I wish to present Miss Alta Mae Speulda, who is not only our local chairman, but our State chairman, who will have charge of the program.

#### PROGRAM, INTRODUCTIONS AND SPEECHES.

The founders of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution have set forth very clearly in the Constitution of the Society, its great objectives. It is no accident that the first objective is stated thus: "To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots, and the erection of monuments." This is just one of our many activities. We now have marked the sites

of the first courthouse, the first home, the first school and now the first church in Springfield, that these may be indisputable facts of history to hand on to the coming generations.

Master Noble Stockton, great-great-grandson of the illustrious Charles R. Matheny, unveiled the tablet.

The Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, present this tablet of immortal bronze to the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank, to perpetuate the historic fact that the first church built in Springfield was located on this spot.

We are very happy that our most distinguished citizen and builder for the future, Mr. Edward D. Keys, has been restored to good health and is with us to accept this tablet. We thank him for the interest he has taken in our endeavor and that he has helped our dream to come true. It is an honor to have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Keys.

#### MR. KEYS' SPEECH.

I am pleased to be called upon by the representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution and other organizations, to have a small part in the placing of the tablet on the west side of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank Building, in memory of the first Methodist Church built on this lot in 1830, and which was for years the church home of this congregation.

The First Methodist Church building was the first church of this denomination built in this city and was finished in 1830. It is gratifying for me to be here today and see so many of my old and new friends and associates and to celebrate the occasion which is being made fitting in every way by the organizations in charge. I see some of the old citizens here today, whose memories undoubtedly run back to the time when they attended church in some of the buildings that stood on the lot. I hope some of the old residents will have a chance today to relate some of their memories about attending church in the building on this lot. I sometimes

attended church in one of the old buildings myself, and remember many of the people who were members of that congregation.

The officers and directors of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank are more than pleased to grant the request to place your tablet on their building, and they will endeavor to take as good care as possible of the tablet.

One of the greatest storehouses of historical wealth is in our midst, the State Historical Library, and presiding there as its librarian is one who is second to none in historic lore. It is indeed a privilege to have Miss Georgia L. Osborne to serve on our committee, and she will give us the history of the first church.

#### MISS OSBORNE'S SPEECH.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are today marking another historic spot in Springfield; the location or site of the First Methodist Church, now occupied by a stately building, the home of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank; or, as we think of it, the Ridgely-Keys Bank, both men being early, substantial bankers of Springfield and Illinois.

This church was organized by Rev. John Glanville in the home of Charles R. Matheny. Mr. Matheny (many of whose descendants are here today) was an early itinerant missionary of the Methodist Church, appointed for service in the Territory of Illinois, 1805. He served both in the Territorial and State General Assemblies. He came to Springfield in 1821 and was Sangamon County's first county clerk. He was also circuit clerk, recorder and probate judge for some years and later was president of the board of trustees of the village of Springfield. Services for this early Methodist Church were held in Mr. Matheny's home until 1830.

The first church building erected on this lot, the land being donated by Pascal P. Enos, was an oblong frame building. It was enlarged in 1842 by building transepts on both sides in the rear of the building, Dr. Jonathan Stamper then



being the pastor. The building became too small for the congregation and in 1852 it was removed and a brick building with a basement and a spire erected in its place. This building served the First Church congregation until 1885, when the present stone church was built on the corner of Fifth Street and Capitol Avenue at a cost of \$80,000.

From the days of the circuit rider until this date, organizations of this order have been important in the history of Illinois.

O pioneers of yesterday!  
Thy work so well begun,  
Be ours the task as years roll by  
To carry on! To carry on!

We regret very much the inability of His Excellency, Governor Louis L. Emmerson, to be present with us this morning. Unfortunately he has been called out of the city.

In all our endeavors we work hand in hand with the Sons of the American Revolution. We feel grateful to them for their moral support and cooperation. We will enjoy hearing a greeting from their president, Dr. A. R. Crook.

#### DR. CROOK'S SPEECH.

The Sons of the American Revolution has for its chief objects promotion of patriotism, love of country, respect for law.

The Sons, the Daughters, members of other patriotic organizations and thinking people generally realize that respect for law, true patriotism and religion go hand in hand.

That land is most fortunate where religion thrives.

And so the Sons rejoice in the occasion which celebrates the founding of the first church in Springfield.

If it had never started, nor any other, the city would be an undesirable place to live.

The Sons of the American Revolution congratulate the Daughters on the occasion and rejoice in the event which we celebrate.

Dr. McPherson dismissed the audience with the benediction, after which the Boy Scouts of America sounded taps.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are very grateful to the board of directors of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank for their hearty cooperation, and extend their thanks to Mr. Edward D. Keys, President of the Ridgely-Farmers State Bank, and Mr. Harry Ide, chairman of the building committee, for all they have done, their patience and cooperation, in making our endeavor a great success.

In the audience were three men who had reached the age of ninety years or more, and who distinctly remembered the old church building. They were Mr. James M. Garland, Mr. Emanuel F. Lomelino, and Mr. Talbot Earnest.





Lincoln Home



## STANDING GUARD AT THE LINCOLN HOME.

1865.

By C. J. GREENLEAF.

When signing the muster roll that made me a soldier of the Union Army, had I known that I should have been a member of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and that that regiment would have been one of the five that formed the famous Iron Brigade, I might have hesitated. For that regiment and brigade saw some pretty hard service. I think it is a matter of history that this regiment lost more men in the Battle of Gettysburg than any other Union regiment. I think history states that every man was either killed or wounded, not one escaping, and the dead numbered about eighty per cent. Of course the regiment was soon filled with new recruits, but it was never the same again.

It may have been owing to this severe service that we were sent to Camp Butler in the spring of '65. It was our duty while at this camp to guard some rebel prisoners, bounty jumpers, deserters and, in fact, the hard characters of both Armies. A chain guard was necessary and it required constant vigilance. The sergeant came in one morning and called my name and that of another soldier. Of course we came to our feet and saluted.

"You two men are to go into the city and report to ——"

"Take our guns?"

"No. Brush up the old uniform. That will do the business."

We reported to the office that he named and were sent to the Lincoln House. We were told to allow no one to enter, to answer all proper questions and remain till relieved.

While there a photographer came along and asked me if he could make a view of the house. I told him that I had no orders forbidding it, and he exposed a plate. I gave him one dollar and asked him to send me a picture to my camp address, and it soon came to hand. And this is the picture of which I send you a copy. I suppose I might add that I tried the back door of the wing entrance, and finding it unlocked I entered the sacred house. It looked as if the family had just left for a short time. I now believe that Mr. Lincoln was intending to return to Springfield for a rest as soon as he could get the business of the nation settled.

As a rule the property of others has never tempted me over much, but I confess that I never was so tempted to take some of the small articles lying on a desk that I am sure was Mr. Lincoln's own, as on that day. *But I did not do it.*

Hoping that the picture and this little account may be of interest to you and many others.

## FORGOTTEN STATESMEN OF ILLINOIS.

RICHARD F. ADAMS.

By FRANK E. STEVENS.

Along in the thirties, after the Black Hawk War had thoroughly advertised the Rock River country throughout the eastern states, Dixon's Ferry (now Dixon, in Lee county) became the cynosure of all eyes that began looking towards the Rock River country. The big migration that set in during the year 1835 pointed towards Dixon's Ferry. That place was headquarters for the Frink & Walker stage lines that went on to Galena and the lead mines country from Chicago. Here, better than in any other place, the emigrants could get their bearings and from this point they scattered to other points along and in the Rock River area. If a little ready money were needed to tide them over a perilous emergency, Dixon's Ferry afforded them the opportunity to make it. To reach Dixon the old stage road from Chicago was generally followed, and naturally relay stations were formed between Dixon and Chicago, the eastern terminal point. Inlet therefore became the first station out, a few miles southeast of Dixon's Ferry. Dixon, in point of scenery, ready money and useful information, had much to woo the undecided emigrant. But Inlet! And yet that same Inlet attracted along with its numbers of homeseeking breadwinners, many persons of wealth, as wealth went in those days, culture and refinement. The Inlet subdivision of what is now Lee county, although it comprised one-third of that county, was then largely an indefinable section of swamp land, under water the year round on the east, with a vast body of fertile land to the south and west. A long but narrow stream called Inlet then, but later Green River, flowed through it and a

magnificent body of timber named Inlet Grove joined the site of the little village, affording fuel enough, it was thought at the time, to last the inhabitants through to the end of the world.

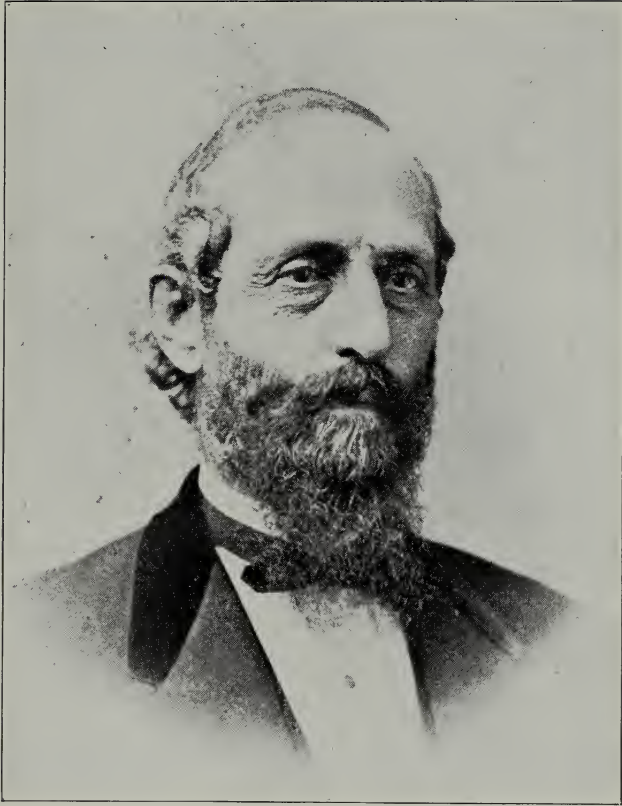
To us older people, who knew Inlet in its early years, it is not conceivable that beauty could have entered into one solitary feature of present life or future plan of the pioneer who selected it for a home, yet many cultured people from the eastern states settled there and built it up. The place prospered and its name became famous and so remained until the business hustler sought new locations and Inlet faded into oblivion. Even its name has been lost.

In its halcyon days Inlet not only attracted many of the best families, but as if piqued because so unpromising a country should prosper, an evil genius used the fastnesses of that forest as a shelter for a branch of the infamous Banditti of the Prairie. Indeed, Fox himself made some of his best raids on the people of Inlet. Like old Nauvoo, Inlet Grove was used as a hiding place for horses stolen by the outlaws, who later took them on to the lead mines to the northwest, where a ready market for cash always awaited the arrival of a horse. Once hidden in that impenetrable forest, the horse escaped detection except by the thief.

Dr. Richard F. Adams was fortunate in being introduced to the Inlet country and Lee county by a notable family named Ingals from Vermont, headed by Charles F. Ingals, who, on the organization of Lee county, was selected as one of the three county commissioners, indicating clearly enough his commanding position in the community. Mr. Ingals and Dr. Adams had known each other back in Cavendish, Vermont. Miss Deborah Ingals, a sister, with other members of the family came to another part of Illinois in 1834, but when C. F. Ingals, a bachelor, came out to Inlet a little later, Miss Deborah joined him to keep house for him.

Adams was born in 1812, presumably in Cavendish, and had graduated from a medical college in the east, and in midsummer of 1837 he appeared on the scene at the Ingals

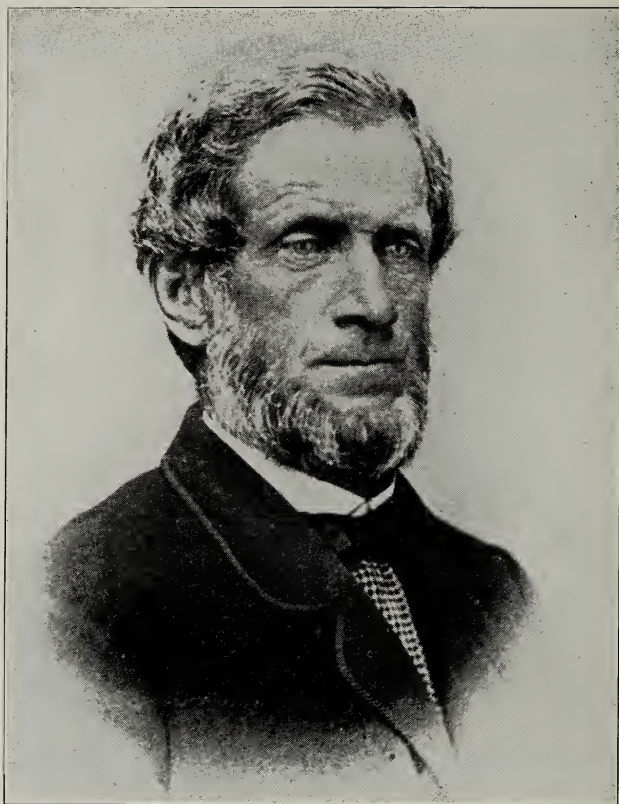




DR. RICHARD F. ADAMS







CHARLES FRANCIS INGALS



log cabin, five miles southeast of what is now Amboy. He was made welcome to a home in the family until at least he could find his bearings. In a letter still extant his arrival was regarded as almost providential. Says the letter: "One can imagine how gladly a regularly licensed physician would be welcomed in a community where sickness and death had made inroads, and when Dr. R. F. Adams arrived in 1837 to stay, the people breathed more freely."

In the summer of 1838 Mr. Ingals went back east to bring to Illinois his bride, and during that absence Dr. Adams ran the Ingals farm. There being no ready money in sight for the practicing physician just then, the doctor became a bit discouraged, so he held on to the present employment until October 12, 1838, when C. F. Ingals and bride returned to Inlet.

Perhaps his discouragement may have been accentuated more or less from the fact that during his stay at the Ingals cabin Dr. Adams became engaged to Miss Deborah Ingals; and never having farmed until he had tried his hand at the Ingals farm, he did not like it for the very good reason that he was a physician without farming experience, and so far, while he had all the medical practice there was to be had in central Lee county, he was receiving little or no payment for his work, relying almost entirely on Mr. Ingals for his living. Wherefore we are informed by a letter written by Mr. Ingals' bride that in view of his discouragement it was his intention as soon as married to go back to Vermont to practice and live. Meantime preparations were being made for the marriage and subsequent removal back east.

In February, 1839, the Ingals family were visited by an aunt and her son-in-law from Ottawa, Illinois. Informed of the proposed wedding, the aunt proposed that the wedding be performed in Ottawa at her home. But the trip then looked so formidable that the Ingals home was preferred and selected. A messenger was dispatched for Dixon, the county seat of Lee county, to secure the marriage license and a clergyman to perform the ceremony at the Ingals cabin, but

because of high water the messenger was unable to reach Dixon, and when he returned the Ottawa trip was decided on. In that same entertaining letter written by Mrs. Ingals the story of that perilous trip is pleasantly told: "Hasty preparations were made and the party of six started in horses and wagons for Ottawa. The only flouring mill in the country at that time was located at Dayton on the Fox River, just above Ottawa, and as a matter of prudence three or four sacks of wheat were loaded into the wagon and taken along. The snow was gone; frost, however, was not out of the ground as yet, which had kept the roads decently hard. About six miles travel brought them to the first creek to cross. It was swollen badly and the question arose, 'how shall it be crossed?' The Ottawa friends had a span of large, rangy horses, which were unhitched; the sacks of grain were placed on their backs and the horses swam across successfully. Then they were rehitched, taken back for the wagon, in which the entire party was ferried across without getting the least bit wet. The second team and wagon followed. One or two other streams were crossed in the same way, after which the aunt proposed changing seats with one of the Ingals party in the other wagon. The lot fell upon Mrs. Ingals, who rode on with the visitor son-in-law.

"It was probably the middle of the afternoon when the son-in-law said to the others: 'I will leave the road and strike across the prairie, which will be shorter and get us home to tell my wife to prepare for the company following.' The other team kept on the road. The fog, however, soon became so dense that we could see nothing at any distance. The wind was an uncertain guide. We rode on and on until night, with no indication of any human habitation. At length, finding we were only going round and round in a circle, we stopped, not knowing which way to go. There was a good moon, and though foggy it was not dark. An umbrella protected us from the mist and it was not cold. When morning came we could see where the sun rose, and starting again found ourselves but a short distance from the road and reached our

destination about 10:00 o'clock. The wedding came off the evening of the same day, and the adventure caused much merriment. We returned to our home in a few days. The newly wedded couple, Dr. Adams and Deborah Ingals, left us in March, 1839, for Hartland, Vermont, but returned after a time (that autumn) to Lee county."

It may be well to say at this point that the importance of Inlet village at that time was recognized by its location on the old Galena-Dixon-Chicago stage road, making the first stage stop out of Dixon. At Inlet a through road from Princeton intersected the Chicago stage route and from Ottawa on the south another state road for travel intersected the Dixon road at Inlet, making for those days a junction of considerable importance. In those days the importance of those state roads was regarded in the same light as the same number of railroads were regarded later.

On returning to Inlet in the autumn of 1839 Dr. Adams and his wife, who found themselves dissatisfied with Vermont life, stayed at the C. F. Ingals home until they had fitted up a claim adjoining on the north, making it habitable, and on to this claim they moved on January 1, 1840, and remained until they moved to Lee Center in 1847. But practicing medicine in those days while trying to farm did not make a happy partnership for Dr. Adams. Growing more or less nervous and dissatisfied, he opened an office in Ottawa and practiced medicine there for a short while. That did not pay, and so he moved his office to Dixon and tried it there. But Dixon afforded him no better field. People were sick with fever and ague right along, but with the scarcity of money the doctor was compelled to fall back on his farm for support, and so he remained on the farm. There Mrs. Adams died in 1842, leaving a son, Richard Otis Adams, whom at two years of age the father took east to his mother.\* In 1848 the country had reached a higher degree of prosperity and a rival town, named Lee Center, a short distance towards Dixon, appeared with a

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\* This son late in life settled in Deadwood, S. D., where he became prominent and wealthy.



brand new academy, and this one time noted seat of learning drew away from Inlet all of its commercial life. It must be said, however, that the people of Inlet had grown excessively tired of trying to live in dread of the banditti and were only too glad to go to Lee Center. In Lee Center he remained until 1854, when the Illinois Central Railroad appeared and made Amboy a rival of Lee Center. Amboy in turn humbled Lee Center just as it had humbled Inlet; the academy languished and finally died a commercial death, pathetic, but yielding to the inexorable law of transportation requirements and increased population.

The country had found itself. Dr. Adams, too, had found himself. He was a man and a surgeon of ability. He was popular with all. He was a fine looking man, erect in carriage, immaculate in dress, and during all his life he kept himself wonderfully young in appearance. He was fond of fun and he had a laugh that could be heard all over the block; it was a hearty, infectious laugh. He was popular, and as the country brought new citizens, Dr. Adams surrounded himself with a large following. In civic affairs the people grew to expect him to lead them and he did. For instance, in 1842 at the Fourth of July celebration held at the little school house in Inlet he was selected to be master of ceremonies and the orator of the day, and he gave a good account of himself in performing his duties.

He learned the trackless prairies of central Lee county as another would learn the path from home to the office. By night and by day he visited the sick, sometimes on horseback and later behind his fine team of black horses with white faces that came to be known by all. In the days when horse stealing was carried on by such desperate outlaws as surrounded Inlet Grove one might think that Dr. Adams would be waylaid at some of the many lonesome points and lose his team or his single horse. But Dr. Adams feared nothing. Instead of maintaining a discreet silence in those days, as he might and as some did, he became an active and outspoken member of the "Grove Association for the Protection of







DR. EPHRAIM INGALS

Claims, etc.," and upon one occasion when one of his own horses had been stolen he tracked the animal and the thief almost to Princeton; and while he missed the thief, he recovered his horse and brought it back to his home.

He attended church services with great regularity and when none were held at Inlet Grove we find him at the log school house on the south side of Palestine Grove, with Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ingals. After the services, as was customary, those who attended stopped just outside the door to visit, after the pioneer fashion of those days in the thirties and the forties, and in the story I have before me of those Sublette or Palestine Grove services Dr. Adams was called the life of the crowd.

Weddings in those days were few and far between, and everybody who could attended. On May 3, 1838, we find Dr. Adams at the wedding of Andrew Bainter and Jemima Doane, one of the very earliest weddings celebrated in Lee county.

In 1847 the "Academy" was built at the new town just then springing up and called Lee Center, because of its central locality, and even at that early date it harbored the thought that possibly its central locality might attract the seat of justice. But it never did. While Lee Center was booming Dr. Adams and Dr. Ephraim Ingals, who had joined him in the practice of medicine, built a beautiful little stone office there and they practiced together. This artistic building is still standing in Lee Center.

When on March 3, 1847, trustees were elected for "The Academy" we find that these fine old names appear as duly elected: Dr. R. F. Adams, Lewis Clapp, Luke Hitchcock, N. P. Swartwout, Martin Wright, Daniel Frost and Moses Crombie. Luke Hitchcock afterwards attained national fame and the other trustees became the leading citizens of Lee county.

Dr. Adams as a young man imbibed the prejudices against slavery in his old New England home and he brought them to Inlet with him. On his removal in 1854 to Amboy, a tremendous revulsion of feeling against Douglas was manifested in Illinois for his participation in the repeal of the Missouri

Compromise. It was especially pronounced in Lee county and in the anti-Douglas demonstrations Dr. Adams was conspicuous. For some time back he had manifested an interest in politics. Quite naturally it affected his practice, which was neglected more or less. In 1850, when the Compromise measures were passed and California was asking for admission as a state, Dr. Adams got the California fever and went to that state to seek his fortune in money and, it has been said, in politics. But gold was the predominating influence that took him thence. Just how long he remained is not known, but one thing is certain—he did not get rich, and his absence practically ruined his practice, and in 1854 we find him in Amboy, where his reputation helped him to build up a practice again.

In this year 1854 the doctor paid more attention to politics than usual. While the Whigs and affiliated nondescript partisans might have had a few local successes in the county, no one from that section obtained a state or national job. In 1858, however, when the Lincoln-Douglas campaign was attaining a national character, Adams was a conspicuous Lincoln man and jumped to the front in the district, then the tenth senatorial district. It was composed of Kane, DeKalb, Lee and Whiteside Counties, and when his name was presented to the convention as the candidate of the new republican party he was nominated and subsequently elected to the state senate, its first republican Senator.

Senator Adams did not take his seat on the first day of the session, Monday, January 3, 1859, but on Tuesday, the 4th, he answered to his name. His first vote was given for J. W. Shaffer of Stephenson county for secretary of the senate, but he found at once that his man Shaffer was up against a stone wall. The vote against him was 14 to 11, and so on down through all the officers of the Senate the vote was 14 to 11, the machinery being as well oiled then as we find it now.

When the appointments of committees were announced it was found that Senator Adams had been placed on Banks



and Corporations, Canal and Canal Lands, Elections, State Institutions, Buildings and Grounds, but he was not made chairman of any one of them.

But while on the subject of Senate officers he lost mechanically, he almost immediately struck a winning vote when an appropriation came up to print 20,000 of the governor's messages in the German language. The bill was ridiculed into a death by the offer of amendments to print as many more in French and Portuguese languages. Adams voted against the appropriation and it was beaten.

On January 5th at 2:00 o'clock p. m. the Senate proceeded to the House to join in convention for the election of a United States Senator; and upon the call of the roll Dr. Richard F. Adams was the first man to vote for Abraham Lincoln for United States Senator. The result of the vote, as is well known, was Douglas 54, Lincoln 46. On the next day he manifested his activities by introducing a bill, "An Act to amend an Act entitled, 'An Act to provide for a general system of railroad incorporations,' approved November 5, 1849." This bill was read a first time and ordered to a second reading when it was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

His next venture in the way of introducing measures was to introduce a petition of divers legal voters of Lee county, asking for the passage of a law authorizing the highway commissioners of each township to discontinue or to relocate certain state roads. This petition was signed by 2175 people, a considerable number for the time.

Another petition, duly signed by citizens of Whiteside county, praying for a removal of the county seat from Morrison to Sterling, was also introduced by him. Both of these petitions were referred.

In those days, instead of going into court as now to change a name, it was necessary to introduce and pass a bill to make the change. Several of such bills Adams introduced. The first of these bills was one asking to change the name of Lucy Jane Crandall to Lucy Jane Carey and to make her the heir of Joseph M. Carey and wife.

In those days the farmers were as conspicuous for better roads as they are this very day, and so we find the Senator introducing a bill to incorporate the Amboy and Shelburn Plank and Macadam Road. Another bill had for its object the licensing of a ferry at Prophetstown, and another to incorporate the town of Prophetstown.

By this time Morrison had found time to file a remonstrance against the possible removal of the county seat from Morrison to Sterling. This remonstrance was signed by 2247 people.

The following, one after the other, were bills introduced by Senator Adams:

To incorporate The Farmers Loan and Trust Company.

To incorporate the town of Dixon.

To remove the county seat from Dixon to Amboy.

To incorporate the Lee Center Union Graded School and Union District No. 1.

To regulate practice in LaSalle County.

After Amboy had found so healthy an opposition to the removal of the county seat from Dixon, the Senator had good nerve and recommended that the Amboy petition be rejected and Amboy immediately withdrew it.

The slavery question made the democrats wince, and after Lincoln's "house divided" speech an effort was made by Senator Higbee to offset its widespread influence by introducing the following resolution:

*"Resolved*, That the Democracy of Illinois repudiate the idea that the Union cannot continue to exist as their fathers made it, composed partly of slave and partly of free states, and regret the dogma that it must necessarily become 'all one thing or all the other—all slave or all free,' believing as they do that if the Constitution shall be maintained in its spirit and letter and its principles faithfully carried out, whereby each state and territory will be left 'perfectly free to form and regulate its domestic institutions in its own way,' the union of the states and the rights of the states will endure as

long as patriotism shall have a home in the hearts of the people, 'one and inseparable, now and forever!' "

How it smacks of squatter sovereignty and Douglas! The resolution was read. There was another clause about abhorrence, which Judd moved be expunged and it was by unanimous vote. But the resolution as quoted above, and as amended by Higbee, was passed in the Senate by the same old 14 to 11 vote.

On page 306 of the Senate Journal for the first session, Adams enters my home county and town to introduce a bill, "An Act approving and legalizing the construction of the Sycamore and Cortland Railroad company." Also bills incorporating the towns of Sycamore and Sandwich, all of which were passed later by the Senate.

He also introduced bills to incorporate the Sterling and Rock Island Railroad company and to incorporate the St. Charles Railroad company. He introduced another bill asking the amendment of the charter of the town of Sterling; a bill to incorporate the town of St. Charles.

While not chairman of any committee, Adams frequently reported bills out of committee in the absence of the chairman or for other reasons, one of which was to legalize the plat of Grand Detour that passed the Senate February 23rd. On the 24th the legislature adjourned and Senator Adams drew for his fifty-three days of service and 600 miles of travel the sum of \$155.

The second session of his four-year term convened January 7, 1861, and Governor Yates convened a special session April 15, 1861. Things had changed. Lincoln had been elected President and Illinois had gone republican, making the membership in the state senate thirteen republicans and ten democrats, with some independents, on the first day. At this time Adams found himself a Senator of importance. He nominated for secretary of the senate, Campbell W. Waite of Sycamore, while the democrats nominated E. S. Dennis of Clinton county, and Waite was elected. He also was made



chairman of the committees on Elections and on Enrolled Bills and a member of the committees on Banks and Corporations, State Institutions and Federal Relations, a new and important one. On January 8th he introduced his first bill, one asking for relief of Albany, in Whiteside county. The president of the Senate appointed him chairman of a committee to wait on the governor and inform him both houses were ready for business.

In the election for U. S. Senator that followed, Trumbull was re-elected over Samuel S. Marshall by 54 to 46, an exact reverse of the Douglas-Lincoln vote, Adams as before being the first to vote on the call of the roll. The important bill to be passed that session was the apportionment bill, of course.

Other bills that Adams was interested in were an Act to incorporate the Aurora Gas Light company of Aurora, in his district, and an Act amending the charter of the city of Dixon. Frequent resolutions about the secession move were introduced and generally they were passed.

An appeal from the state of Virginia, asking for a commission to consider the state of the nation, was sent to the Illinois legislature for action and at once the following men were named: Stephen T. Logan, John Wood, G. P. Koerner, B. C. Cook, Thomas J. Turner. But Koerner declined and John M. Palmer was appointed to his place. The meeting was to be held in Washington February 4, 1861. All compromise resolutions that were offered were tabled promptly.

Those were the days when Illinois legislators received two dollars per day and mileage, and when the Senator settled with the treasurer he received pay for forty-seven days and 700 miles, a total of \$159. The session adjourned February 22.

Governor Yates called the special session to meet at the capital on April 23rd and Senator Adams went to the capital promptly. Almost the first subject to be considered was to invite Senator Douglas to speak before the legislature, and this the senator did, and he made one of the outstanding



speeches of all time on the 25th of April. The next day he was thanked by unanimous vote of the legislature for his supreme effort. Five thousand copies of the speech were ordered printed. Appropriations were made to cover all the expenses needed for the enlistment of the Illinois quota for Lincoln's call for 75,000 men. The need for a military code for Illinois to be named the War Fund received almost the undivided attention of the legislature. To repel invasion was the demand of the senators and members and repel it speedily, but at last Senator Adams could wait no longer and he introduced the resolution that did the business. This famous resolution was as follows:

*“Preamble and Resolution: Whereas, Several states of the Union are in open rebellion against the Federal Government and are bidding defiance to the constituted authorities; and*

*“Whereas, By proclamation of the President of the United States, dated April 15, 1861, calling for 75,000 volunteers, the state of Illinois is required to furnish six regiments for immediate service; and*

*“Whereas, The governor of the state of Illinois did by his proclamation dated April 15, 1861, convene this General Assembly in extraordinary session on the 23rd day of April, 1861, for the legitimate and extraordinary purpose therein specified, viz: ‘The more perfect organization and equipment of the militia of this state, and placing the same upon the best footing and to render efficient assistance to the general government in preserving the Union, enforcing the laws and protecting the property and rights of the people; also to raising such money and other means as may be required to carry out the foregoing objects, and also to provide for the expenses of such session.’ And*

*“Whereas, This Senate, which is a component part of this General Assembly of the state of Illinois, has been in session eight days without accomplishing the objects for which it was convened; therefore, be it*

“*Resolved*, That it is the imperative duty of every senator to respond quickly and promptly and discharge the duties for which we are now convened in extraordinary session, return to our constituents, prepare ourselves for the conflict, enlist in the service of our country and pledge each to the other, for the cause of our common country and our flag, ‘our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.’ ”

While this resolution did not pass the legislature, no more time was lost. Evidently its members dared no longer procrastinate. After making all the provisions demanded by Governor Yates, the legislature adjourned Friday, May 3, 1861, and that ended Senator Adams’ political life. For his eleven days session and 500 miles travel he received \$72.

He returned to his Amboy home and his practice, but so many absences and a disposition to desire change diminished his income and about 1876 he went to Denver, Colorado, to enter the mining business. In the year 1895 he died at Denver of apoplexy at the age of eighty-three years.

After the death of his first wife he married Elizabeth M. Osgood, a Lee County lady, who died and was buried in the Lee Center cemetery beside his first wife. Later he married Ella A. Long, by whom in 1876 he had one son, R. Francis Adams of Manila, Philippine Islands. She died about 1878. Still later he married Gussie Rogers, about 1882 or 1883, from whom he was divorced.

He was buried in the Lee Center cemetery beside his first two wives.

It is said of him that he was a remarkably good physician, but that he was constantly neglecting his practice for other affairs. I am told that he was very active in politics before entering the state senate; that he had a sharp tongue that could lash another to shreds if once he broke loose. He swore like a trooper and was a radical in his disposition. But nevertheless he enjoyed a large following.

With his departure for Denver he left Illinois behind forever, giving it no thought whatever. He is so far forgotten that the present generation must be told in order to learn that he ever lived in Lee county. And yet he filled an important place in every walk of life in Illinois.

Letter written February 1, 1926, by George A. Lyman, for seventy years a resident of Lee county, but since deceased, will in a brief way throw more light on Dr. Adams than any other set of words I might employ:

“My dear friend: I knew Dr. R. F. Adams — ‘Doc Adams,’ as he was called—as far back as 1856. He was an old settler in Lee county and a very prominent man; of much force of character, bluff and ready; a fine stump speaker and a strong republican who took an active part in forming that party in Illinois in 1856. I remember him well as a strong, active figure in those days.

“Dr. Adams and his brother-in-law took up land on the east end of Palestine Grove, about four miles directly south of Lee Center. There they built residences and farm buildings and continued to reside for quite a long time, and from that point Dr. Adams continued his practice. In 1854 he adopted Amboy as his home.

“He was a man of strong character, frank and open in his intercourse with people; decided and honest in his convictions, social and friendly. He was opposed to slavery, but not an abolitionist, respecting the rights of the slaveholder under the Constitution, but strongly opposed to the spread of slavery under any conditions. Therefore he supported Clay in 1844 and Taylor in 1848. With the breaking up of the whig party after the election in 1852, he was among the first in Illinois for the organization of anti-slavery party, opposed to abolitionism, and in 1854 he joined the anti-slavery whigs, democrats, free soilers and others in organizing the republican party. He was a ready speaker, positive

in his convictions, radical rather than conservative, and popular among all classes.

“He was a member of the state convention that met to organize the republican party in Illinois; no man manifested more interest in political affairs than he.

“No man at the time did more work unselfishly for the upbuilding of society and national politics than Dr. Richard F. Adams.

“Fraternally,

“GEORGE A. LYMAN.”



## A TOWNSHIP PAGEANTS ITS PROGRESS.

By FRED S. NICHOLS.

In the village of Table Grove, "beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole countryside," was celebrated September 25 and 26, 1929, the one hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of Farmers Township, Fulton County, Illinois. And in the reverent and buoyant spirit of the entire celebration the heart of the township reflected the ascending journey of Browning:

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be."

The centennial celebration was of two days' duration. While there were home-grown and imported amusements of considerable variety, it is heartening to know that the place of greatest and most sustained interest was the historic emphasis. This historic aspect was featured around three interests—addresses, the museum, and the parade.

Hon. Oscar Carlstrom, Attorney General of Illinois, was the principal speaker of the first day. His address was in general terms of historic appreciation and some specific statements of the State service to local communities. The chief speaker on the second day was John H. Hauberg of Rock Island, Illinois. Very few men have done more to popularize local history study than has Mr. Hauberg. He hails from the writer's boyhood home, a community relatively rich in historic lore. But no child in the writer's school days had such easy and abundant access to the historic possessions clustering around the Father of Waters at this point as the child of today, and principally due to the able, authentic, and interesting work of Mr. Hauberg.

In his address at the celebration Mr. Hauberg spoke upon the part played by some tribes of Indians of Illinois in the Revolutionary War. This was an undiscovered page of our history to most of the vast audience that day. The presentation showed careful research, and was delivered in such a humanly interesting manner that the long row of bleachers across from the speakers' stand lost scarcely an occupant from first to last. The citizens, born and reared in this commonwealth felt that after all not all the destiny of this country in the early days depended upon the Atlantic seaboard. Furthermore, a juster estimate of some elements of Indian life and character was derived.

To lend a little local color to the occasion, the writer recited a few things from the early pages of the township. These facts were obtained from a few documents accessible in the community and from the conversations with the older people, whose parents were among the first settlers. It was interesting to observe how, as plans for this celebration progressed, the older of the surviving citizens would congregate and release serious and amusing incidents long hidden in the corners of memory.

John Barker has the distinction of being the first settler of Farmers Township. In 1819 this pioneer came from Ohio to Ft. Clark, the present site of the city of Peoria. John for some time operated the first ferry across the Illinois River at this point. In 1829, after living two years in Totten's Prairie, Cass Township, he came to the region known afterwards as Farmers Township. To the name Farmers is ascribed two origins. One version runs as follows: In the year previous to the organization of the township, which was 1850, the farmers of this community had produced more grain than the farmers of the surrounding communities. As a result the relative merits of the names Wheatland and Farmers was vigorously debated. The name Farmers carried the day. Another version is this, quoting an old pioneer: "Every person livin' here was a farmer, and we called the votin'

precinct Farmers Precinct; and when the township was organized we jist let it be the same."

To revert to John Barker. When John brought his family to this section the nearest neighbors were the Tottens of Cass Township, nine miles away. John, Jr., father of Smith and Frank Barker, who still live in this township, was ten years old when his father moved here. Years afterward he would tell his children of how he slept in the old Indian wigwam, and of how he remembered seeing his father break the prairie with the old ox team. The several acres of sod corn raised the first year was practically all destroyed by wild hogs.

In these days of such constant and rapid changes of farm property, and of such a tendency to rent the land, it is interesting to note that a John Barker, great-grandson of the original John Barker, lives on the farm that has been in the possession of the family one hundred and ten years. John Barker, the first settler, had been a soldier in the War of 1812. In 1819 he was given a land grant to this farm, which is in the section of Illinois known as the Military Tract. This was ten years before he went to live upon his claim. During the same year of 1819 he bought from another soldier a nearby farm. It is upon this farm that the present John lives. Both deeds or grants, signed by President Monroe, are still in possession of the family. For the second farm, the one that was bought, seventy-five dollars was paid for the entire quarter section. John Barker was also a soldier in the Black Hawk War.

Others of the early settlers were recalled on this day. Among them was the old country doctor of the old school, Old Dr. Portlock. Like Dr. Maclue in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, "he githered mair love than ony mon in the glen." He rode the old sorrel through the storms and heat of many years to look after his patients, to him always friends, and very warm ones at that. The doctor was a versatile fellow, dabbling in mathematics, surveying and astronomy. He lived in the open country, of course, and a farmer now in posses-

sion of the doctor's old home place has fallen heir to some of these old books on mathematics and surveying.

A few items of interest were read from the Journal of Uncle Billie Miner. This is a journal of expense, which he began keeping in 1838. Uncle Billie's father, John Miner, was the first minister in the township. He preached for the Baptists, who organized in 1835. A few logs used in the first church building, that served also for a schoolhouse, have been used in a nearby barn.

The first log cabin to be used exclusively for a school was erected in 1833. Miss Eleanor Rutledge, who later became Mrs. John Barker, was the first teacher.

A very personal and human touch was added to the occasion by the presence of a large number of descendants of the first settlers, descendants who still live in the village or on the farms. Among these are the descendants of the first settler, the first minister, and the first school teacher. A large number of the children and grandchildren of those who came here in the '30's are living in the community. Among the very earliest, following John Barker, were the Walters, the Harris, and the Miner families. A roll was called of the people living in the township for over seventy years. There are about a dozen such.

The museum, placed in one of the vacant store buildings, was the center of much interest on both days. The ever recurring remark was: "Why, I didn't know there were so many old, interesting things in this section of the country." Here were old books, pondered over in those days of so little reading material. What thumb-marked almanacs, those of 1851 and 1853! Old dishes were there in abundance, if not in variety. The old pioneers had a touch of the aesthetic, for here were two vases in the family over seventy-five years ago. Old grandmothers brought childhood wearing apparel and trinkets of the long ago. Here was a hickory cane used on these hills over ninety years ago. Many rifles told their silent stories of wild game and Indian experiences. Spinning wheels were mute reminders of the busy housewife as she



toiled for her family, dreamed of the future, and remembered childhood's days "back east." The grain cradle told our farmer boys the old ways of the harvest days. The tin lantern and the reaping hook were the first many of our people had seen. The arithmetic of 1850 made it clearer why the loitering lad sometimes preferred the rod.

And so the list could be continued. The significant thing about it all was this: The pioneer days of this particular community were made to live in a pictorial way before the eyes of the present generation. We saw the weapons that killed the game for food supply; the implements that prepared the soil and gathered the harvests; the methods of preparing foodstuffs and clothing; the meager literature in books and almanacs, and the dim lighting system by which the reading was done; the homely pictures that hung on the crude walls; the cradles that rocked the children; the axes that cleared the forests; the toys that entertained the isolated children—all this made the history of Farmers Township a reality. There was a wholesome family pride in bringing out these old family relics. A new sense of family values and family solidarity and unity was awakened, and a feeling that some contribution was being made to the spirit of a fine community life.

But perhaps the most unique and significant feature of the celebration was the "Pageant of Progress" parade. This parade was divided into six sections: Section VI, miscellaneous; V, decorated autos; IV, commercial floats; III, churches, lodges, organizations; II, country schools. Section I represented the old days more in detail. The cooperation of all the forces in the village and countryside was all that could be desired. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether this community has ever experienced such unanimous cooperation. It was a big and worthy conception that appealed to the loyal affection of the people. Many of the floats were original and beautiful, a credit to a large city, but displayed in this town of six hundred people. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, whose Beardstown division superintend-

ent, Mr. Wade Haist, was raised here, sent two miniature trains—a freight and passenger—for the parade.

The historical interest centered around Section I. This feature was turned over to the Community High School. The teachers and pupils must have ransacked every house and barn in the entire township for the equipment displayed in this parade. A brief description will help to visualize the scene. First came the Land-seekers on foot, appropriately accoutered historically in apparels and weapons. Following were the early settlers on horseback. The old time cart had its place. An Abraham Lincoln looking country lad manipulated a raft-boat down an imaginary stream, presumably the Spoon River in this instance. The prairie schooner, with its populous family and inevitable accompanying animals, was next in order. The Circuit Rider, with his saddle-bags, rode the old faithful horse, pondering the while some book or text. Along with him was the Old Doctor, the family doctor, for whose return even the medical profession pleads. Tears could well come to the eyes of the old settlers as they recalled the beloved Dr. Portlock and his faithful old sorrel. Taking the Grist to Mill awakened intimate memories, for some seven miles away is the aged and decrepit Bernadotte, in the early days one of the most famous milling centers in this whole section of the country. The old decaying mill still stands, a lonely survivor since the wooden dam went out some years ago in flood tide. Along in order came a whole catalogue of vehicles: "Ye Olde Democrate," the Buckboard, the New (at that time) Buggy, the stylish Sulky, the fine Carriage. Old Grandma came by riding sidesaddle, followed by the modern Grandma as she rides today. The old high wheel bicycle attracted unusual attention. One of the children seeing it before the parade shouted, "Gee, I bet it will be the best thing in the parade." What a contrast it was to the modern bicycle! It was impossible to find anyone in the entire community brave enough, or foolhardy enough, to ride the dangerous steed. After a late night practice the writer relinquished the ambition, believing in "safety first," and

not desiring to contribute both comedy and tragedy to so noble an event. The tall animal was led, to the amusement of the curious multitude. The first auto in this section showed in a most graphic way the change in this construction in a comparatively few years. Riding in this was the owner, an octogenarian, who bought the car twenty-seven years ago.

A log school house was transported from the timber a few miles distant. The children occupying this during the parade seemed to sense the unusual privilege accorded them. They preferred this to the modern school which followed them. An old time family with its multitudinous offspring sardined in the wagon bed was followed by the modern family in a big, luxurious limousine, the father and mother in front and a lone child in the spacious back seat. The contrast had an amused response. The float containing three old ladies spinning, knitting, and weaving was so realistic of pioneer days that to see it was to be filled with deeply appreciative emotion. The last of this historic feature in the parade was a Style Show Group, in which two dozen or more girls from the high school walked along in the garb of the early days. Bonnets and dresses dating back to the early years of the last century contrasted in an amusing picturesqueness with adornments of the modern flappers who followed. Any adequate description is beyond the writer's resources.

Several by-products of this celebration are worthy of comment. The interest created in history, especially in its local phases (and this is the basis of larger historical appreciation), justified the labor and expense of the event. The Community High School and all the adjacent district schools participated with enthusiasm. The pupils, under the direction of the instructors, searched the countryside for dress materials, relics, and vehicles. Through this project method a wholesome patriotism was inspired. It gave a vivid consciousness of the part this community has played in the material and cultural expansion of American Life. A wholesome respect for the past was renewed. Ancestor worship is not in the American creed, nor should there be an unintel-

ligent idealization of the past. But it will make for a truer patriotism and a finer humanity to recognize appreciatively the heroic struggles, the sacrificial living, and the sustaining religion of so many of our pioneers.

This celebration was of inestimable value as a unifying force. Village and country, business men and professional, the schools of village and country, old settlers and newcomers, youth and old age—all were made to feel a common interest and enthusiasm. The township was made to mean more than a political unit; it was a community in the truest sense. The fine spirit of the occasion is being carried on by the moving pictures of the celebration taken by two of the local men, pictures that will be shown to the schools over the township. The celebration should give to the community a forward look, not only in material progress, but in a constructive idealism, made effective by a dynamic unity as symbolized by the float of the new Community Church with its sentiment “that they may all be one.”



## ILLINOIS COLLEGE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Illinois College was celebrated in Jacksonville on October 12-15, 1929. It was a notable event in all respects and very successfully carried out in every detail, having ideal October weather for all events. On Saturday, October 12th, a Centennial Historical Parade started from the college campus at 10:30 A. M. There were many historical floats in the procession and it made an impressive and spectacular sight as it wound through the principal streets of Jacksonville. At 2:00 P. M. there was a Homecoming Football game between Illinois College and Monmouth College on the Athletic Field of the College Campus, ending in the victory of Monmouth College. The "I" Club Banquet was given in the gymnasium at 5:00 P. M., Clayton J. Barber of the Class of 1901, toastmaster. The first day of the celebration ended by the presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," presented by the Illinois College Dramatic Club, Woodland Stage, College Campus, 7:30 P. M., under the direction of John Griffith Ames, Director, assisted by Mrs. Perry Paul Thompson. Following the play, a homecoming dance was enjoyed by many in the gymnasium on the College Campus.

Sunday, October 13th, there was public worship in the Convocation tent at 10:45 A. M. The invocation was given by Rev. Myron Lee Pontius, D. D. Then came the singing of the Doxology, followed by the anthem, "Praise Ye the Father," by the College Glee Clubs, directed by William Z. Fletcher, B. Mus. This was followed by the reading of the Scripture by the Rev. Joseph R. Harker, '88, A. M., Ph. D., LL.D., president emeritus, Illinois Woman's College; prayer by the Rev. Andrew Kerr Rule, A. M., B. D., Ph. D., Presby-

terian Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky; solo, "Hear Ye Israel," from the Elijah of Mendelssohn, by Helen Brown Read, Helen Ayers Bullard, accompanist; the Centennial sermon, by Dr. Fred B. Smith, LL.D., Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Church, on "Fruits of Religion." The sermon was followed by the hymn, "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past." The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Archibald K. Byrns, A. B., S. T. B., D. D.

In the afternoon at 2:00 P. M. wreaths were placed on the graves of the founders of Illinois College—John Millot Ellis, Julian Monson Sturtevant, William Kirby and Mason Grosvenor—in Diamond Grove Cemetery. At 3:00 P. M. the dedication of the Tanner Memorial Library took place on the College Campus. A group of songs was given by the Sangamo Male Octet of Springfield, under the direction of R. Albert Guest. Sentences of Wisdom were read in unison, followed by the hymn, "Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve." The dedicatory address, "Adventures with Books," was given by Edgar Johnston Goodspeed, B. D., D. D., LL.D., professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek; chairman of the Department of New Testament and Early Christian Literature, University of Chicago. An account of the memorials in the new library was given by Charles Henry Rammelkamp, Ph. D., President of Illinois College. This was followed by the dedicatory service; the dedicatory prayer, by the Rev. Thomas William Smith, '88, A. M., D. D., Hibbing, Minnesota; presentation of the Keys of the Library to President Rammelkamp by Denison Bingham Hull, A. B., M. Arch., architect, Chicago, and opening and inspection of the Library. From 5:30 to 8:00 P. M. Open House was tendered to all guests and friends by the Directors of the David A. Smith House.

On Monday, October 14th, at 10:00 A. M., educational addresses were given in the Jones Memorial Chapel on the College Campus, Charles Henry Rammelkamp, Ph. D., presi-

dent of Illinois College, presiding. The following addresses were given:

"Educational Leadership," by Alexander Meiklejohn, A. M., Ph. D., LL.D., chairman of the Experimental College, The University of Wisconsin.

"The College Man in Public Service," by the Hon. Morton D. Hull, A. B., LL.B., Chicago.

"The College Man in Business," by the Hon. William R. Dawes, A. B., Chicago.

A complimentary luncheon to official delegates by the directors of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce was given at the New Dunlap Hotel at 12:30 P. M.

At 2:30 P. M. the following educational addresses were given in Jones Memorial Chapel, College Campus, John Griffith Ames, B. Litt., presiding:

"The College and the Humanities," by Edward Capps, '87, Ph. D., Litt. D., L. H. D., LL.D., professor of classics, Princeton University.

"The College and the Sciences," by Livingston Farrand, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., L. H. D., LL.D., president of Cornell University.

At 6:30 P. M. a banquet of the alumni of Illinois College was held at the Illinois School for the Deaf. The invocation was given by James M. Duer, '95, D. D., Clinton, Iowa. The address of welcome and introduction of the toastmaster, John M. Phillips, '12, S. T. B., A. M., Akron, Ohio, was made by George Edwin Baxter, '96, M. D., A. M., Chicago, president of the Alumni Association. Responses and greetings were given by:

Frederick C. Tanner, '98, LL.B., New York City.

George Reeves Throop, Ph. D., LL.D., Chancellor, Washington University.

Ruth Fairbank, '11, M. D., Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

Arthur D. Black, A. M., M. D., D. D. S., D. Sc., Chicago.

Edward Capps, '87, Ph. D., L. H. D., Litt. D., LL.D., Princeton University.

George H. Wilson, '88, A. M., Quincy.

Melville T. Kennedy, '04, A. M., D. D., Urbana.

There was also at 7:00 P. M. a banquet of the alumnae of the Jacksonville Female Academy, Athenaeum and Conservatory of Music at the Colonial Inn. Mrs. Sarajane Mathews Brown, Conservatory, '98, was toastmistress. Responses were given by:

Mrs. Frances McCoy Brown, Conservatory, '78.

Mrs. Lois Baptiste Harsch, Conservatory, '09, Peoria.

Mrs. Cornelia Sanders Elliott, Athenaeum, '71.

Mrs. Lucinda Gallaher Kirby, Athenaeum, '72.

Miss Georgia L. Osborne, Athenaeum, '77, Springfield.

Mrs. Cornelia Mitchell Barden, Jacksonville Female Academy, '68, Galesburg.

Miss Grace Carter, Conservatory, '89, Jacksonville Female Academy, '90.

Miss Effie Epler, Jacksonville Female Academy, '73.

Mrs. Ida Scott Taylor McKinney, Jacksonville Female Academy, '74, Los Angeles.

On Tuesday, October 15th, there was an academic procession of delegates, official guests, trustees and faculty, from Westminster Church to the College Campus at 9:15 A. M. This made an imposing picture, with all delegates in cap and gown with their various insignia of office. The procession was as follows:

Chief Marshal, Earl Brenneman Miller, A. M.

Assistant Marshals, William Thomas Harmon, '07, A. M., Herman John Stratton, Ph. D.

Order of Procession:

Heralds.

State Hospital Band.

Chief Marshal.

The President of Yale University and the President of Illinois College.

Their Excellencies, the Governor of Illinois and former Governor of Illinois.



Representatives of State Departments of the State of Illinois.

His Honor, the Mayor of the City of Jacksonville.

Distinguished Speakers and Candidates for Honorary Degrees.

Delegates of American Universities and Colleges.

Delegates of Theological Seminaries.

Delegates of Learned Societies and other Distinguished Guests.

Representatives of the State Institutions.

Representatives of the Board of Education and the Public Schools of the City.

Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce.

Representatives of the Churches of the City.

Representatives of the Legal and Medical Societies of the City.

The Trustees of the College.

The Faculty of the College.

This impressive procession wound its way to the College Campus, which was never more beautiful, with the sunshine shining through the magnificent old elm and oak trees, all in their autumnal beauty. The address of welcome, greetings and centennial address were all given in the Convocation tent at 10:00 A. M. The following program was given:

Invocation, by the Rev. Clarence P. McClelland, A. B., S. T. D., D. D., President of Illinois Woman's College.

Chorus, "Land of Hope and Glory," by the College Glee Clubs, directed by William Z. Fletcher, B. Mus.

Address of Welcome, by Charles Henry Rammelkamp, Ph. D., President of Illinois College.

Greetings:

On Behalf of the Alumni—Dr. George Edwin Baxter, '96, A. M., M. D., Chicago.

On Behalf of the Colleges of Liberal Arts of the United States—Donald John Cowling, Ph. D., D. D., LL.D., President of Carleton College.

On Behalf of the Universities of the United States—  
David Kinley, Ph. D., LL.D., President of the University of  
Illinois.

On Behalf of the Church—Harry M. Gage, A. M., D. D.,  
LL.D., President of Coe College and Representative of the  
Board of Christian Education, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

On Behalf of the State of Illinois—His Excellency, Louis  
L. Emmerson, Governor of Illinois.

Centennial hymn. (Tune, "Autumn.") Written by Wil-  
liam D. MacClintock, A. M., Acting Professor of English,  
Illinois College.

Lo! a mighty host is gathered,  
All their earthly cares behind,  
Watching us from starry ramparts—  
Wise forefathers of the mind.  
Here they digged a well of water,  
Here unwound gray wisdom's scroll,  
Here they lit the torch of learning,  
Passed it on from soul to soul.

Heart of mine, that shares the treasure,  
Left by learners gone before,  
What avails their toil and service—  
I unworthy, dull and poor?  
Here I rise and sing my pean—  
God and love and truth on earth!  
Seize, my soul, all learning's wonder,  
Bring thy powers all to birth!

Far I see in years by hundreds,  
Men and maidens gathered here;  
Truth their toil and joy their guerdon,  
High hearts brave for each new year.  
Illinois, thy years may whiten,  
Under God's expanding blue,  
But thy task will grow forever—  
Teach the kingdom of the true.

The centennial address, "The Contribution of the American College to our National Life," by James Rowland Angell, Ph. D., Litt. D., LL.D., president of Yale University.

Conferring of honorary degrees.

Presentation of candidates by the following members of the board of trustees and of the faculty of Illinois College:

Carl E. Black, A. M., M. D.; the Rev. William H. Marbach, B. D.; Prof. Willis DeRyke, A. M., Ph. D.; Garm Norbury, A. M., M. D.; Prof. William S. Leavenworth, M. S.; Prof. Raymond H. Lacey, A. M., Ph. D.; Prof. Robert O. Busey, A. M., Ph. D.; Thomas L. Fansler, A. M.; Prof. John Griffith Ames, B. Litt.; Andrew Russel; Carl E. Robinson, A. B., J. D.; Prof. Frederic B. Oxtoby, A. M., D. D.; Dean Claude S. Chappelle, Ph. D.; Prof. William D. MacClintock, A. M.

Benediction by Walter R. Cremeans, D. D.

The centennial luncheon to official delegates and guests was given at the Illinois School for the Deaf at 1:30 P. M., Everett Dean Martin, '04, New York, acting as toastmaster. The invocation was given by the Rev. Wiley Lin Hurie, '06, D. D., president of the College of the Ozarks. The following responses to toasts were given:

Greetings from a Former President—Clifford Webster Barnes, B. D., A. M., LL.D., Chicago.

Greetings from the "Old Guard"—John M. Clapp, A. B., A. M., New York.

Greetings from an "Old Sister"—Albert Britt, A. B., Litt. D., president of Knox College.

Greetings from a "Younger Brother"—Robert Maynard Hutchins, A. M., LL.B., president of the University of Chicago.

At 4:30 P. M. a reception was given by President and Mrs. Charles Henry Rammelkamp in honor of delegates and guests at the president's home on the college campus.

In the evening the love feasts of the college literary societies were held:

Sigma Pi love feast, New Dunlap Hotel, 7:00 P. M. Toastmaster, John A. Barber, '94.

Phi Alpha centennial meeting, college chapel, 5:30 P. M. Everett Dean Martin, '04; Charles Henry Dummer, '76.

Phi Alpha reunion, Phi Alpha hall, 6:30 P. M. Toastmaster, William Dustin Wood, '72.

Gamma Delta love feast, Colonial Inn, 7:00 P. M. Toastmistress, Mrs. Marion Taylor Underwood, '13.

Sigma Phi Epsilon love feast, Jacksonville Country Club, 7:00 P. M. Toastmistress, Miss Eunice T. Gray, A. B.

Agora love feast, Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, 7:00 P. M. Toastmistress, Miss Georgia Shaver, '23.

Gamma Nu love feast, Central Christian Church, 7:00 P. M. Toastmaster, Albert Dollear, '01, M. D.

Pi Pi Rho love feast, Peacock Inn, 7:00 P. M. Toastmaster, Dean Claude S. Chappelle, Ph. D.



## ILLINOIS STATE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

The one hundred and eleventh birthday of Illinois was celebrated by the Illinois State Historical Society at 8:15 p. m., December 3, 1929, in the auditorium of the Illinois State Centennial building. An unusually attractive program was prepared and carried out, as follows:

Order of exercises, Tuesday evening, December 3, at 8:15 o'clock; Dr. O. L. Schmidt, President of the society, presiding.

Invocation—Mrs. Burton M. Reid, chaplain Springfield Chapter, D. A. R.

"Illinois"—Audience, led by Mrs. S. B. Harry.

Songs, (a) "A Spirit Flower" (Tipton), (b) "We Two" (Kramer)—Mrs. S. B. Harry, Taylorville, Illinois.

Mrs. Eli Dixon, state regent of the Illinois Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, presented the 1929 gold medal, State prize for the best essay submitted on the subject, *Early Mills in Illinois*, awarded in a competition among the school children of the State; held under the auspices of the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society Daughters of the American Revolution. Awarded to Miss Anna Kathryn Hurie, Petersburg, Menard County, Illinois.

Songs, (a) "To a Hill Top" (Cox), (b) "Ecstasy" (Rummel)—Mrs. S. B. Harry, Taylorville, Illinois.

Illinois Day Address, *In the Early Days*—Mrs. Sarah Bond Hanley, member Illinois House of Representatives, Monmouth.

Songs, (a) "Lace" (Lester), (b) "Dawn" (Curran)—Mrs. S. B. Harry, Taylorville, Illinois.

Presentation of figurines of noted women of Illinois to the State by Minna M. Schmidt, LL.B., LL.M., creator of historic figurines, lecturer, University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

It is the plan of the Secretary of the Society to prepare brief biographies of the one hundred and twenty-nine figurines of women (none living) who have contributed to the history of the State. These figurines were displayed for the first time at this meeting, and their biographies will add to their interest and be a valuable addition to the department in future years. The gift of these figurines to the State by Mrs. Minna Schmidt is most thoroughly appreciated, and they are to be permanently exhibited in the Illinois State Historical Library.

Interest in the giving of the prize essay medal is increasing from year to year among the school children of the State. The essay and the picture of the winner of the medal appear in this Journal, as well as the fine address of Mrs. Sarah Bond Hanley on *In the Early Days*.

## IN THE EARLY DAYS.

BY SARAH BOND HANLEY.

No state has a more romantic, patriotic or glorious history than Illinois. No state has greater events to chronicle, nor nobler sons and daughters to immortalize in marble, granite or bronze or in song and story. It was largely settled by descendants of the men who wrought the wonders of the American Revolution and who brought with them that spirit of liberty which inspired their fathers to resist the forces of a king, to throw off the oppressive yoke of tyranny and proclaim freedom as the birthright of man.

The pioneer was admirably fitted for the daring deeds he undertook. The tomahawk and the scalping knife could not deter his adventuresome spirit, nor hardship conquer his indomitable will. He drove his ox team far into the wild, unsettled country, and at the edge of the timber land and near living water reared his log cabin. He felled the forest, drained the swamp, and bridged the stream, built a meeting house and school and laid the foundations of free institutions in the wilderness.

His wife kept unwavering step with him in the march onward to civilization and progress. In all the pages of history or legends of the misty past no truer heroines appear than the pioneer mothers of Illinois; the interest, the romance, the self-sacrifice and patriotism and oft the tragedy of their lives is not surpassed even by the women of fiction. They braved the wilderness, placated the Indians, battled disease, inducted new life into the world and laid out the dead.

In their log cabin with its puncheon floor and great fireplace were a trundle bed, a loom and spinning wheel, a

water bucket with a gourd dipper, and over the front door on a rack made from the antlers of a deer or elk was an old flintlock musket, probably carried in the Revolutionary War. Here their children were born and reared; here they cooked on the old fireplace where the crane swung out, for all who came to their door; here they spun and wove flax and wool for the clothing of all the household; here they dipped the candles and performed the other arduous duties of those early days; here was the social frolic incident to a quilting bee, the apple paring or corn husking; here they suffered privation and hardship; here they lived and here they died.

“Beneath the roots of tangled weeds  
Afar in country graveyards  
Lie the ones, whose uncrowned deeds  
Have stamped this nation’s destiny.

Beneath those tottering slabs of slate,  
Whose tribute moss and mold efface,  
Sleeps the calm dust that made us great,  
The true substratum of our race.”

All honor to these courageous wives of these hardy frontiersmen. How proud we, their descendants, should be of inheriting such blood; brave, clean, honest, red blood. Many of these women brought into the wilderness a taste for literature and a love for knowledge. A distinguished Illinoisan, whose parents were early settlers, told me his mother taught her children from memory many poems, especially those of Scott, before they were able to read, and years later he read in books, poems, legends and histories, incidents which he had learned as a child from the treasury of his mother’s memory.

The prairies were a vision of beauty and a riot of color with the purple cone flower, the orange lily, the blue bell, the pink prairie rose and hundreds of other gorgeous plants and flowering shrubs. The native trees were magnificent



and seventy-five different species have been found in a square mile.

There was a great abundance of deer, wild turkeys, wild geese, ducks, quail, and prairie chickens. There were quantities of wild fruit of every variety and bee trees with their welcome sweets were not uncommon.

In the mass the influence of the women of those days was felt only in their locality, their home, and children, but there were exceptions to this rule, and many were public spirited and left an indelible impress upon their generation and the annals of their State, but for lack of time I can mention only a few.

One of the most remarkable women ever in the State was Madame LeCompte, born in Michigan in 1734 of French parentage. The name of her first husband is not known to a certainty, but they removed to Cahokia, and after his death she married Mr. LeCompte, a Canadian of means, and from them sprung one of the largest and most influential French families in the State.

From birth she had lived neighbor to the Indians, especially the Pottawatomies, and she was proficient in the Indian language, knew their ways, held their utmost confidence and her influence over them was unequalled in border history.

After the conquest of George Rogers Clark at Kaskaskia the old friendly feeling between the French and Indians disappeared and the Indians sided entirely with the British.

But Madame LeCompte was their idol, and apparently they could not refrain from confiding in her when they were about to attack the white settlers, and almost without exception she was able to change their plans. Absolutely without fear, with an iron constitution, she would ride alone in the dead of night in any sort of weather, straight to the Indian camp.

Although they were in a frenzy of rage, clamoring for blood, she was usually able to appease their anger and bring about peace. If necessary, she would remain in their camp for days.

Madame LeCompte was very attractive in manner and person, possessing the wit and charm so characteristic of the French people, in addition to a strong mind and dauntless courage. After the death of Mr. LeCompte she married Thomas Brady, but was always known as Madame LeCompte. She lived in Cahokia "surrounded by all that should accompany old age, as love, honor, obedience, troops of friends," until her death, when one hundred and nine years of age.

Another illustrious woman was Madame Rachel Edgar, the wife of John Edgar, who came to America an officer in the British navy at the time of the Revolution, and they were married in Boston. Both were natives of Ireland, but Mrs. Edgar had been here many years and was a strong believer in the justice of the American cause. Being a woman of great nobility and strength of character, of brilliant mind and attractive manner, it is not strange that she brought her husband over to the patriots' side. She planned the desertion of British soldiers and their enlistment in the American army, and her husband became involved and was imprisoned over two years. During this time he learned from a British soldier a plot to betray Vermont to the enemy, which he disclosed to Governor Clinton, and as a result of his work Vermont and probably New Hampshire and Maine were saved from becoming a part of Canada. He entered the American army and formed a strong friendship with Lafayette, and in 1784 he went to Kaskaskia for greater safety against the British, who were most vindictive.

They confiscated his large fortune, but his wife was able to elude the authorities and escape with \$12,000 and joined her husband at Kaskaskia, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Their home was the finest in the territory and was the center of social life for fifty years, Lafayette being a guest there in 1825.

In 1798 the Congress of the United States voted him 2,240 acres of land, stating "that the grant was made in part consideration of his losses, which were great, and of his services, which were greater." General Edgar became the

largest land owner in the Northwest Territory, owning over 50,000 acres, and also the wealthiest man. Madame Rachel Edgar assisted Simon Kenton to escape British prison, also less well known Americans, and was tireless in her efforts to further the patriot cause, losing a fortune without a word of regret.

She was for some time a member of General Washington's household at Mt. Vernon and was an intimate of Lady Washington. She died in Kaskaskia in 1822, and a volume could be written of the activities and patriotism of this distinguished woman.

Mrs. Robert Morrison was a Miss Donaldson of Maryland, who came to Illinois territory with her brother in 1805, where she met and married Mr. Morrison in Kaskaskia. He came to Illinois in 1798 from Pennsylvania, was a brother of William Morrison, and transported our mails through the trackless forests and held many positions of honor and trust. She was well educated, had a strong and original mind, and superior social graces, which soon made her the leading spirit of Kaskaskia. She was highly gifted as a writer and very versatile, apparently writing poetry, romantic prose, scientific or political articles with equal facility. Her contributions to eastern magazines were considered to be of high order as literature. Mrs. Morrison rewrote in verse the Psalms of David and hoped to have them used in church, but the church dignitaries in Philadelphia rejected them after careful and critical examination, which was said to be due to the fact that the author was obscure, and not to lack of merit. She died in Belleville in 1843.

Their son, James Donaldson Morrison, while a member of the Illinois General Assembly in 1851, presented a bill for the charter of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was a lawyer of ability, a representative to Congress, and his gallantry at Buena Vista was recognized by the Illinois Legislature presenting him with a sword.



A noted woman of Illinois of a later day was a pioneer in another line, Mrs. Myra Colby Bradwell, the first woman lawyer of the State. Through her mother she was of the family of Bishop Philander Chase, a noted educator and religious leader of our State and founder of Jubilee College, and also related to Judge Salmon P. Chase, a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet, and appointed by Mr. Lincoln Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. She was born in Vermont in 1831 and came west as a child, marrying Judge Bradwell of Illinois in 1852. During the Civil War she devoted herself to the interests of the soldiers at the front and their families at home. After the war Mrs. Bradwell began the study of law, and in 1868 began the publication of the *Chicago Legal News*, which she continued until her death in 1894. She also published an edition of the Session Laws after each term of the legislature. In 1869 she applied for admission to the Illinois bar and passed an excellent examination, but was denied admission in an opinion handed down by Judge Lawrence (see page 535, volume 55, Illinois Supreme Court Reports) on the ground that the laws then in force rendered women ineligible for admission to the bar. This was later confirmed by the U. S. Supreme Court, but her kinsman, Chief Justice Chase, dissented. But on March 28, 1892, she won her long struggle and was finally admitted to the Bar of Illinois, the first woman to enjoy that distinction.

Her logical mind, grace of person and charm of manner made her many friends. Mrs. Bradwell was much before the public and had many honors given her; two distinctive ones being a member of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition and chairman of the Woman's Committee on Jurisprudence of the World's Congress Auxiliary of 1893. She died at her home in Chicago in 1894. Her husband, James B. Bradwell, gave her ardent support in all her ambitions. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1872 and 1874 and was a consistent champion of the



equality of woman with man in citizenship and in the professions. To him we are indebted for the law making women eligible as notaries public and as school officials.

Another eminent woman of that period was Ellen Hardin Walworth, born in Jacksonville in 1832 and lived in our State till she married and went to Saratoga Springs, New York. She was of an illustrious family. Her father, General John J. Hardin, ably served in Congress and was killed while leading his men in a final charge at the battle of Buena Vista. Her grandfather, Martin D. Hardin, represented Kentucky in the U. S. Senate and was an officer in the War of 1812. Her great-grandfather, John Hardin, was an officer in the Colonial Wars and also in the Revolution, and was killed by Indians while bearing a flag of truce. Hardin County, Kentucky, was named for him. So it is not strange with these generations of patriots behind her that she has the great distinction of being one of four women who founded the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in her apartment in Washington, August 9, 1890, the largest hereditary patriotic society in the world, numbering about 300,000 admitted members. It was my great privilege to be present at the Daughters of the American Revolution Continental Congress in Washington in 1898, when medals were presented to the founders by the National Society. At this time I first met Mrs. Walworth, and made a point of meeting her at all subsequent congresses which she attended until her death on June 24, 1915.

She occupied almost every office in the gift of the organization and was always received with the greatest deference. After the death of her father, her mother had married Reuben Walworth, chancellor of the State of New York, and one of the greatest American jurists and of a celebrated family. At this time Ellen Hardin was said to be engaged to a young southerner, but her ambitious mother influenced her to break the engagement and marry a son of Chancellor Walworth by a former marriage. She was brilliant, witty,

gifted with a keen mind and charming personality, as well as beauty, and greatly enriched the social, literary and patriotic life of Saratoga Springs, where she lived for many years and where she is now laid to rest.

Her husband was a talented writer, but erratic, and the marriage was not a happy one and ended with a tragedy which overwhelmed her with sorrow. She bravely "took up the burden of life again" and for years she was principal of a young lady's seminary in New York and continued her writing, chiefly on historic subjects, but also literary and scientific essays and patriotic poems. She was one of three women to be first elected to a school board in the State of New York. Mrs. Walworth received from the University of New York the degree of bachelor of laws, and was entitled to practice law in that state and in the District of Columbia. When I knew her, her only surviving child was Reubena, who was also an author, and they were most congenial.

The mother founded the Daughters of the American Revolution. The daughter was a charter member. The mother was the first editor of the *Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine*, the daughter was her assistant. The mother was chairman of the Woman's National Relief Association in the Spanish-American War. The daughter was one of the first to go as a nurse, and one of the first to fall. In beautiful Greenwood cemetery, Saratoga, New York, a pure white monument rears itself heavenward and bears this inscription: "Reubena Hyde Walworth. She served her country, not as man, but better yet as only woman can." And so a fifth generation of Hardin blood took an active part in an American war and a third generation of Hardins died in the cause of liberty.

These figurines presented tonight prove to you that Illinois women have borne an important part in every phase of national history and in every rank of life. Daughters of the prairies have brought honors to us, both in this and

foreign lands. They have attained distinction in every line. To give their names only would take an entire evening. Volumes could be written of their activities, and I hope sometime an Illinois woman historian can do them justice.

The caliber of our early settlers is shown by the names they gave our counties. They recalled Washington and his officers, Greene, Hamilton, Jasper, Knox, Marion, Mercer, Morgan, Moultrie, Putnam, Schuyler, Stark, Wayne, Warren—Warren, “whose life blood, warm and wet, dimmed the glistening bayonet” at Bunker Hill.

They remembered Jefferson, the author of the glorious Declaration of Independence, and the signers, Carroll, Lee, Franklin and Hancock—Hancock, who wrote his name so large that King George could read it across the sea. Nor did they forget the eloquence of Henry, nor the learning of Marshall, nor the bravery of Andrew Jackson, who was taken a prisoner by the British when he was fourteen. An officer ordered him to black his shoes, and the brave little chap drew himself up and said: “Sir, I am a prisoner of war and demand to be treated as such.” The answer was a cut on his head with a sabre, and Andrew carried the resulting scar till the end of his days. Their appreciation of the foreigners who fought in our cause was shown by the counties of DeKalb, Pulaski and Fayette. Lafayette left his wife, children and home when only nineteen and crossed the seas to fight in freedom’s name. To me the most thrilling occurrence in recent annals of American history was when General Pershing and our glorious boys marched down the streets of Paris behind the Star Spangled Banner and gathered around a grave, and our general, looking into their faces and knowing so well their valor and their patriotism, spoke those immortal words, “Lafayette, we are here.”

Our beloved State, with its great natural resources, fertile fields, immense industries, network of railroads, splendid schools, colleges and churches, embracing in its vast domain that great commercial city situated upon an inland sea, which

we fondly dream will become the metropolis of the world, is an immortal monument to the pioneer.

“Our fathers bequeathed us honor  
And the glory of toil and song,  
And the deathless joy of longing,  
And hearts for the battle strong;  
And our faith, and a land, and our women,  
And the children that round us rise,  
And by God’s good grace we will purge the race  
Of wrong, lest their glory dies  
That a fairer land than our fathers planned  
May for our children rise.”



# NECROLOGY

**MRS. BLANCHE KEATING DAVIS.**

1840-1929.

Mrs. Blanche K. Davis was the daughter of William and Sarah Brown Keating and was born November 4, 1840, in St. Clair County, near Belleville. When she was six years of age her parents moved to New Orleans, where they remained for a short time. The following year St. Louis became their home, and they remained in that city for seven years.

During this time Mr. Keating was a foreman for the St. Louis *Republican*. The family numbered among its friends and neighbors Sol Smith, a noted actor of that time; Madame Chouteau and Miss Susie Blow, founder of the first kindergarten in St. Louis.

The Keating family moved to Rockbridge, Illinois, when Mrs. Davis was fourteen years of age and settled on a farm. Eleven years later, in 1865, she went to Litchfield and taught school for two terms, the first year with Miss Julia Palmer, sister of Governor John M. Palmer, in a log cabin, which has now been removed to the Palmer homestead west of Litchfield, and the second year in a building on North Jackson Street.

On December 23, 1867, she was united in marriage to the late David Davis, a prominent wholesale merchant of Litchfield, the marriage taking place at Rockbridge.

Some time after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Davis purchased the home on East Union Avenue, where they both lived the remainder of their lives. Six children were born to this union, of whom four survive, namely: David Davis and Miss Regina Davis of Litchfield, Colonel Edward Davis, at this writing commandant of the State College at Lansing, Michigan, and Mrs. Blanche Davis Crabb of Greenville, Illinois.



MRS. BLANCHE KEATING DAVIS





Two other children, Earle and Eva, died at the ages of six and four, respectively, of diphtheria. Mr. Davis preceded his wife in death in April, 1898.

During her entire life Mrs. Davis evinced a cheerful, happy disposition, with many good and charitable deeds to mark her path. No call of distress found her unresponsive and her neighborly kindnesses and thoughtful, considerate acts were so numerous and so much a part of her daily life as to defy any attempt to recount them individually.

Although afflicted with blindness since 1915, she remained to the end of her life actively interested in all the enterprises of her community, and by her fortitude, patience and cheerfulness proved an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact.

Mrs. Davis was blessed with a remarkable memory, and though unable to see, was never at a loss regarding incidents or important events which had occurred during her long life. Among other things, she remembered going with her father in 1851 to see Colonel Thornton Grimsley turn the first shovelful of earth for the construction of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. She often spoke, too, of meeting the famous Rev. Peter Cartwright on his visit to Litchfield in the late sixties.

She felt herself to be very fortunate in living just when she did, as many of the important discoveries and inventions of the time took place during her life.

With a mind so richly stored she was an invaluable member of the Woman's Club of Litchfield, of which she was one of the founders and in which she maintained her membership taking an active part, almost to the time of her death.

Mrs. Davis was a devoted member of the Universalist Church, which she joined in 1903, and of which she was the first moderator. She was an early and valued member of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Mrs. Davis passed away February 16, 1929, and is survived, beside the sons and daughters already mentioned, by

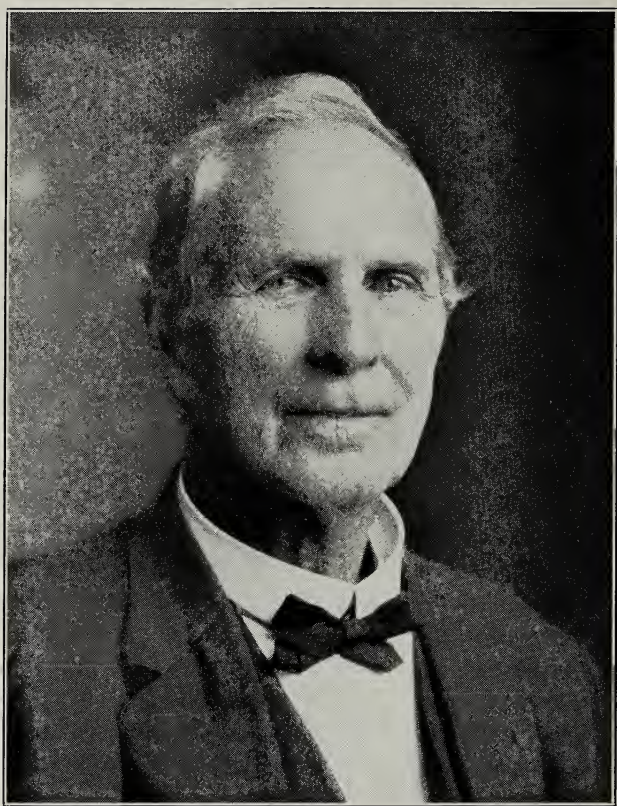
one sister, Mrs. William H. Summers of Los Angeles, California; seven grandchildren, Mrs. Bryan Bray of Chicago, Frank A. Crabb, Jr., Blanche Keating Crabb, Jeanne Davis and David Junius Crabb, children of Blanche Davis Crabb; Alice Lanrason and Elizabeth Keating, daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Davis; and two great-grandchildren, Barbara Keating and Harold Bryan, children of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Bray.

Tho' hands that guided once now guide no more,  
And counselling voice, unheard, no more doth thrill,  
The love and charity that marked her way  
Live in our hearts and minds, sweet memories still.

What tho' the darkened "windows of the soul"  
Shut out accustomed scenes and faces dear?  
Her courage and her fortitude shone out  
Like guiding beacons, gleaming, burning clear.

Her gracious, gentle presence, and her thought  
For others, whatsoe'er her joy or pain,  
Still show how we, rememb'ring, yet  
May come to know through loss the highest gain.





DR. J. W. ROOT



**DR. JACOB WESLEY ROOT.**

1845-1929.

Dr. Jacob Wesley Root, well known physician of Kilbourne, Illinois, was born at Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, August 8, 1845, and passed away at his home in Kilbourne, September 15, 1929, aged eighty-four years, one month and seven days.

At the age of twelve years he came with his family from Pennsylvania to Illinois, near Rushville. When seventeen he ran away to enlist in the Civil War, and served as drummer and bugler for three years in Company D, 115th Illinois Infantry Volunteers. Returning to Rushville, he began the study of medicine with local physicians, later studying at St. Louis Medical College, St. Louis, Missouri.

On October 11, 1868, he married Miss Malinda Ann Scott of Rushville, Illinois, who preceded him in death less than one year. Three children were born to them: Mrs. J. D. Samuel of McKinney, Texas, Mrs. J. L. Coggeshall of Clayton, Illinois, and a son, Clarence, who died when three years of age.

They lived for a time at Rushville, where the doctor taught school. Later they moved to Browning, Illinois, where he began the active practice of medicine. In 1876 he located permanently in Kilbourne, Illinois. He had degrees of doctor of medicine from the St. Louis Medical College and doctor of optic from the South Bend College of Optic, South Bend, Indiana.

Dr. Root was a student all of his life, keeping up with the new in science, history, and medicine. He had one hobby, archaeology, and at one time he owned one of the best private collections of Indian relics in the State. He was affli-

ated with county, state and national medical organizations. He was a Mason, Woodman, and a member of the Havana Post of the G. A. R.

Surviving Dr. Root are two daughters, eight grandchildren, fourteen great-grandchildren and a brother, George Root of Rushville.

Funeral services were held in Kilbourne, Tuesday, September 17, and services and burial at Clayton, Illinois, on September 18, conducted by Rev. W. A. Taylor of Bowen, Illinois.

**JAMES S. NOTTINGHAM.**

1845-1929.

James S. Nottingham, one of the best known citizens of Sangamon County, died at his home, four miles southeast of Pleasant Plains, on the 11th of October, 1929. His death occurred within a few miles of the place where he was born eighty-four years, eight months and twenty-four days previously.

He had suffered from heart trouble for a number of years prior to his death, although apparently feeling better for some time immediately before the final call came.

He had eaten the morning meal with the family as usual, seemed in fine spirits, and shortly afterwards left the house, saying he was going out to cut some wood. Within a short time he was found near the woodpile dead.

His death resulted from an acute heart attack. It was the manner of death he would probably have chosen.

He had attended the Grand Army reunion held at Portland, Maine, in August, visited through the east a while, returned home in fine spirits and apparently in improved health, but the trouble from which he suffered is treacherous and strikes its victims often when least expected.

Mr. Nottingham's paternal ancestors were of English descent. His father, Jonathan Nottingham, and his mother, Hannah Smith Nottingham, were natives of New Jersey.

They came from that state to Sangamon County in October, 1837, and settled in Cartwright township, south of Richland Creek, only a few miles from his home at the time of his death.

Eleven children were born to them, the four oldest while they lived in the State of New Jersey.

James S. was the ninth child and was born on January 7, 1845. The family then lived a few miles northwest of Pleasant Plains.

His brother, Charles W. Nottingham, three years his junior, now living in Portland, Oregon, is the only one of his father's family that survives him. His mother died when James was about five years old. His father lived until 1916.

James S. lived the life of the usual country lad of that day until he was seventeen. He then conceived the idea of enlisting as a volunteer soldier in the Union army, and the idea kept growing on him until it became irresistible. Knowing his father would not consent, he kept his thought to himself, and finally he and a neighbor boy, Horace Eaton, who passed away a short time ago, and with whom he had been consulting, started afoot from Pleasant Plains to Camp Butler, about six miles east of Springfield, where there was a recruiting station.

The distance was too great to be covered in one day, and lest they should be discovered the boys spent one night in the shelter of a wheat shock, reaching Camp Butler on July 4, 1862.

When they started out his companion thought the trip was a joke, that young Nottingham did not mean to enlist, but when he found out that James was in dead earnest he also agreed to go through with the plan.

They misrepresented their age, and on the 4th of July of that year they both enlisted in Company I, 70th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for three months, and were at once mustered into the service.

His father soon learned of the boy's action, went immediately to Camp Butler, saw the officer in command there, informed him of the boy's correct age and got an order of release, but James refused to go home with him.

He was assigned to duty at Alton, Illinois, guarding prisoners of war, where he remained during his term of enlistment. Contrary to his desire, he never reached the fighting



front. He received an honorable discharge on October 23, 1862.

Soon after he was discharged from the army he entered McKendree College and remained there as a student for two years. An attack of illness then brought him home, and on his recovery he entered Illinois College at Jacksonville, Illinois, where he remained about six months, to the end of the college year.

In 1867 he matriculated in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and after four years of successful work, graduated in law in the class of '71.

He was admitted to the bar of the State of Michigan in April of that year, but did not remain long in that state. In the fall of 1871, in company with his friend and fellow graduate, Hon. Charles S. Thomas, he went to Denver, Colorado.

Mr. Thomas, who still lives in Denver, became and is very prominent there and served that state in the United States Senate from 1913 to 1921. They maintained a very close friendship so long as Mr. Nottingham lived.

At Denver Mr. Nottingham entered the office of Judge H. P. H. Bromwell, an Illinoisan, who served in Congress from a Southern Illinois district in the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses—1865 to 1869—and moved to Denver in 1870.

In 1872 Mr. Nottingham temporarily abandoned the law for the newspaper business and began the publication of *The Trinidad Enterprise*, the first newspaper published in Trinidad, Colorado. After a short stay in Trinidad he moved to Silver City, New Mexico, where he returned to his first love and opened a law office.

In 1876 he was chosen by the people of southern New Mexico to go to Washington, D. C., to oppose the admission of New Mexico as a State into the Union. The opposition was successful.

From New Mexico Mr. Nottingham moved to Des Moines, Iowa, and later to Chicago, where he successfully practiced his profession for about twenty-five years.

On November 20, 1890, he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Wilson, a sister of the late Thomas Wilson of Pleasant Plains, Illinois, and a daughter of Rev. S. M. Wilson, formerly of that place. Mrs. Nottingham died on November 23, 1913. He remained unmarried. For the last thirty years of his life he lived on the farm where death so suddenly ended his very interesting career.

James S. Nottingham was a man of marked individuality. He was a close student of books and of human nature. He was warm blooded and generous. He made very liberal allowance for the weaknesses of humanity, but he admitted to a strong dislike for what he designated the tribe of the Scribes and Pharisees. He was singularly free from prejudices. He was tolerant of all shades of opinion, and while standing solidly for his own views, he cheerfully accorded the same right to others.

He was a patriot in the best sense of the term. He loved the republic and was willing to make any sacrifice for its welfare and its perpetuation. He was a true Jeffersonian, a believer in the people, and while he knew they might make mistakes, he thought that all things considered, they could provide the government best fitted to their condition and their needs.

The study of the life of Lincoln was, perhaps, his pet hobby. He had frequently seen Lincoln, and often spoke of carrying a torchlight in campaign parades when Lincoln was a candidate for the presidency. He was a devoted admirer of the martyr President and read everything he could find about that great man.

To this brief sketch of a busy and useful life may be added an excerpt from the obituary notice published in the Pleasant Plains *Argus*:

“The following favorite quotation of Mr. Nottingham, written by Robert Burns in tribute to a friend, is applicable to the deceased:

“ ‘An honest man now lies at rest  
As e’er God, with his image, blest;  
The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age and the friend of youth;  
Few hearts, like his—with virtue warmed—  
Few heads, with knowledge so informed.  
If there’s another world—he lives in bliss.  
If there is none—he made the best of this.’

“Funeral services were conducted at the residence Monday afternoon at 2 o’clock. Rev. H. W. McPherson of the First M. E. Church in Springfield had charge of the service and Hon. James M. Graham of Springfield, a personal friend, paid a beautiful tribute to his memory. A quartette, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Buff Purviance, Mrs. Thomas Manchester and Mr. Charles Boynton, sang ‘Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.’ ‘One Sweetly Solemn Thought’ was rendered as a solo by Charles S. Boynton. Miss Ruth Martin contributed to the solemnity and beauty of the music with her violin accompaniment.

“Unsurpassed in impressiveness is the burial service of the G. A. R. The ever thinning ranks of Stephenson Post No. 30 of Springfield, all close friends and comrades of Mr. Nottingham, performed these rites for their beloved dead. There stood about the bier on the porch, under the open sky, one stalwart veteran of the World War, one upstanding member of the regular army and, in the blue uniform that is all-in-all to the Civil War veteran, the remaining few able-bodied members of Stephenson Post. These ‘men of the little bronze button’ recited in tremulous accents the service for the dead. Then Bugler Townsend of the American Legion

sent echoing through space the soldier's last tribute to a departed comrade.

“The remains were taken to St. Louis for cremation. Final interment will be made in Pleasant Plains cemetery.

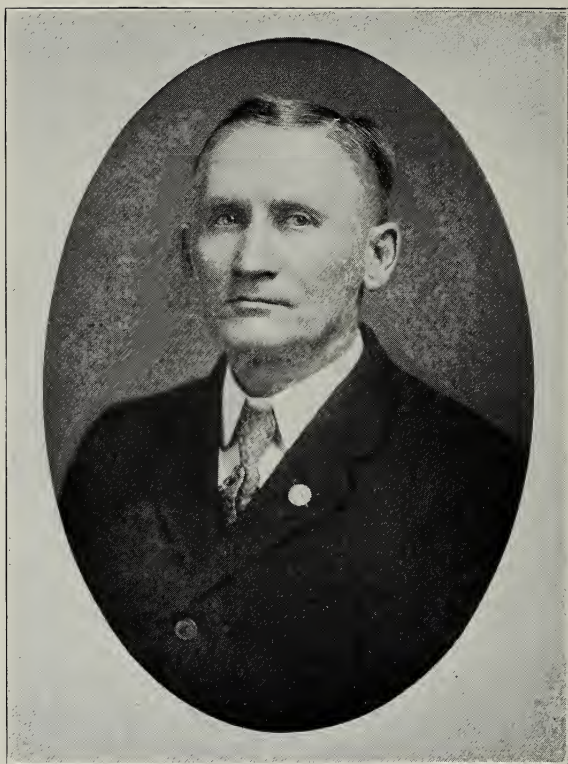
“Taps are sounded.

“Lights are out.

“The soldier sleeps.”







TERRY SIMMONS

**TERRY SIMMONS.**

1855-1929.

Terry Simmons, retired newspaper publisher, former postmaster, resident of Illinois since his birth seventy-four years ago, and one who was especially interested in historic matters, died at his home in Marseilles, LaSalle County, December 14, 1929. Funeral services were held at the residence, with Rev. M. G. Linton, pastor of the Universalist Church, officiating.

Mr. Simmons was born on a farm near Shabbona, in DeKalb County, September 26, 1855, his father, Melvin Simmons, and grandfather having come to Illinois from New York state in 1835. His mother's maiden name was Phylance Terry. He received his education in the public schools and at Jennings Seminary in Aurora. While residing at Leland, he had the misfortune at the age of twelve to fall under a train and both of his legs had to be amputated near the knees. This handicap was not allowed to interfere with his usefulness in life, being overcome to a large extent by the use of artificial limbs.

April 1, 1870, he moved with his parents to Marseilles from Leland. At the age of sixteen he began clerking in the Marseilles postoffice and also learned the trade as a printer. In a few years he was appointed assistant postmaster.

In December, 1876 he established the Marseilles *Plain-dealer*, which he published for forty-two years. He was also for many years the publisher of the *Seneca Record*, later consolidated with the *News*. He was a member of the Illinois Press Association for the majority of his publishing years, serving at one time as its treasurer and at another as vice-president.

Always an active Republican, he was appointed postmaster and served during the administration of President Taft, giving up the position soon after the election of a Democratic president. His son, Arthur, whom he had chosen as assistant postmaster, continued in that position, was appointed postmaster by President Harding and is now serving by re-appointment.

His greatest service to his home city was rendered through his newspaper, but many terms as director and secretary of the public library board were also of value to the community. He was also for several years secretary of the Marseilles Building and Loan Association. Toward the close of his career as a publisher and following his retirement, he took especial interest in historical matters, state, county and local, and was president of the LaSalle County Historical Society at the time of his death. He was instrumental in starting the movement in earlier days of this Society that ended in the purchase of Starved Rock for a State park.

He was married June 12, 1879, to Miss Julia Thompson, of Leland, who died in October, 1926. In addition to the son Arthur, already mentioned, he is survived by two others, Floyd, of Springfield, and Frank, of Marseilles; three daughters, Miss Vida Simmons and Mrs. Frank Fancher, of Marseilles, and Mrs. George Armstrong, of Somers, Iowa; also eight grandchildren. One son died in infancy and another, Victor, died in military service during the World War. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Clara Goodell, of Kewanee, Illinois.



## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Maps, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6-35. Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1928. (Nos. 6-26 out of print.)

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. clvi and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. III. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. xxxiii and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 1 and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. civ and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. cxviii and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

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\* Out of print.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. clxvii and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. lvii and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xxviii and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. cxii and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. xxxiii and 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. xxx and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles, by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. viii and 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI. British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. xviii and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

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